Collier's

JANUARY 18, 1947

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THE N. Y. GIANTS

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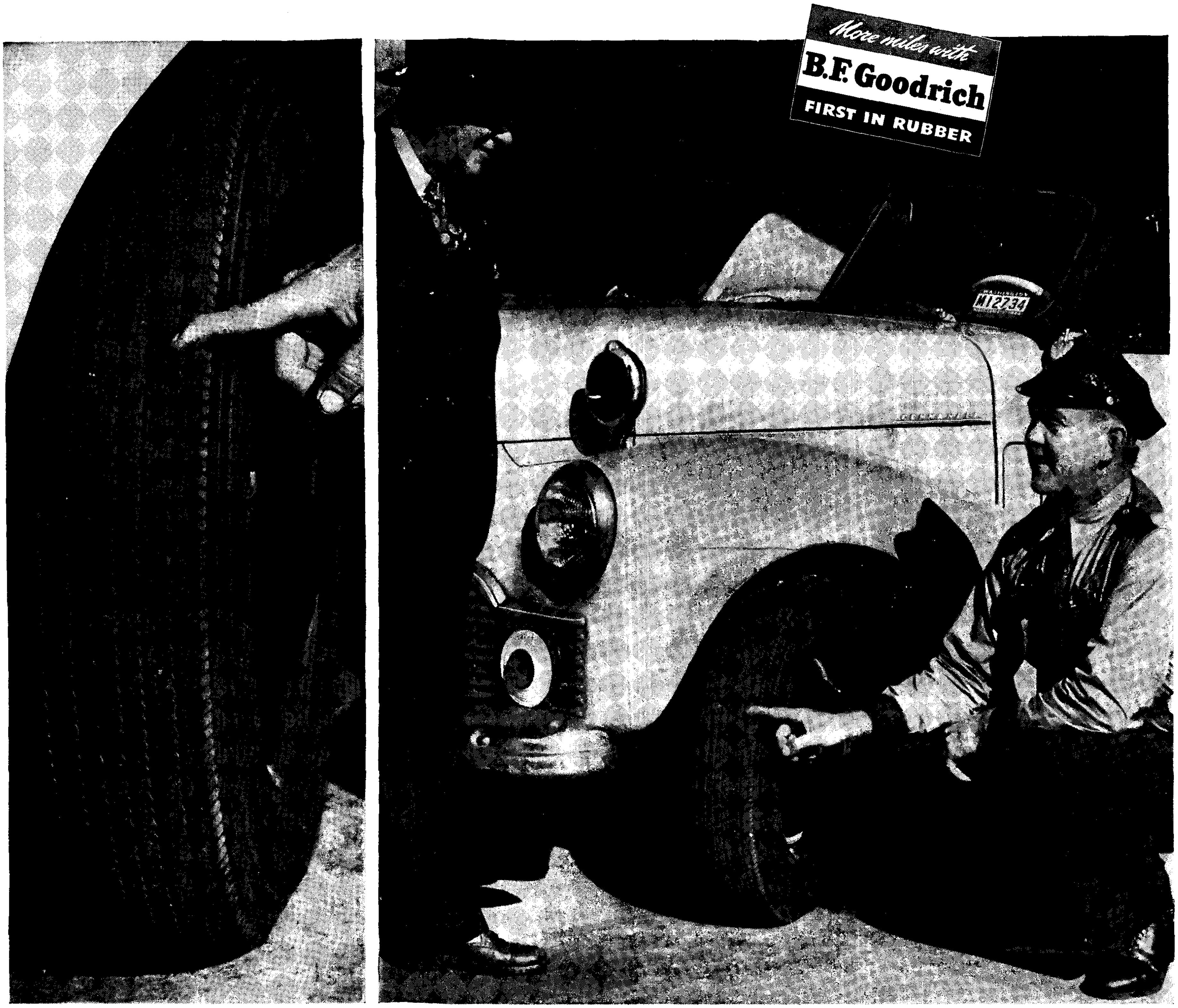

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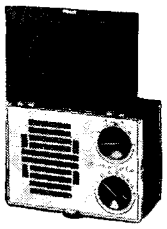

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COLLIER'S

January 18, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

WAY DOWN SOUTH

DEAR MR. GERVASI: Let me tell you how much I enjoyed your article Housing: Dixie's Dilemma, Nov. 30th. While the racial and economic problems discussed are peculiar to the South, the article ably highlights problems that face the housing program over the nation.

I am a little more sanguine than you, however, about the South's economic future. In my view, the South's present low level of income is certainly not to be accepted as so permanent that public housing is the "only way out." I am convinced that the South can and will develop its economic potential, and be able to raise its incomes.

As this happens, I believe that private builders, making full use of technological improvements and a real effort to lower costs, can build for a substantial portion of the South, although public housing may always have to do a relatively larger part of the job there than elsewhere in the country.

WILSON W. WYATT, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Wyatt formerly was U.S. Housing Expediter. Another article in Collier's series on housing will be found on page 22.

. . . Mr. Gervasi cites Negro families living in 10x10-foot Army huts for which they pay $364 while earning only $500 to $750 per year. Doesn't he know there are thousands of farmers who will furnish these people with comfortable 4- to 6-room houses, gardens, firewood, milk, right to keep poultry, meat and bread sufficient for their needs, and also pay them $700 to $1,500 in cash? No, they prefer the rabbit warrens of the industrial town or city.

A FARMER, Washington, Va.

ALL-AMERICA

DEAR MR. GRANTLAND RICE: I bet Collier's All-America could beat any other All-America in the country. It has twelve men on it!

BILL BORDINK, New York, N. Y.

. . . I see where Grantland Rice calls it a twelve-man All-America team and lists George Connor (Notre Dame) as a tackle 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighing 200 pounds. Is it possible that he clipped 30 pounds and 6 inches from George to make room for that extra man, or did your Board of Experts dehydrate him?

M. E. KELLY, Chicago, Ill.

No—an Army fan in our office, fearing the worst, unconsciously shrank George. The measurements do fit George's brother,

(Continued on page 61)

Vol. 119, No. 3. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Canada, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

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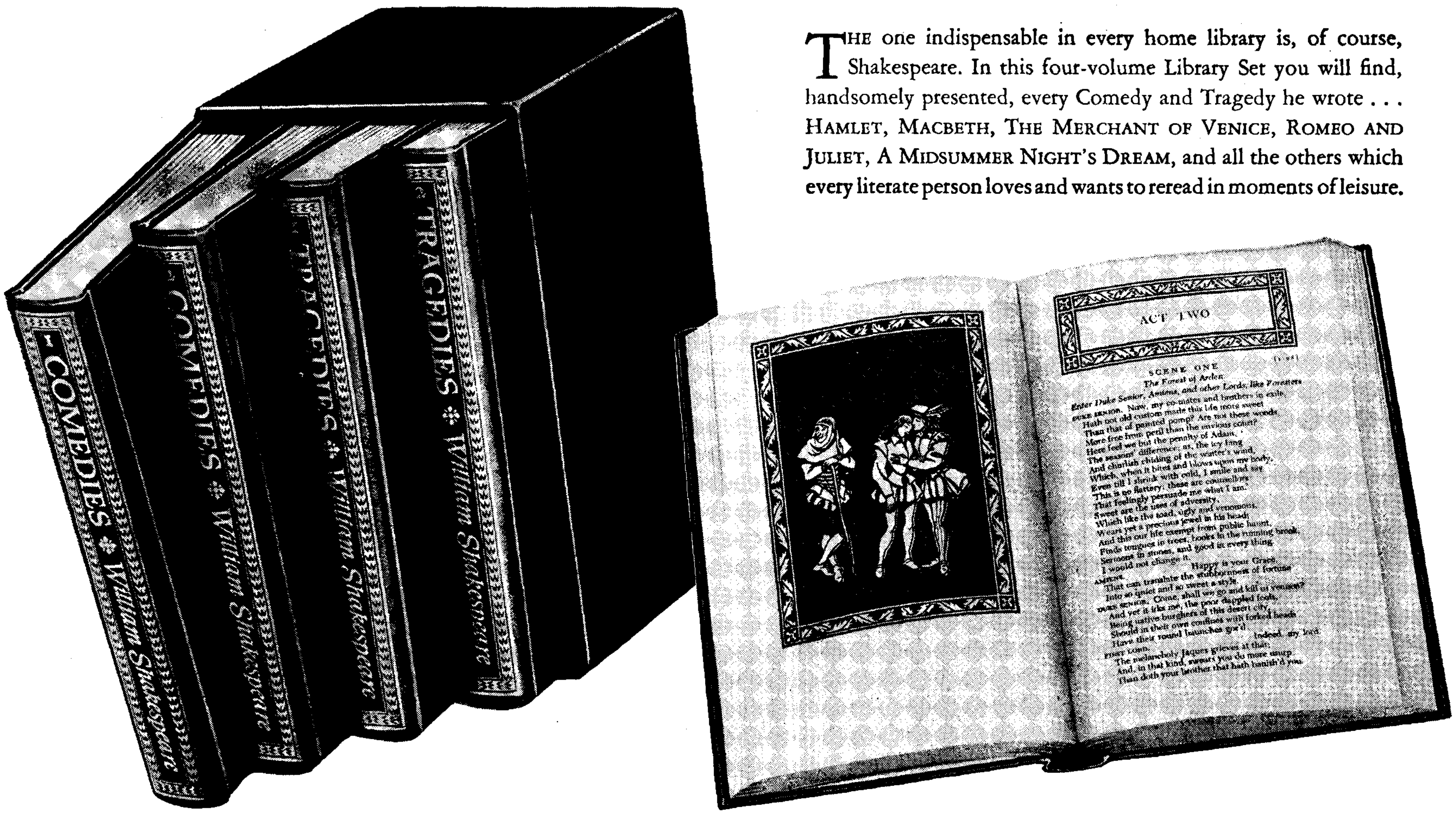
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. . . AND MAY SHE MEET EACH YEAR TO COME WITH THAT BRIGHT, CONFIDENT SMILE!

TO HELP THAT WISH COME TRUE, TRY LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE. IT HELPS CLEAN MANY OF THE DANGER ZONES

WHERE 3 OUT OF 4 CASES OF DECAY START!

Another year! . . . another candle on the cake! More good, strong, healthy teeth to care for! Will they get the sort of dental hygiene they should have . . . the sort of cleansing action they deserve? More than three out of four cases of decay start in tiny little pits and flaws in tooth enamel—places so hard to reach . . . so difficult to clean that they may often go unnoticed and . . . neglected!

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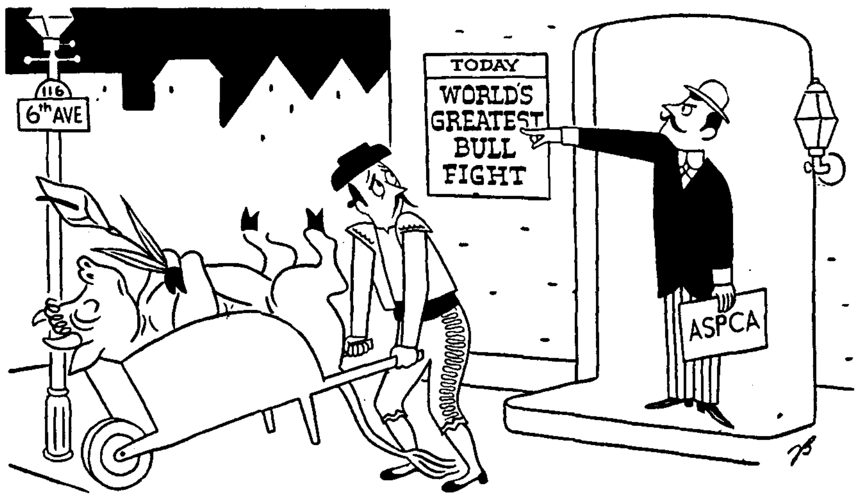


TONY BARLOW

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

The only attempt to establish bullfighting in this country was made in New York 66 years ago. The promoter, after being refused the use of Madison Square Garden by Barnum, built an arena at 116th Street and Sixth Avenue and staged his first bullfight with celebrated Spanish matadors before 2,000 spectators on July 31, 1880. But the A.S.P.C.A. saw to it that he never staged another.

Two plays now running on Broadway possess a unique similarity, one having the longest male part and the other the longest female part—in relation to the running time of the show—in theatrical history. The first is Cyrano de Bergerac in which José Ferrer, in the title role, is on the stage 131 of the 160 minutes the curtain is up. The other is Dream Girl in which June Havoc, the star, is on the stage 136 of its 140 minutes.

The greatest funeral held in twentieth-century China was that of the war lord, Marshal Wu Pei-fu, in Peking on January 24, 1940. Behind his catafalque, which was carried by 80 pallbearers and accompanied by six bands, the mourners carried life-sized paper reproductions of his earthly possessions to be burned and thus, in effect, sent to heaven with him. Among them were his automobile, the stage of his private theater with its actors, and his large bodyguard of soldiers on horseback, the construction of which, along with the scores of other paper articles, required the labor of 200 people for seven weeks.

Encaustic paintings in which the pigments are mixed in melted beeswax applied hot are more difficult to execute than oils, yet they are more durable, may be seen in any light and are not affected by weather conditions. While this method has seldom been used since the days of the ancients, one contemporary artist, Karl Zerbe of Boston, has employed it so successfully in the past six years that 21 of his wax paintings hang today in American museums.

The New York Post, an evening tabloid, holds the all-time record for using columnists, now having 36 of these writers who conduct their own departments.

While the Gregorian calendar is adjusted to mean solar time by having a leap year or the addition of an extra day every fourth year, the Jewish calendar, owing to the fact that its normal year varies from 353 to 355 days, is adjusted by having seven leap years, each with 30 additional days, during every 19-year cycle.

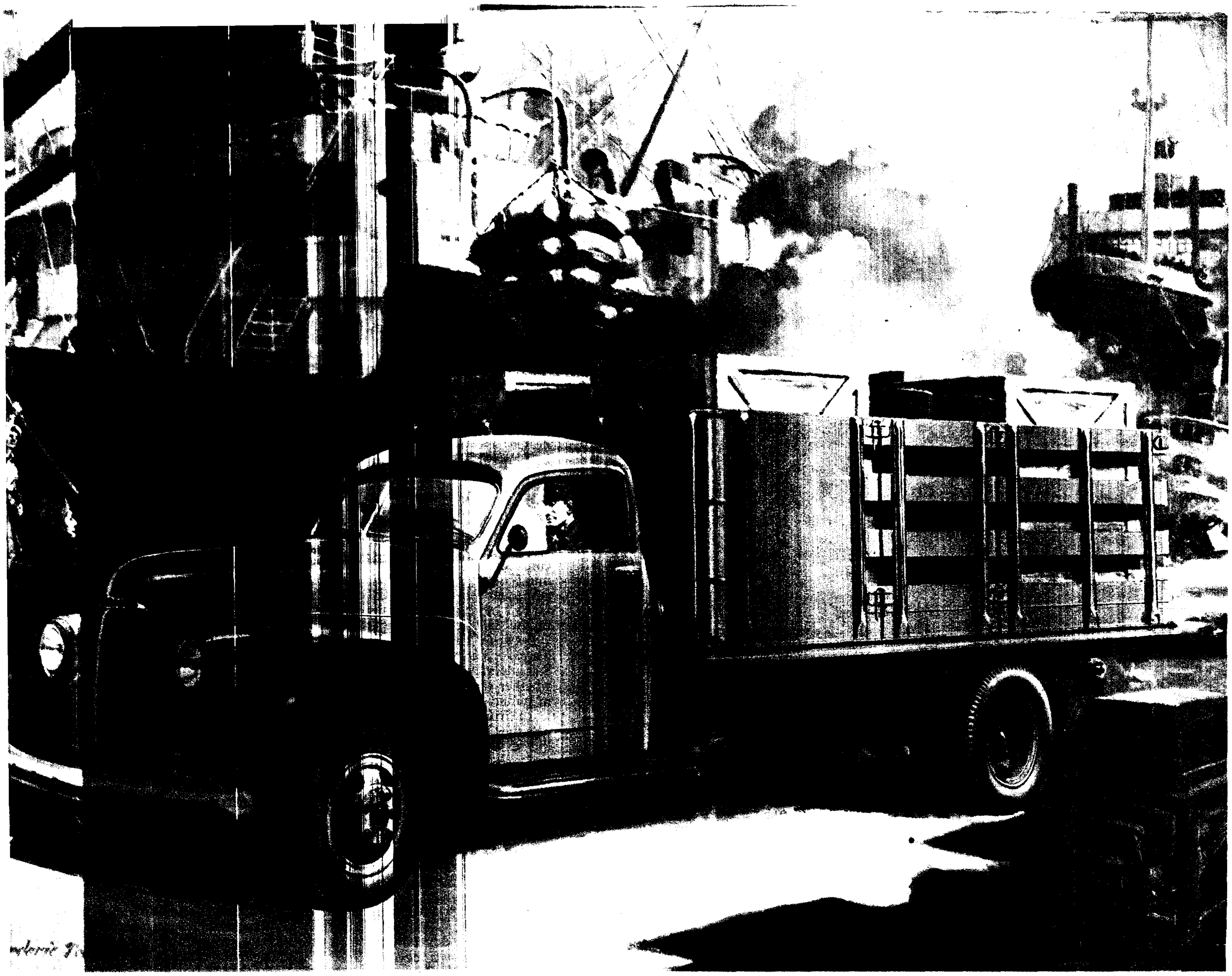
About 2,000 persons and firms having homes or offices outside of New York City pay a special fee to have the telephone numbers of these places listed in the Manhattan Telephone Directory. In the current book, such numbers include those of a small business in Pittsburgh, a corporation in Wilmington, Delaware, and both the home and office of a U.S. Army colonel in Washington, D. C.

Rhyming jargon, a secretive language that has been employed by criminals in the United States and the British Empire during the past century, may become an American fad, having been used recently in a motion picture and a popular novel. In this jargon, most words are represented by combinations of two or three other words, the last of which rhymes with the word that is meant. For example, ginger ale may be used for jail, nancy prance for dance, mince pies for eyes and storm-and-strife for wife.

Despite this nation's ten-year war against venereal disease, the U.S. Public Health Service estimates that 250,000 cases of syphilis and 1,000,000 cases of gonorrhea are still contracted annually in this country. Furthermore, 60 per cent of those getting syphilis and 63 per cent of those getting gonorrhea go untreated because they either do not know or do not want even a physician to know they are infected.

France has decided to leave undisturbed the wrecked ships, tanks and other debris of battle on the beaches of Normandy as a war memorial to the Allied troops who landed there to begin the invasion of Europe.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission



You take the inside track to outsize savings with a rugged, reliable Studebaker truck

YOU definitely short-cut your route to lower hauling costs, if your loads are rolling in a Studebaker.

That's clearly shown on the books of hundreds of operators who have switched from other trucks to trustworthy, dollar-saving Studebakers.

Moving mountains of cargo, or making spot deliveries, you can count on a soundly built, brilliantly engineered Studebaker truck to pay off in superior payload performance.

Engineered to hold down upkeep

That husky, heavy-duty-model Studebaker truck you see pictured above is the broad-shouldered leader of a remarkable postwar line of transport vehicles that also includes Studebaker's one-ton and half-ton pick-up models.

These Studebakers are full-fledged team-mates in structural soundness of more than 200,000 heavy-duty Studebaker military trucks and lightweight Weasel cargo carriers that served with distinction at the fighting fronts during the war.

This Studebaker stamina means exceptionally low maintenance cost—and, besides, you enjoy substantial gasoline and oil savings, thanks to intensive, continuous technical research in Studebaker's great scientific laboratories and on the adjoining 800-acre, million-dollar proving ground.

Outstanding in craftsmanship

Today, as always, Studebaker trucks are built by painstaking master craftsmen. Many are members of unique Studebaker father-and-son teams.

Right now, of course, many more firms and individuals than ever before are in the market for new Studebaker trucks—so be sure to lose no time in talking over your new-truck requirements with your nearby Studebaker dealer.

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Builder of trucks you can trust

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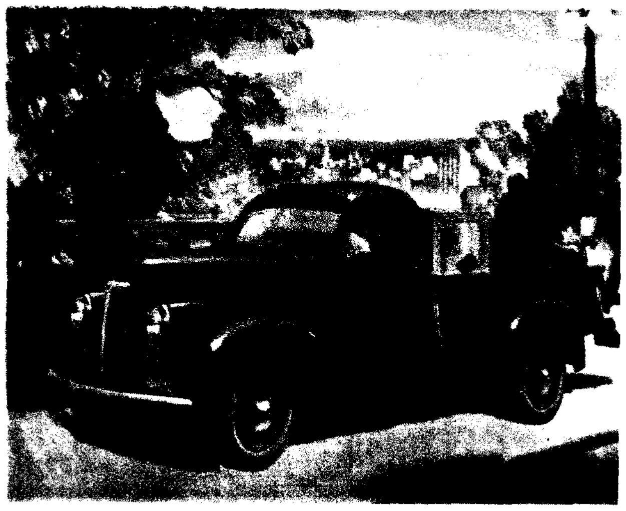

Here's Studebaker's famous half-ton Coupe Express pick-up—It's a Studebaker quality vehicle in every detail. Its power plant is the sturdy Studebaker Econ-o-miser engine used in the wartime Weasel—and the same brilliant-performing engine also powers Studebaker's popular one-ton pick-up. Studebaker's heavy-duty-model truck is available in several wheelbases. It's smoothly, economically powered by Studebaker's fine Hy-Mileage engine.

Here's the lowdown on

Smooth Riding

WHEN your car was new, it rode smoothly because the shock absorbers were *doing their job*. If that smooth, gliding ride has disappeared, it can be restored easily. Perhaps all that's needed is added fluid or minor repairs and adjustments. Or, if the shocks are worn-out, they can be replaced with new ones—it doesn't cost much. Whatever the trouble, your United Motors man has the answer. See him today, and enjoy a smooth-riding car tomorrow.

There's a United Motors Service station nearby to meet all your service needs. Look for the friendly orange and blue United Motors sign—it's your assurance of competent mechanics, approved service methods, original-equipment parts—a combination that can make your car run better, last longer and cost less to operate.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

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United Motors Service is a nationwide organization of selected independent service stations authorized to sell and service these products:

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DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

CHARLES DEXTER put in forty years of research to produce the 3,600 words in Baseball's Whodunit, p. 18. At 11, he saw his first big-league game, the Giants at the Polo Grounds, McGraw managing, Dummy Taylor pitching. In 1916 he dropped into the Lion Bar, near his alma mater, Columbia, and watched John J. McGraw pitch whisky bottles across the bar. He witnessed the McGrawmen overcome Pittsburgh's seven-game lead in September, 1921, rush into a dazzling world series with the Yankees; and was at Ebbets Field one day last fall when Durocher's Dandies stole eight bases on the hapless Gi'nts.

Where memory failed, Mr. Dexter combed newspaper morgues, the minds of player and official, and even tapped 86-year-old Arlie Latham, McGraw's old star and battling side-kick of the 1880s.

Between ball games, Mr. Dexter has earned an unprecarious living. His first interview was with Ida Tarbell, on whether nice girls should roller-skate in public. In his second, he failed to learn from William Jennings Bryan why the Great Commoner had stepped out of Wilson's Cabinet. Back in the twenties, Dexter sat in the Algonquin Hotel lobby in New York and listened to William Butler Yeats prophesy that L trains would go but that little pigs would always nuzzle garbage on God's green earth—and be so right. When Dexter asked Pavot, the champ 2-year-old of 1944, how he did it, the Glen Riddle Farm star merely switched his tail.

Though Mr. Dexter has tried his hand at fiction, Hollywood, press-agentry and a novel that sold 3,327 copies—article-writing remains his true love. "I've always been eager to learn what makes the other fellow tick," he confesses. In the past twelve months such inquisitiveness has taken Mr. Dexter into a murderer's cell, the F.B.I. offices, a spiritualist séance, the Senate Gallery, many press boxes, and a Negro hotel in Indiana where Joe Louis discussed literature, the theater and politics but not Billy Conn.

"Sometimes article-writing is like etching the Lord's Prayer on a molecule," claims Mr. Dexter. "Sometimes it pours out like a filibuster speech of old Bob La Follette. Day by day, it's painstaking toil—like solving 3,000-word cryptograms."

Mr. Dexter chisels his classic prose in an apartment in the shadow of the Polo Grounds—between terrier barks, ringing doorbells, his wife listening to the radio, his collegiate son asking him to define Descartes' philosophy in ten words, and his daughter battering away at Hanon exercises for the 3d, 4th and 5th fingers. "For my own relaxation," sums up this harassed Giant-lover, "I write imagist verse, murder Debussy with the piano, smoke too much and go to ball games."

FOR our new serial, The Brick Wall, p. 11, Louis Kamp decided to create a powerful, likable, irascible gent of about 50, with a whim of iron and a way of needling everybody around him into action. It was only natural that George Bernard Shaw would come to mind.

So Kamp lay on a sofa, reread the works of Old Whitewhiskers, and remembered all he could about him—then came up with the character of Alex Hanley, the Hollywood producer. While Alex is no G.B.S. (who is?), he came out tough enough for Kamp's purposes.

In fact a little too tough. At first planned for a 20-page short story, Alex began pushing everybody around including Mr. Kamp—winding up as a serial. "But then," says Kamp, "whoever heard of limiting Shaw to a few thousand words?"

Mr. Kamp, whom the war turned from cartooning to writing, sold Collier's his first effort—a short short (The Secret, Jan. 26, '46). Since then he's patiently worked up to serials.

He's a member of the writing team of Kamp & Kamp, Typewriter Pushers, the latter being Mrs. Kamp. She was Miss Irene Kittle, drama critic and Collier's author, when she began batting ideas back and forth with Mr. Kamp. Kamp still owes her twenty-two bucks for retyping The Brick Wall. He settled by marrying her and taking her to California, where they are now collaborating to produce a pretty kittle of fish. Or a fortune.

EX-SERGEANT William Kochiyama, who posed for the Nisei hero in Jean Jorgensen's Never Look Back (page 19), knew a fellow in his regiment (the famous Nisei 442d Infantry mentioned in the story) whose wife knew Illustrator Mario Cooper. That's how William was called in as model, although he is studying journalism at Long Island University.

Last February he married a Japanese-American girl whom he met in Hattiesburg, Miss., where she was a USO hostess. They expect a baby soon and the extra money earned as model will come in handy. When asked if he had felt like the hero in the story, he said, very quietly: "No, because I realize there are tough times ahead, and somebody has to break the ice. If a person has enough guts he isn't afraid to face prejudice and if he isn't afraid to face his fellow men, then some good must come of it. There's more good than bad in men—otherwise I might have been strung up.

Louis Kamp

This week's cover: **Ski Girl. Jon Whitcomb painted it, using two models, Jean Burke and Aileen Farley. Jean wore Whitcomb's ski outfit when she posed. For the costume and other details, Aileen posed in M. Picard's very latest trail togs, as your trip to Sun Valley will prove. . . . TED SHANE**

[illegible] 1947 [illegible]B SUPER CRUISER

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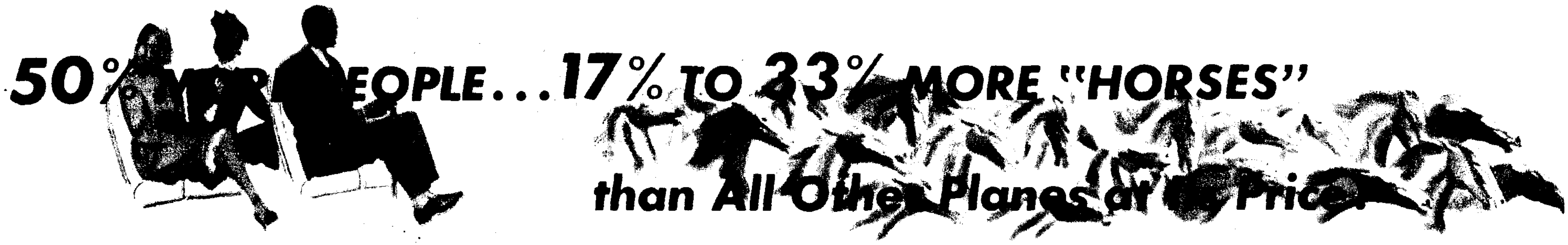

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NGINE MUFFLER. Quiets the exhaust
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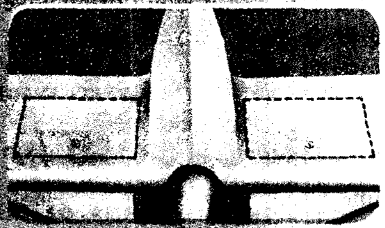

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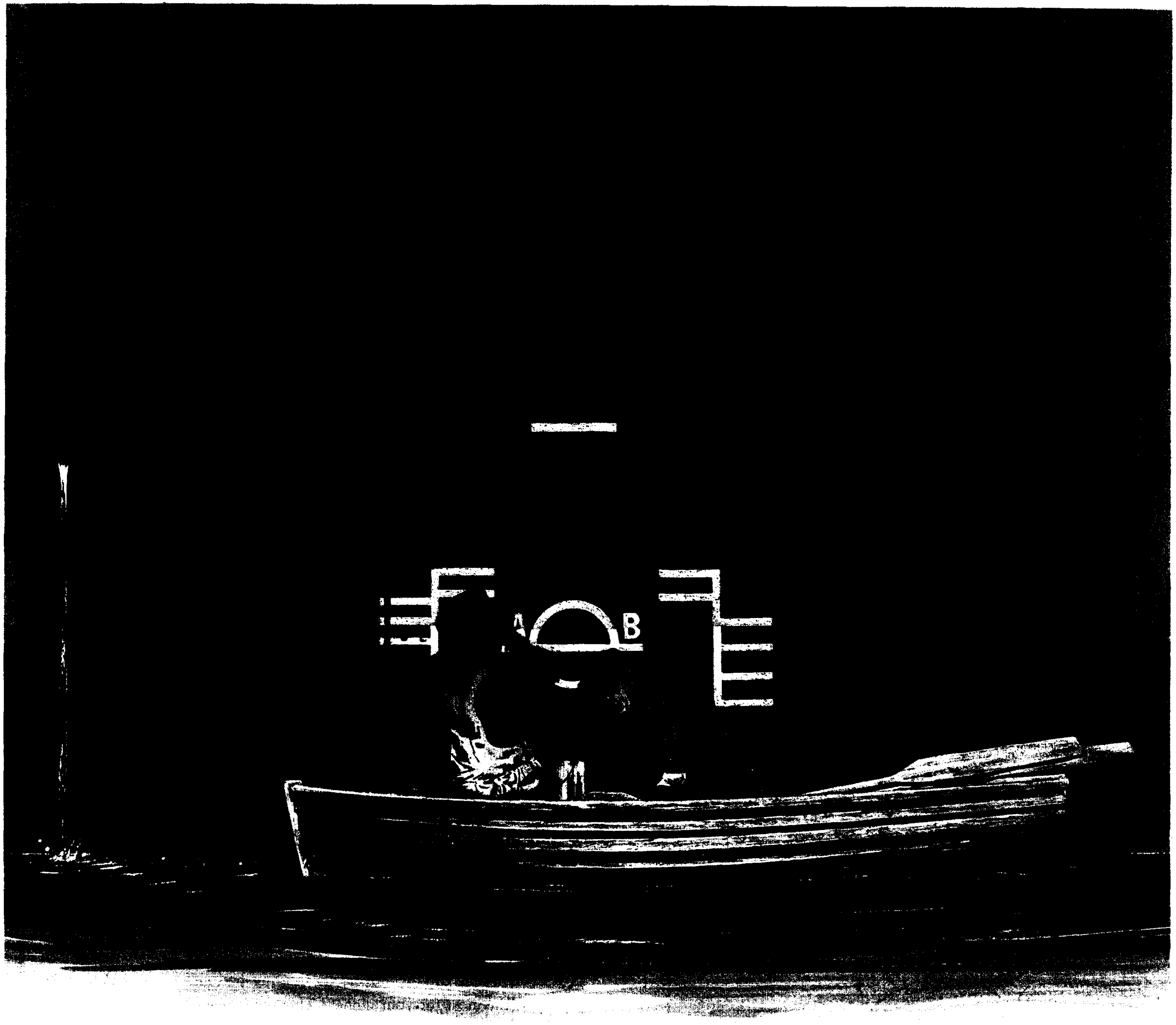

Why freighters carry the mark of an angry man

MORE THAN 70 years ago, Sam Plimsoll got up and shook his fist under the nose of England's Prime Minister.

Red-faced and angry, Plimsoll bellowed at Disraeli that the treatment of merchant seamen was a disgrace and that something had better be done about it.

Something *was* done. His speech forced the passage of a bill which became the "Merchant Shipping Act."

One major achievement of the Act was to prevent the dangerous overloading of merchant ships. It was no rare occurrence in those days to see a ship stagger out of port so heavily laden that if she struck bad weather she was almost sure to founder—often with the loss of all hands.

The Act put an end to that by providing that the builders, who knew the ship's capacity, must paint a line on her side which would show where the waterline should be when the ship was carrying all she safely could. Seamen called the line the "Plimsoll Mark." And stiff penalties awaited the skipper who put to sea with his Plimsoll Mark under water.

Sam Plimsoll gets deserved credit for a common-sense measure which kept a lot of ships afloat for their owners and safeguarded the lives of many sailors. But neither the Plimsoll Mark nor all the safety regulations ever devised have completely banished danger from the sea. The truth is that on sea or land, disaster can come to us in many ways.

The only sensible thing to do is to realize this—and then do the best you can to protect yourself against the consequences of those misfortunes which you can't avoid. And with insurance, you can do mighty well.

Accident insurance will buy your family food and pay your bills if you're hurt and can't work. Fire insurance will replace the loss of your home and belongings if they are destroyed. And life insurance will make certain that when death comes it won't bring poverty and hardship for those you leave behind.

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

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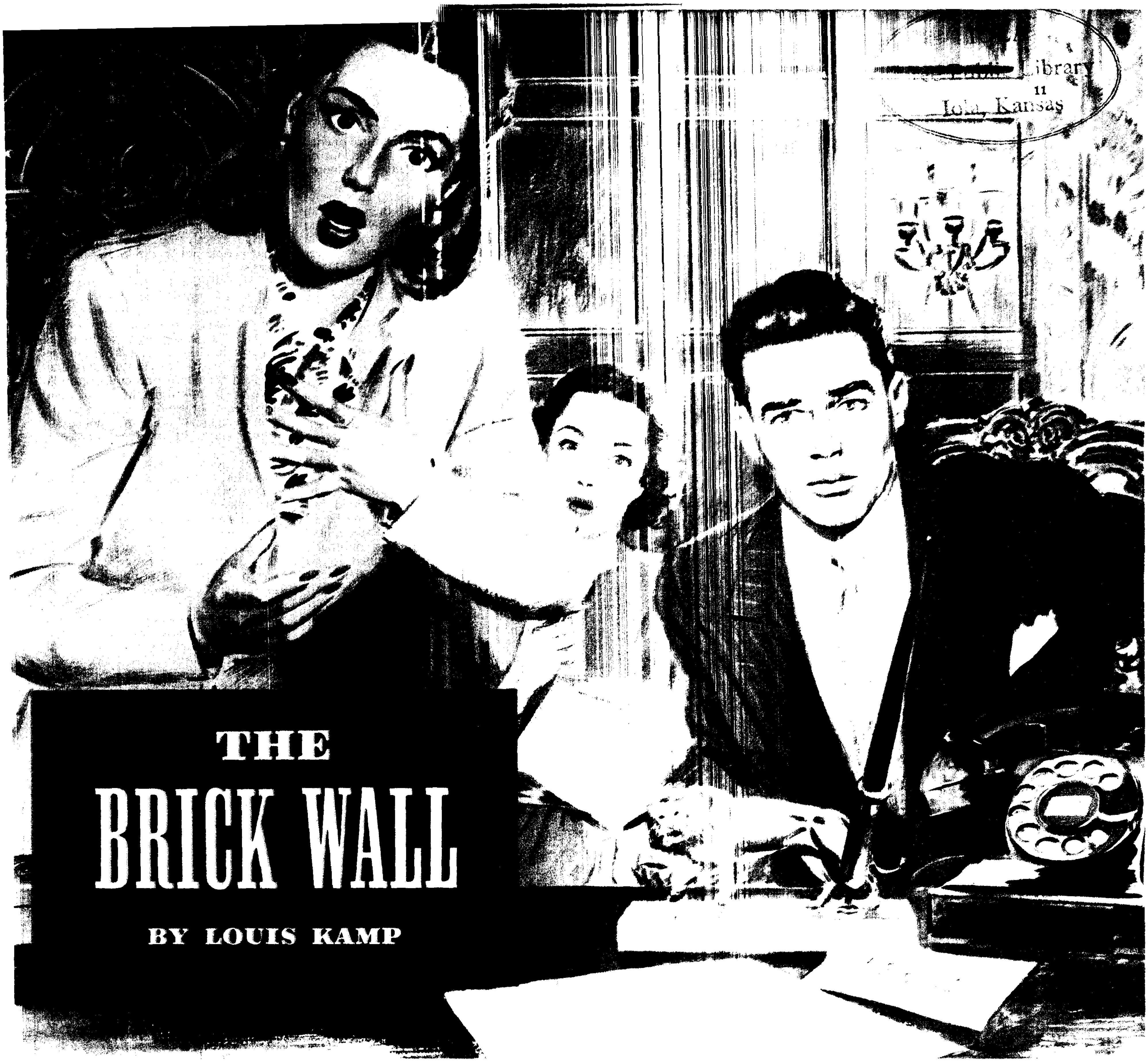


THE

BRICK WALL

BY LOUIS KAMP

"You win," said Lucy, standing up to face Alex. "You always win. I should have remembered that." There was only a slight hint of anger in her voice

Here is a story of the Hollywood the public never sees: not a fantasy of spotlights and swimming pools, but a revealing and lively portrait of people who make Hollywood tick. Most of all it is the exciting account of a man and a girl fighting against a brilliant and ruthless tyrant

THE dazzling sunlight sent heat waves dancing out on the black asphalt of the studio streets and a blinding light glanced off the white stucco buildings. It came as a shock as I stepped out of the cool, dark lab where I had been cutting the Dawson-Calder picture, and I wished I had brought my dark glasses. A few extras in the costumes of Henry VIII's England were coming toward me out of one of the sound stages on their way to the main commissary for an early lunch, and a writer in a hurry passed me by with a "Hello, Josh." Then we all had to stop and step back against the wall of the carpenter shop as a huge truck swung out, loaded with sections of sets. Inside the great, open hangar-like building I could hear the heavy power saws whining through new wood and the sound of hammering. In the back of my mind I could hear Alex' voice again over the phone saying, "Josh, come in here!"

As I turned into the doorway of the executive building known as Producer's Row I was still nervously wondering why he had sent for me.

Alexander Hanley was a big man with a big head and a soft voice and a pair of wide-open gray eyes that leveled on you like twin pistols. You couldn't be anywhere in a room with Alex without being conscious of his eyes watching you all the time. He scared me just as he did everybody else in the studio. Most people scare easy and are afraid of something, but I didn't think Alex was afraid of anything or anybody, and he always said what he had in his mind and never cared what you thought about it.

Alex Hanley was my father, and when I was a little kid the big man with the big cigar would carry me around the studio on his shoulders showing me off to prop men, directors, grips and stars, and though he made them all make a great fuss over me I always knew my father was somebody

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BOBERTZ

pretty important because it was Alex they really tried to please, not me.

When Alex had said over the phone, "Josh, come in here!" it was like it had been when I was a kid playing on the lawn of the fantastic old mansion we used to live in on Wilshire Boulevard back in the twenties. In those days whenever I heard his steel-rasp voice I'd drop everything and double-time it into the house and stand uneasily in front of my father, waiting for him to tell me what I had done. And, no matter what I thought, he was always right and he never had to lay a hand on me to prove it.

THE years, however, had softened and mellowed his voice, but that didn't fool anybody. The sharpness was buried inside him, and without changing the tiniest inflection of his quiet and disarming voice he could make it suddenly deadly.

There were two big rooms that made up Alex' office. When I walked into the outer reception room I knew immediately that he hadn't sent for me to give me a chance to act in pictures. That was something I had always wanted to do and the previous night at dinner I had mentioned it again. Alex had been in a fine mood when he had asked me what I wanted for my birthday, and I hadn't had to think twice.

"You can give me a part in a picture," I had said. Instead of his usual sarcastic reply he hadn't said another word, but had gone right on eating, and neither of us mentioned the subject again.

So I had kidded myself all the way over from the lab that there was a remote possibility Alex might really give me a part for my birthday.

I knew it was hopeless when I saw redheaded Lucy Morgan sitting with her slim legs crossed in one of the deep wing chairs in the reception room. I wondered who the stool pigeon was who had told Alex about seeing me around town with one of his actresses.

Lucy looked as nervous as I felt. Her big dark eyes looked up unhappily as I came in and her wide generous mouth parted in the shape of a small "o" as though she had suddenly realized why she was there.

"Who do you think told him?" I murmured as I lowered my long bones into a chair near hers.

Lucy focused her eyes on my close-cropped dark hair. "Are you going to let him tell you who you can go out with and who you can't?"

"Aren't you?" I asked.

Her eyes wouldn't look at mine and I could tell she was really scared.

"Who does he think he is anyway?"

"Alex Hanley," I said and I tried to grin. "God Almighty himself."

"Well. I'm not afraid of him," Lucy went on, halfheartedly. "I'm on contract and he can't fire me."

"I'm his son and he can't fire me either."

We were just blowing off and we both knew it. We knew it as we looked at each other and wondered what Alex would really do.

The door to the inner office opened and Daisy Hathaway looked out on us. Daisy was a pretty, dark-haired girl, who had been Alex' secretary for about six months. She had gone to Hollywood High and then to Sarah Lawrence College in the East and after that she'd been with the OWI in Washington. When the war was over she'd come home to California. Daisy had quite a businesslike smile and she held her head as erect as a Greek column, and there was an austere classical look to her even features that reminded me of her mother, who had been Alex' right hand for more than twenty years. Except that Daisy was slim as a boy and wore her dark hair in a short bob, while Mrs. Hathaway was stoutish and had hair as white as Bernard Shaw's beard.

MRS. HATHAWAY had been as much of a fixture in Alex' office as his heavy old mahogany swivel chair. Then suddenly one day she had retired to raise flowers around her San Fernando ranch house and Daisy came to work in her place. Of course Daisy was new, but her mother's established authority seemed to go with the job and most of the hired help felt that Daisy wasn't a girl to get exactly chummy with. I was about the only one who ever kidded her, but even at that I watched what I said and didn't say anything that I might not want to get back to Alex.

It sounds crazy, doesn't it? Well, that's the effect Alex had on anyone who worked for him. And on me.

It might have been different for me if my mother hadn't been an actress. I seemed to have inherited the acting virus from her, but Alex, who had made more stars than I can remember, ironically enough hated actors. So I wasn't exactly the white-haired boy that people not in the know thought I was.

"He's waiting for you," Daisy said to us. I heard Lucy take a deep breath while I was taking mine. We both followed Daisy into Alex' office.

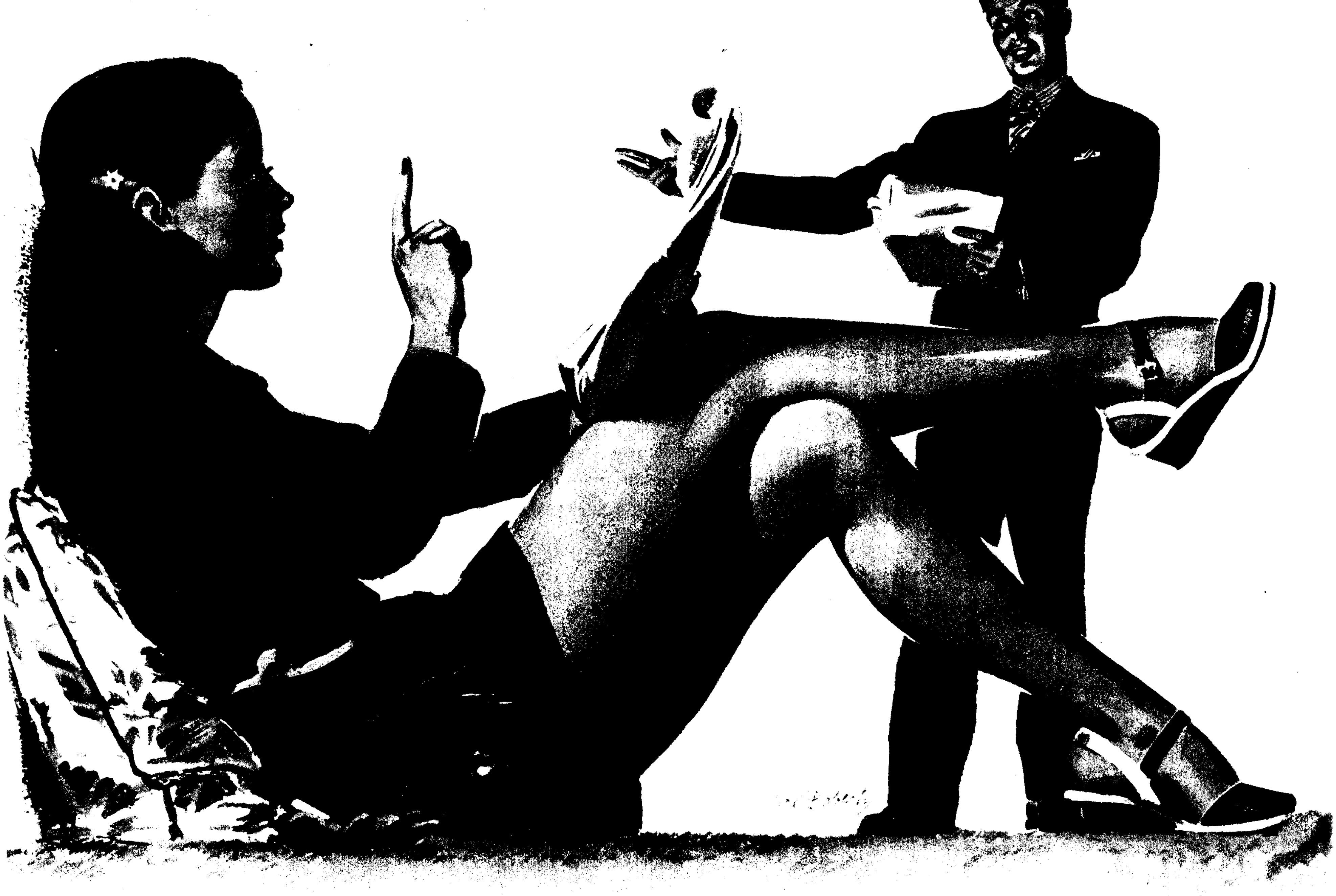
Alex was leaning back in his swivel chair behind his desk, staring out the big windows at the nasturtiums that flanked his side of the building on A Street. He looked massive in his double-breasted business suit, and in the richly dignified office he looked as though he might have been cast as a banker.

"Sit down," Alex said over his shoulder. "You, *too,*" he said to Daisy, who was on her way out of the office.

There was an embarrassing silence while we waited for Alex to swing around from the window. He never did anything in a hurry, and, as I stared at his sunlit profile, he looked as though he might be dreaming or just sitting there without a thought in his head. You could never tell about that impassive face. There was always a deceptive quality of relaxation about

(Continued on page 28)

"Go ahead," said Lucy, "I'll cue you—" Once I got started it was like cutting roast beef with a sharp knife. I think I was getting drunk with my own imagined power when Lucy stopped me



WHAT TO DO ABOUT STRIKES

BY PETER F. DRUCKER

A noted writer on economics weighs the fundamental causes for our labor unrest and presents his ideas of a lasting solution. An article of vital significance to every American

AMERICA has just had a painful object lesson in the truth that you can't end strikes by damning them. You can't even end them by putting union leaders in jail. Few union leaders cause strikes, and none of them could prosecute a successful or very troublesome strike unless the majority of the members wanted it. A strike is essentially a revolt; no one ever put down a revolt by declaring it illegal. Historically, revolts have been ended in one of two ways: by force of arms or by giving the rebels what they wanted and thus taking the steam out of the revolution. A spate of labor laws and union regulations today probably would not prevent a single strike because they would not be dealing with the basic cause. And the basic cause is the discontent of the worker himself.

There is a real danger that we will forget the worker and his problem in our concern with labor legislation. The men on the machines are afflicted today by a deep, though vague, discontent, by tension and pressures. Even the best labor laws would be futile so long as this discontent persists. And the rising cost of living is only one, perhaps even a minor, cause of the trouble.

Labor unrest after a major war is a normal phenomenon; and today it is a world-wide phenomenon. Lowered productivity, absenteeism, tension and strikes have been the rule in all countries since the end of the war. A Communist system such as Russia has been as little immune as Socialist Britain or capitalist America. But this country should have had the least trouble—actually it has been having the most.

The worker in this country has not suffered enemy occupation and has not seen his standard of living cut to the bone during and since the war. On the contrary, he has been able to better his social and economic position. There has been no transition unemployment; in fact, since the end of the war there has been a continued labor shortage. Yet there is a deep disturbance, almost panicky fear and violent resentment among our workers. It is the worker rather than the union leader who has been clamoring to strike and to stay on strike.

In the five major strikes of the first postwar winter, 1945-46—the General Motors strike, the meat packers' strike, the steel strike, the electrical workers' strike and the railway strike—it was on the whole not the leadership which forced the workers into a strike but worker pressure that forced a strike upon a reluctant leadership; most of the leaders knew very well that they could have gained as much by negotiation as they finally gained by striking. And again and again the rank and file of the union membership refused to go back to work even though management conceded all their demands.

What is bothering the worker is nothing you could at once put your finger on. It is a general state of uneasiness, fear and resentment rather than a concrete grievance or a definite demand. The psychologist knows such a state as shock

And indeed the American worker is suffering not from one but from three shocks: the delayed effect of the tremendous shock of the depression of the thirties, and the resultant fear of present unemployment; the shock of the transition from war production, in which the worker played a meaningful, often exciting part, to the humdrum routine of production for peacetime uses; and the shock of disillusionment with the fruits of unionization, particularly in the large mass-production industries, which shows itself in the bitter feuds and fights for power within the union movement.

Of these the depression shock is perhaps the most profound and is most responsible for the psychological damage and uneasiness of the worker. Indeed, it is very doubtful whether the present generation of workers in this and the other Western countries will ever entirely get over it. The actual economic situation has very little effect on this depression fear. Today when we are experiencing a real shortage of labor, the American worker acts and reacts as if we were living in a period of intense unemployment. And in England, where all the signs point to decades of extreme labor shortage, the worker is as much obsessed with the threat of unemployment as he is in this country.

Ten years ago, during the depression, we used to hear a good deal about the "unemployables," the men who, as a result of long unemployment had lost their skills and their ability to fit themselves into the working discipline of industry. Our war experience showed that there was no ground to this fear. Even men who had been out of work for ten years got back into the swing in a very short time. The speed with which people can learn or relearn a skill has been one of the great lessons of the war.

Rebirth of Fear of Unemployment

But now that the war is over, we are discovering that the old depression unemployment injected a much subtler and perhaps a much more destructive poison than loss of skill and ability. It put fear into the hearts of all American workers whether they were unemployed during the depression or not. Ten years ago we believed that the effects of unemployment, particularly the psychological effects, were confined to those actually out of work. We are now beginning to realize that the man who was employed but who feared every pay day he would get a dismissal slip, suffered just as much psychological damage as the man who actually tramped the streets.

As a result of the depression shock the American worker lives under the shadow of the ax even today when there are more jobs than men to fill them. He is "psychologically unemployed" in the midst of a labor shortage. He is conditioned to regard unemployment as the normal state. Hence he cannot feel that the present labor boom will continue. He must try to make hay while the sun shines. The argument that by pushing wages up, the worker himself brings closer the day of unemployment cannot make any too much sense to a man who is convinced anyhow that there will be unemployment in the long run.

A man I know, today an executive of a big corporation and comfortably off, if not wealthy, dreams every night that he is back on the WPA. Actually he has not been in danger of losing his job for almost ten years. "And yet," he told me, "I am better off than the workers in my plant; I only dream of the WPA; they think of it during the day, too."

This psychological unemployment is not only a constant threat to industrial peace, it is also a real danger to our economic stability. It might bring about a real panic should there be even a minor business recession. To counteract it, to give the worker a feeling of security that will make him "psychologically employed" rather than "psychologically unemployed," is thus one of the most important tasks ahead of us.

The Full Employment Bill which Congress passed last year is hardly even a first step in the right direction. It does not go much beyond the expression of a pious hope that there will be no unemployment. Above all, it confines itself to job planning on a national scale, the goal of the "sixty million jobs" Henry Wallace talked about. What the worker needs in order to feel secure again is not a promise of sixty million jobs but a guarantee of some sort of his own individual one job and of the jobs of his fellow workers in the plant and in his local community. Until we have given him some such assurance, he will remain hagridden by the fear of unemployment—even in good years.

During the war the fear of unemployment was at least counterbalanced by the tremendous boost in morale war production gave to the worker. Almost overnight industrial work became, next to service in the armed forces, the nationally most important activity. The worker on the assembly line who had been doing a humdrum routine job as a mere cog in an enormous machine which he understood but dimly, became a production hero, turning out such glamorous things as airplanes or tanks.

Generals flew in from Washington to tell him what a fine job he did and how essential he was. The Army staged exhibitions and parades for him to show him the product of his hands, and admirals wrote letters telling him how well his Diesel engine or his torpedoes had stood up in battle. Faced by the new jobs of war production, management came to ask his advice on processes and production methods through suggestion plans and worker-management councils.

For the first time in his life the worker was not the last man in the line who did as he was told without asking why, but a full partner in a great national enterprise. That he got paid, and paid very well, for his contribution was important, of course, but it was not so important as the satisfaction the worker got in and through the importance of his work.

The end of the war changed all that. From one day to the other the worker went back to his former job. Where he had turned out hinges for fighter-plane cockpits, he now turned out hinges for automobile doors. Of course, they were the same hinges, and there was little difference in the job, but the lift, the glamor, the importance *(Continued on page 26)*

CHESTNUTS IN BLOSSOM

BY EVELYN MARTINE

Springtime and Paris and horse races and love are not things you can catch in your hands and hold—but when you are young, you try

WELL, I see it's springtime and horses again and the world's come to the races, and what with one thing or another the dark horse usually wins.

And I'm laughing.

Yes, there's ice tinkling in glasses and light laughter up on the clubhouse veranda, and Easter bonnets and diamond studs. There are the long queues at the betting booths and the bold colors of the jockeys; and down here in the paddock the proud, nervous young horses prance about, with fortunes in their hoofs. We had a hard time pushing our way to the paddock rail. But who cares? Life's a county fair, a Mardi gras.

"Take that big chestnut over there," I say to the man who is with me. "What's the matter with him?"

The man grunts, looks up from the Racing Form, and over the rim of his spectacles studies the horse being led toward us. He is in front of us now, quiet, gait-steady, long neck arched, fire in his nostrils. Number 6 is marked on his blanket. "Complete outsider—gaunt flanks," the man says.

But suddenly the horse flings his head and looks at me wildly for a moment, and we telegraph each other, the horse and I.

"That settles it," I say. "Five bucks for me on"—and a glance at the entry sheet—"Malobar, Number 6."

And as I say, I'm laughing. For I was remembering the day that I won the sweepstakes on a dark horse and came up with a husband for the *grand coup*, all in the same day.

IT WAS in Paris, back when people were lighthearted as daffodils and life was a will-o'-the-wisp. It all really began when I was having a torrid altercation with a French taxi driver. I was feeling frightfully full of myself that day, having just come out of Chanel's, and I was all sprigged up in the "last word" of her collection, a saucy little green wool affair, showing off my beautiful legs, of course, and I had paid dearly for that yard of wool, so I ought to have felt like something.

This gala rig, I remember, was called "Cocktails à Deux" in the little white book, so like an old-fashioned dance program with its pencil dangling, that was handed me by the saleswoman, along with other such fancy numbers as "Promenade au Parc," "Dans La Fumée," "Le Flirting"—what a way the French have of putting notions in your head! With my college French I had very brightly figured out this one meant "cocktails for two" and I had pointed wildly to the haughty mannequin and said, *"Je prends ça,"* because *I felt the only way to speak French is to speak French,* and I had gotten austere looks from the beau monde seated stiffly on small gilt chairs around the walls before long mirrors. Before I had time to change my mind the saleswoman whipped out a slip of paper and I signed it and it said 4,000 francs which, of course, by simply putting the decimal point in made it forty dollars—I thought.

Then I was taken to a small room to be measured with tape measure and yardstick by a very charming gentleman in a frock coat, who said, *"S'il vous plait, mademoiselle, enlevez votre robe,"* and I just looked at him a moment and then I said to myself, "Oh, well, what the hell, this is France, isn't it?" and I took off my dress. And he went "Umm," and the saleswoman went "Aah," and together they said, *"Quelle jolie taille, qu'elle est mince, que mademoiselle est bien formée"* which, of course, I didn't understand, but I could get the general drift and was frightfully pleased that I had "passed."

Well, after Monsieur had measured me inch by inch and departed with many bows and *bonjours,* I was told when to come for the *essayage.* And now this was all in the past, and here I was standing newly clad in "Cocktails à Deux" in the middle of the Rue Cambon, the skies of Paris overhead. And the saleswoman had said, *"Ca vous va tres bien, mademoiselle,"* and Monsieur had pulled his mustaches and regarded me with a slightly lascivious look, and here I was on my way to the Ritz bar to show my stuff. And to have a stiff drink, for I'd just discovered about four thousand francs actually being one hundred and sixty dollars, and I knew that I'd have to find a cheaper *pension* or sail home on an earlier boat.

I hailed a cab, commanded "Au Reetz," and sat back feeling just like the goose after it laid the golden egg or something, only I hardly had time to think of anything because the taxi stopped with a jolt just a few yards down the street. I didn't know what had happened but I could see that the driver had no idea of going on.

"Au Reetz," I shouted at his back.

"Voici le Ritz, mademoiselle," he said.

"Au Reetz!" I shouted again. (Damn' fool, he thinks I'm a tourist, I thought. I am a tourist, but I know darn' well the Ritz is in the Place Vendôme.) With that the cabman got out and I got out, too, and he shouted and I shouted and I didn't know what he was calling me but I knew I wouldn't like it if I did know—and from the way his stomach heaved and rose, and the roar of his voice I knew he was calling me every kind of a so-and-so.

So I thought quick (I've got a quick brain) in my best college French and I gave it to him. *"Je suis, suis-je?* I am, am I?" I said.

I WAS quite prepared to poke him in the stomach, which was practically in my face by that time. But that did him in. A lot of people laughed—quite a crowd had gathered but I didn't see them—and he just muttered, *"Dix francs,"* which I threw at him and I was just about to make an unladylike gesture only I remembered in time and so I just yelled, "Horse feathers to you," at him and he retired.

As I say, there was quite a crowd, and I was mad, and I was just thinking: Where do I go from here—to hell with the Ritz bar! when a man came up very politely and said, "I beg your pardon, but if you are looking for the Ritz bar, it's just over here."

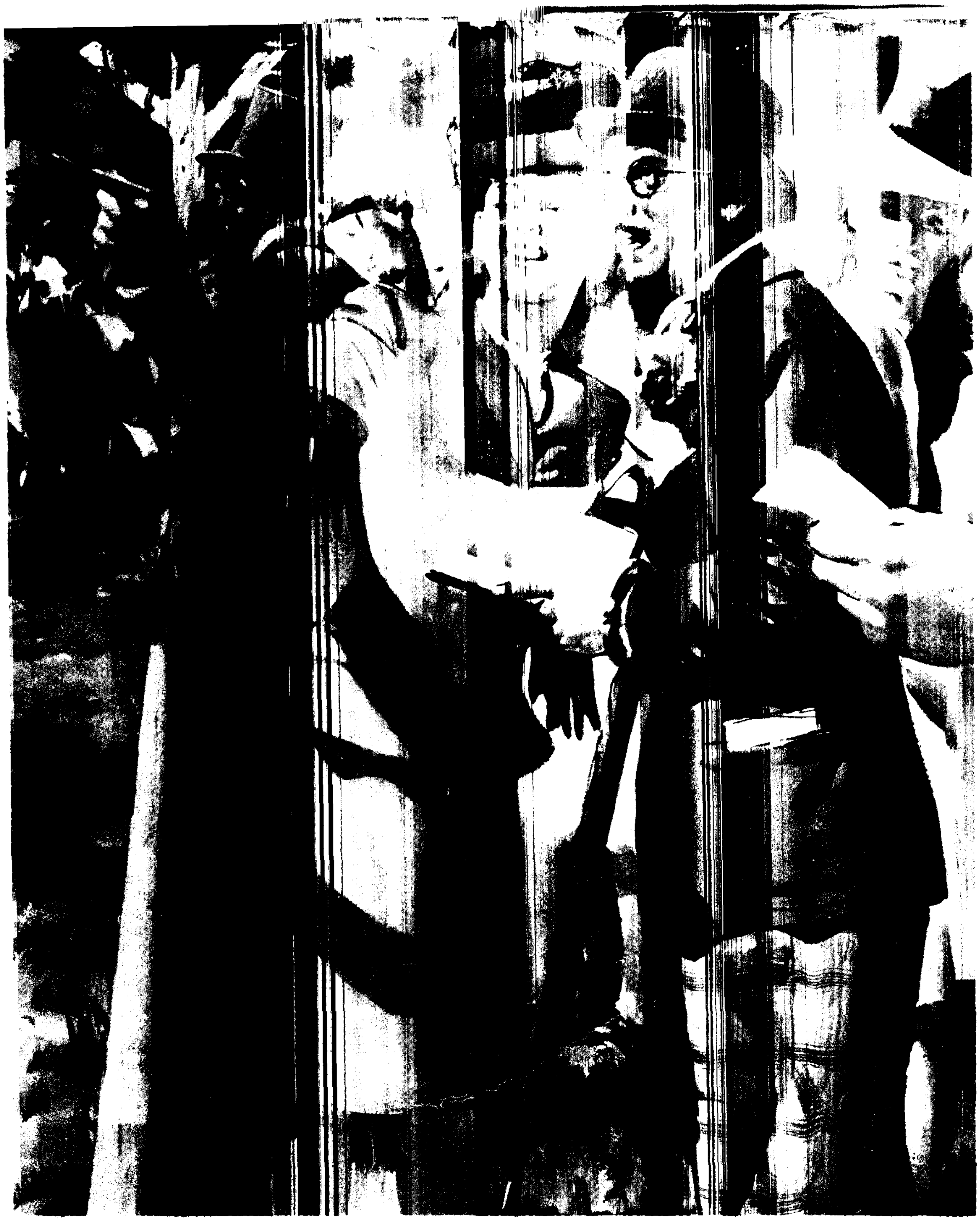
I saw that he was very good-looking and that he was wearing a bowler hat and a gray topcoat, all done up with gloves and a cane, too. But it was his voice, I guess—for I'd always been a fool for John Barrymore and this was before Sinatra, mind you—and my knees shook. I didn't know if it was the voice or just my recent anger working itself out through the adrenal glands like I learned in college, but I wasn't to be taken in even by that.

"The Ritz Hotel is in the Place Vendôme," I said icily.

"You do make me lahf!" Of course, I knew then he was English.

Well, I thought, I'll take a chance, and I let him propel me across the street and up a couple of steps to a revolving door. There on the rubber mat was plainly marked Ritz Hotel.

Of course, I felt pretty much of a fool, so I went very dignified, collecting myself for a grand entrance into the bar and thinking: Gosh! What will the girls say seeing me arrive in a Chanel with an Englishman in tow?



We push to the rail and I say to the man, "Take that big chestnut over there. What's the matter with him?"

But at the bar door Sir Walter Raleigh said a disinterested goodby and I murmured a thank you while I peered through the smoke to locate my friends. They were there all right with some of the boys we'd met coming over on the boat, and I could see they were all impressed. In fact, everybody looked at me and I felt fine and was glad I had spent the hundred and sixty dollars for "Cocktails à Deux."

I squeezed in beside my friends against the wall and told them what had happened with the taxi driver and they seemed to think it was pretty funny, too. "That's about the shortest drive in history," someone said. "Didn't you know that Chanel is just across the street?" Then I ordered a Manhattan and looked about for my Englishman and sure enough there he was over in a corner with a fat woman with a Pekingese. I caught his eye and smiled and he smiled back, and, of course, I'm not a flirt, only he had been kind of sweet, about the Ritz I mean.

And at that moment, into the bar swept the mysterious Mrs. Black, who had come over from New York on our ship and who was supposed to be living in sin with some man in Paris. She had sat at the captain's table on the boat and had been very snooty, but someone had seen her sitting in one of the lifeboats with one of the ship's officers late one night, and there were all kinds of rumors. And here she was now, all long and lean and lovely, sultry and smoldering, and believe it or not she went straight over to the Englishman's table, and I could see them all laughing, and I was burned up and wondering if he could be the Man in Mrs. Black's life.

IN a few minutes, she—Mrs. Black, I mean—saw us and I guess it was my green Chanel because she waved very friendly and then she whispered to the Englishman and he looked over at us again, and anyway, before you knew how it happened, there we all were together at the same table, fat lady, Pekingese, and all.

Major Darcy. An Englishman and a major, too. I felt kind of foolish now about that taxi, and thinking maybe I hadn't been quite dignified shouting in the middle of Paris like that, so I said to myself, "I'll be reserved," and anyway, you don't spend a hundred and sixty dollars for a Chanel to go all fluttery, so I was very quiet at first. But then I guess I'm really a breezy kind of person and in a few minutes, there he was sitting beside me laughing and talking like old friends.

It really was the voice though that got me, you know the kind—deep, and like the low notes of a cello, that makes you go all curly in the stomach—and anyway, you know it's the "male animal." Of course, he didn't know it but I was taking him all in, blond hair, blue eyes, clipped mustache and that nice scrubbed look that all Englishmen have and Americans rarely, and you know their mothers taught them how to wash well behind the ears. He had a sense of humor, too, which I thought Englishmen weren't supposed to have and at the same time he was very dignified.

I could see that Mrs. Black who had been so exclusive on the boat was concentrating on him through the smoke, and anyway she talked a lot about London and Ascot and the Royal Enclosure, Lord's and the Guards, which didn't mean a thing to me at the time. But she was looking at my dress, too.

"Chanel, isn't it?" she said.

I gave it right back to her and said, "Just a little street frock," nonchalantly, and she said, "It suits you very well," and Major Darcy said, "She would look beautiful in anything," which I thought was absolutely tops.

Then the fat lady, Mrs. Broadhurst,—and she really was a dear, only she had a terrible time keeping the Pekingese whose name turned out to be Kiki from spilling off her lap—anyway she invited us all to have lunch there in the garden, about which I don't remember much except the strawberries and champagne and Major Darcy.

AND then someone suggested the races and before I had time to think, What a day! I was being whisked through the Bois in a taxicab, Major Darcy by my side. It was one of those soft September days with a hazy sun throwing a kind of enchantment over everything, the trees and fields and lakes in the Bois looking like a Corot painting, and the air on our faces light as an angel's kiss. And Major Darcy was saying awfully nice things to me about raven hair and smoky eyes, and I thought: Gosh I didn't know Englishmen had such a line. But I was really very reserved and remembered what my mother had taught me.

Of course, we were very late for the races at Auteuil, but we all gathered at the gate and bought tickets and went in. It was really a wonderful sight: the grandstand and the Jockey Club, and chairs all over the lawn which they call the *pelouse,* and mannequins parading around, and the tricolor flying in the breeze, and out in the middle of the track in a kind of field all the farmers and peasants and shopkeepers who couldn't afford to pay for a seat.

It sure was thrilling, and I could see that Mrs. Black was terribly put out because the major had come with me in the taxi, and when he took my arm and said, "Let me be with you this ahfternoon," I thought how silly I had been to think that Mrs. Black had so much "stuff" on the boat. And then I remembered again that she was supposed to be living with a man and maybe it was Major Darcy after all, and I froze up and said, "But you are with Mrs. Black, aren't you?" He threw back his head and laughed and said, "That tart"—which I didn't think was very nice but which somehow didn't displease me as much as it should—"your friends can look ahfter her." Which they did, that is until the fourth race when she took a taxi and went home.

Well, we bought Racing Forms, which are supposed to tell you what horse to bet on in each race, and Major Darcy asked, "Do you know much about horses?" and I said, "Yes, they are quadrupeds," and he seemed to think this was frightfully funny.

And then we went down to the paddock where the horses were being pranced around by their grooms and

(Continued on page 48)

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

Feature attraction at the Catalina bird farm is the huge king vulture, a native of South American mountains and plains. King vultures can never be completely subdued, although David L. Mobley, superintendent of the farm, manages to get along safely with this one, which he captured in the Andes, as a fledgling

HIGH FLIERS

BY CY LA TOUR

Birds, like people, come in all sizes, shapes and dispositions. They act like people too

YOU never can tell on Santa Catalina. A pretty girl strolls by, in shorts. You hear a low, perfectly timed wolf whistle. It might be a visiting sailor, and on the other hand it might—and very probably will—be Jimmy, who is thirty years old and who ought to know better. Jimmy's a bird. He is, to be more precise, a hill myna from India, distantly related to the common starling.

The resemblance ceases right there, however, because Jimmy's quite a guy. He's the world's greatest talking bird and he knows it. He's a natural exhibitionist with a sharp eye for good-looking gals and a vocabulary to match. His practiced wolf call is always accompanied by a bright-eyed, head-cocking appraisal and an appreciative "Oh, boy! Oh, boy! Oh, boy! Oh, boy! Oh, boy!" Jimmy has come a long way from the jungle.

But Jimmy the showoff is only one of the many attractions at the bird farm on Santa Catalina Island—a subtropical paradise of about 75 square miles owned by the chewing-gum Wrigley family and conveniently set down in the blue Pacific 22 miles from Los Angeles. Here are housed more than a thousand varieties of rare birds gathered from all parts of the world, and 450 of them are talking birds, giving Jimmy plenty of company as well as plenty of competition for the attentions of the millions of visitors who come from the mainland each year.

There are garrulous ravens and magpies that detain visitors with a friendly "Hey, Mac, where you goin'?" There are gay macaws that will bend your ear with no encouragement whatever, and even do a clownish dance to make sure you're listen-

The cock of the rock is a native of the northern part of South America and is considered by ornithologists to be the world's most beautiful bird

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

ing. There are kookaburras that laugh even when you don't say anything funny. There are birds that grunt, leer, scream, groan and mumble, and there are a few thousand specimens that are content merely to be admired.

According to David L. Mobley, superintendent of the bird farm and the man who collected all these rare specimens for the Wrigley family over a period of twenty years, birds are much like children. Some of them are shy and retiring, some are bullies and troublemakers, and some are like Jimmy—just wise guys.

"They're almost as smart as humans," says Mobley. "They like attention and they hate to be scolded. They like to be praised and they like sympathy."

Take the Japanese sacred crane, for instance. When he's molting and can't display his magnificent wing feathers, he sulks before visitors. But when Mobley enters his cage, the crane comes over and apologetically lifts his wings to show the boss what's bothering him.

"I pet him and I know he feels better about it," Mobley says.

Mobley's mastery over the vast collection of birds is a source of continual surprise to the visitors who come by boat and plane to the island. His outstanding achievement in bird training is probably his handling of the two big king vultures from South America, which the native Indians call the "Devil Bird."

The king vulture derives his name from the fear he inspires in other vultures. Whenever there's a fine meal of carrion flesh to be enjoyed, other vultures stand back at a respectful distance and wait for the king to finish dining. The king vulture's heavy beak and claws make him a formidable fellow to handle. He's vicious and treacherous, always waiting a chance to strike, and to him a human being is just another variety of unpleasant animal. No king vulture has ever been completely tamed and trained, but Mobley has come closer than anyone to doing so.

Mature king vultures can never be tamed and are almost never captured alive. The two specimens at Catalina came from a nest as fledglings. They were collected in the Andes in 1930 by Mobley, who discovered the nest on a vertical cliff several thousand feet above a valley floor. Because the nest was accessible only by rope from above, Mobley knew that making the descent might leave him entirely at the mercy of the parent birds, who were conveniently absent. He decided to take the chance, and his native guides lowered him over on a rope.

Even before he reached the nest he was spotted by the Mom and the Old Man, who were soaring far out of sight overhead, and the war was on. Mobley hung on and prayed, while bullets from the rifles of the native guides bounced impartially around him, his rope and the enraged birds. Both the parent vultures were finally killed, and Mobley found two baby vultures in the nest.

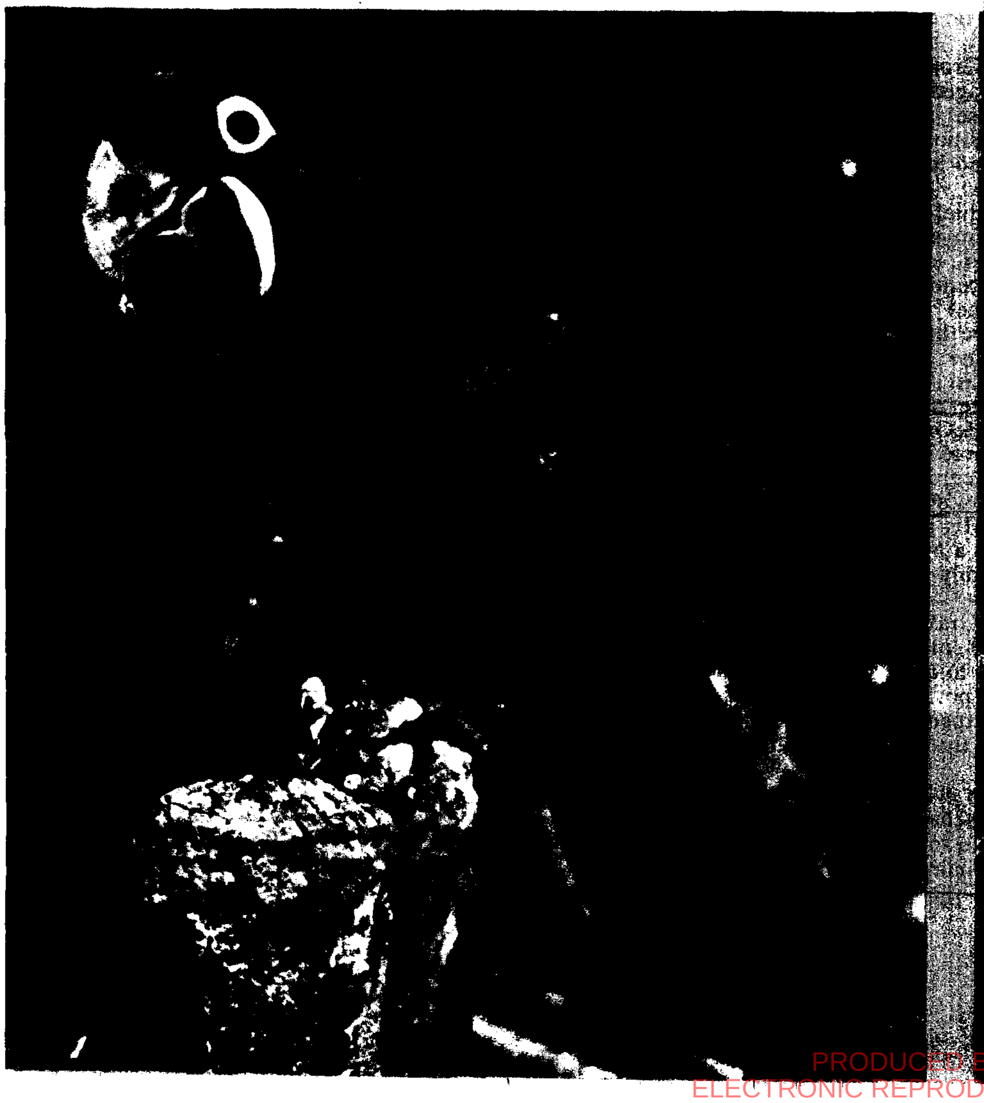
Today, full grown, they are part of the Catalina collection, and Mobley has been able to tame them to the point where they can be handled as shown in the photograph on page 16.

Life in the jungle was never like Catalina for most of Mobley's birds. They are housed in a beautiful palm-studded ravine, protected from all enemies, and fed scientifically balanced diets at regular hours. Fruits, nuts, greens, meat and fish are regular items on the daily bill of fare. No rationing and no worries. It's all play and no work, and the birds seem to appreciate it. Especially Jimmy the wise guy. Visitors have claimed to detect overtones of sarcasm and complacency in his, "How're *you* doin', bud?" ★★★

Jimmy the myna is the world's most remarkable bird. He carries on question-and-answer **conversations, prefers to talk** to **pretty girls, and** can whistle Yankee Doodle

A sarus crane from India guards her nest, ready to strike. Below, Mrs. Mobley stops for a chat with the entertaining toucans, which are allowed full freedom

The hyacinth macaw is a species of parrot. Like most macaws, he talks in a harsh, guttural voice and is equipped with a heavy beak for cracking nuts



BASEBALL'S WHODUNIT

The unhappy ghost of the fabulous John McGraw hovers over the Polo Grounds, but there are no days of glory for the Giants. Some tortured fans call it the end of a tradition

BY CHARLES DEXTER

INTERNATIONAL

John J. McGraw, under whose astute management the Giants lived up to their name. A strict disciplinarian, an umpire-baiter and a two-fisted fighter, he had many enemies but he produced winning teams—and profits

KEYSTONE

Horace C. Stoneham, who succeeded his father, Charles A. Stoneham, as president of the Giants. Stoneham is an admirer of the McGraw tradition, but his team finished rather ignominiously in the cellar in 1946. Mel Ott (below) was the "boy wonder" of the Giants at 17, when this picture was taken. He is now manager of the team

KEYSTONE

THE angry little manager stomped into the clubhouse. Buttons flew as he ripped off his uniform. "You yellow-bellied, half-witted bunch of bushers!" he yelled at his New York Giants. "Lettin' that ball game get away from you! Why . . ."

For two sulphuric hours oaths filled the air. Toward six o'clock the little manager was moistening his parched throat in a 110th Street café. Standing behind a bar, he orated briefly, then hurled bottles at a cold, hateful world.

Customers skittered away. A porter picked up fragments of glass. To the bartender, John J. McGraw quietly said: "Here, Timmy m'boy, here's fifty for the wreck." He mopped his brow. "Now I feel better."

McGraw's Giants won their game the following afternoon—and 25 more in a row. That was Polo Grounds baseball in 1916.

Thirty years later, another little Giant manager stomped into the same dressing room, erupted briefly, swore a little. Mel Ott didn't toss bottles that night. He's a sober family man.

Ott's Giants were flattened the following afternoon. They continued to serve as doormats for the National League all season, finishing last for the second time in five years.

That was Polo Grounds baseball in 1946. Tragedy it is, say baseball Shamuses, who add that a great tradition is dying and wonder who is responsible.

Oddly enough, the chief suspects in this baseball mystery honestly believe they are innocent. Under cross-examination, they declare that bad luck and injuries have killed pennant hopes for the past nine years. They insist they are carrying on in the tradition of the Great McGraw, and nobody can dispute their good intentions or their earnest desire to emulate the old master.

Mel Ott was McGraw's Boy Wonder, dandled on old Muggsy's knee. His pal, President Horace C. Stoneham, grew up as a McGraw worshiper, being part of the Giant family from the time his father bought the club.

The pair revere McGraw's memory, still call him "Mr. McGraw." To them his policies are as sacrosanct as the Koran is to a Moslem. Since Horace took over his father's post in 1936 with its $75,000 salary and $25,000 expense account, nothing has been changed except the $3,000,000 value of the Giant franchise.

Horace was sixteen when his dad bought the Giants at McGraw's behest. Old Charlie operated a race track and casino in Havana. He was an ex-broker, pal of Tammany bigwigs Jimmy Hines and Magistrate Francis X. McQuade. Money went through his hands like sand in an hourglass. McGraw caught some in his outstretched palm, buying star ballplayers from other clubs to capture flag after flag.

In those days, Horace was a frustrated ballplayer, who envied other stocky youths who made good on the diamond. Then McGraw died, and Horace was president of the Giants. In 1936 and 1937, little Mel Ott was a key figure in triumphant flag fights under Bill Terry, McGraw's successor. The first inkling that an era had ended came in the August of that last year of Giant glory! Terry unaccountably traded Fred Fitzsimmons, a typically stout-hearted McGraw pitcher, for Tom Baker, a glass-armed rookie.

Fitz was sorely missed in '38. In late August, Chicago's Cubs tallied six runs in the ninth to snatch a 7-6 game, first place and eventually the pennant from the Giants.

By '41, Terry had irked press and public with his inability to shake hands and exchange wisecracks with the mob. Besides, his Giants lost ball games, saddled as he was with a lot of old-timers whose last stop on the main line was the Polo Grounds.

A photographer pitched his camera one September afternoon, snapping the left-field stand. The "crowd," a pot-bellied gent bared to the waist, was snoozing in the sun. That December, Horace kicked Terry upstairs to a desk job and announced the appointment of his pal Ottie to the managership.

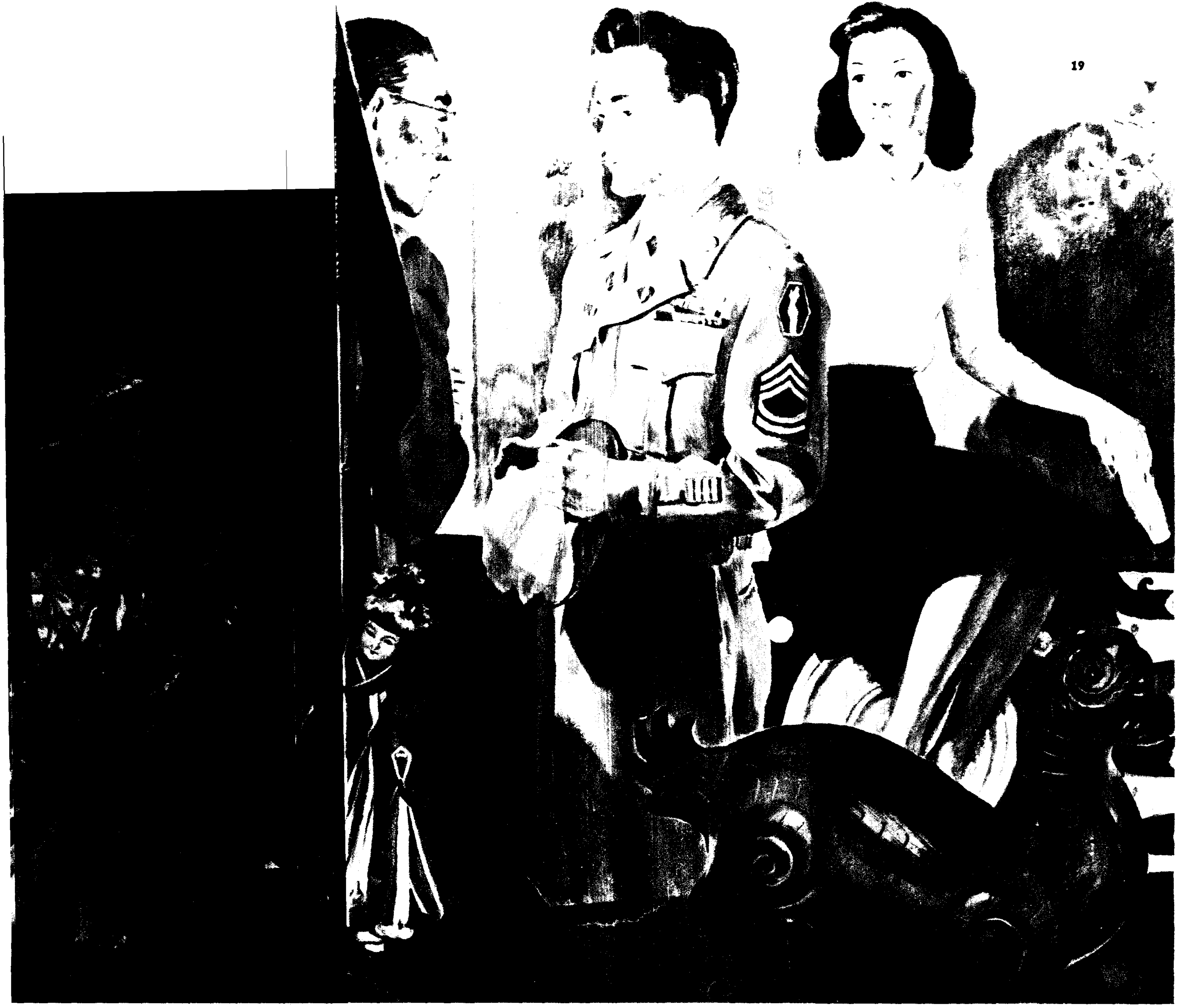
"Go easy on Mel," Horace told reporters.

Horace was virtually a poor boy then, for courtroom battles had long since dissipated Charlie Stoneham's fortune. Nevertheless, he found $100,000 with which to give Ottie a good-luck token. From various clubs he purchased three supposedly standard major leaguers, Hank Leiber, Billy Werber and Johnny Mize.

McGraw, of course, would have done just that. But by '41, farsighted magnates were developing their own replacements in far-flung farm systems. (The Giants have since established a farm system.) Leiber and Werber retired after a painful year at the Polo Grounds. Mize, still a great batsman, was past the peak but helped Ott's team finish third in '42.

Newshawks eagerly sought word of Giant plans as they gathered at Lakewood, New Jersey, for the '43 training season. Horace wasn't there. His treasurer, Leo J. Bondy, gloomily predicted that President Roosevelt would shut down baseball for the duration.

"Mize is going in the *(Continued on page 46)*



"You are going now to see your family?" Mr. Kimura asked. "Wing's taking a train west this evening," Mari said. "So?" The old man's face lit up with interest

NEVER LOOK BACK

BY JEAN JORGENSEN

He came back because he loved her—and to leave her forever

FOR a long time now he had known that for Mari Kimura and for himself—for Wing Nakada, the penniless—there was nothing left except to say goodby. It was a realization which had forced itself upon him in Italy and had gone with him into southern France and through the long months of occupation in Germany. In an endless succession of days away from her, the idea had taken root and now that he was home he had come upon the most important day of all, his single day in New York, the day in which to say goodby.

The day itself, however, had not gone quite as he had planned. There had been the morning with Mari meeting him at the station. The morning and the bright click of her heels on stone, running to meet him, and her laughter returning him to the past. And for that instant only, certainty had left him. He had held her hard against him, thinking that she had not changed, thinking also of the words he would not say. Yet almost at once she moved away; the moment passed.

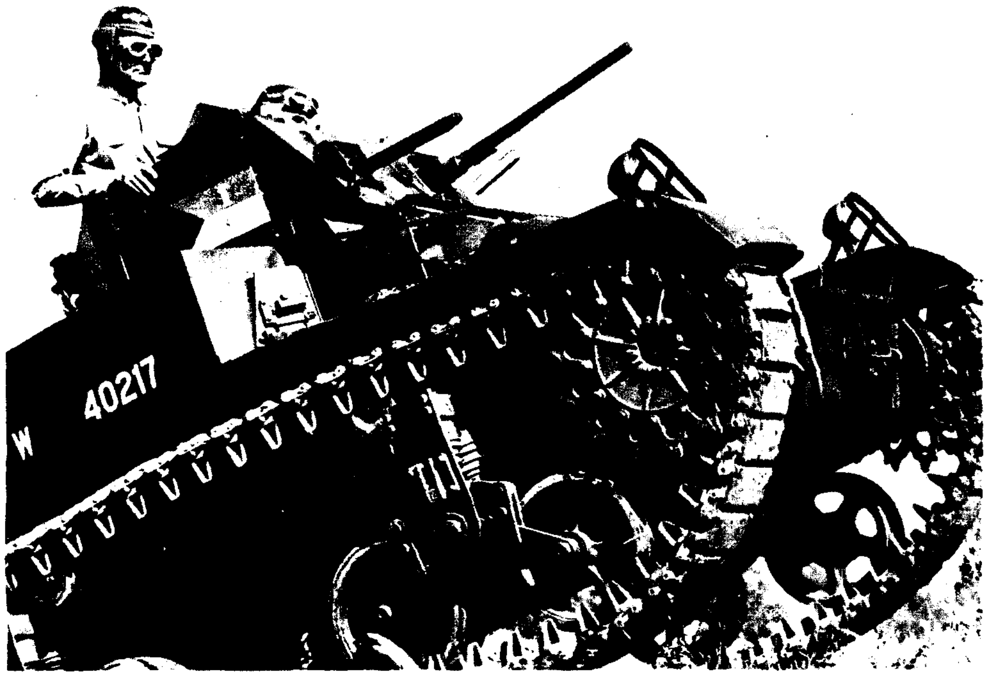
He told her later, awkwardly, stumblingly, why it could not be, why it would never work—all the reasons he had marshaled in the two and a half years that they had been apart. And at lunch, facing each other in silence, they no longer had anything to say. And now, now she had insisted on bringing him back with her to her father's store.

From childhood he recalled having

(Continued on page 69)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

BROTHER ACT



In 1941, brother Henry Cabot Lodge took a small American tank detachment in North Africa for observation and got mixed in Rommel's last offensive

Cabot Lodge, now beginning his third term as U.S. senator, returned from the war much decorated. Here he shows his family a trophy of desert warfare

INTERNATIONAL

Aristocracy is no handicap to the purposeful Lodge brothers, who proved that old politicians can be taught new tricks—even in New England

BY BILL DAVIDSON

ONE winter evening in 1910, a gentleman named John Collins Bossidy was attending a Boston dinner of the Holy Cross College alumni, when he got to his feet and uttered one of the great toasts of all time. He said:

"And this is good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod;
Where the Lowells talk only to Cabots,
And the Cabots talk only to God."

Some thirty-six years later, on October 11, 1946, Mr. Bossidy, plus several hundred of the above-mentioned blue bloods must have been furiously spinning in their graves. For on that day, two of the Cabots publicly demonstrated that they had greatly enlarged their circle of speaking acquaintances. In addition to their regular conversations with the Deity, Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., a candidate for the U.S. Senate, was having words with the masses outside a Fall River, Massachusetts, factory; and at almost the same time his younger brother, John Davis Lodge, running for Congress in Connecticut, was talking to several hundred Italian-American workers—*in Italian.*

Of the two, John probably caused the more consternation on this occasion. It was the younger Lodge's first face-to-face meeting with his Democratic opponent. The opponent was Italian-American war hero, Colonel Henry A. Mucci, a factory worker's son, and the district was predominantly made up of Italian-American industrial workers. The debate, moreover, was at the Columbus School, in the heart of Bridgeport's Italian district, where Mucci was born and raised. This would appear to make blue blood Lodge's chances at the meeting to be the equivalent of Franz von Papen's at a Zionist convention. But a strange thing happened.

Mucci, a West Pointer who was born in this country and knows no Italian, made a nice little speech in English. Then Lodge got up. He glanced at the hostile faces, opened his mouth and then began speaking in the purest Florentine Italian. The crowd's collective mouth dropped open. "I salute you all," he said, "on this Columbus Day. During the war I served in the Mediterranean," he said, "where I witnessed the unfailing courage and determination of the great Italian people. Through my wife, who was born in the mountains of Tuscany, I feel I am half Italian."

As you can see by this, Lodge threw the book at the audience, which broke down completely. The old folks cried and tried to kiss the *signor's* hand; the young folks cheered. But Lodge hadn't yet delivered his Sunday punch. While the audience was still cheering, his pretty blond wife, former society dancer Francesca Braggiotti, appeared on the platform in native Italian dress, and knocked out two or three familiar old Italian folk songs, including an ingeniously propitious one named Trieste, Trieste. The Lodges practically were carried out of the hall on the shoulders of the multitude.

When the Votes Were Counted

As the result of tactics like these, plus the fact that both Lodges were Republicans riding a decidedly Republican trend, the country now has the pleasure of viewing one of the first Congressional Brother Acts in some years. Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., sprinted 200,000 votes ahead of his party in Massachusetts, slaughtering venerable Democratic Senator David I. Walsh, in the process, by some 350,000 votes. John Davis Lodge had an even easier time in Connecticut. Running for Clare Boothe Luce's vacated seat in the House, he piled up the largest majority of any of the six Connecticut Congressional districts, set a new 35-year record of votes in Fairfield County, and far surpassed any of the pluralities ever attained by the glamorous Clare.

Because of the monumental scope of these victories, and because the Lodges aren't exactly the conventional type of candidate, the Congressional Brother Act almost immediately awakened interest among the political experts, and concern among the old-time Ph.D.s of Practical Politics, like Frank Hague of Jersey City, Ed Crump of Memphis and Ed Kelly of Chicago. One big-city boss, in fact, sent an investigator to Connecticut and Massachusetts the day after the election to find out just what the Lodges have on the ball.

This investigator discovered that the Lodges possess a tremendous amount of personal glamor on the ball, that appeals to housewife and breadwinner alike. Both are tall, dark and handsome, with the requisite number of distinguished graying hairs at the temple. Cabot Lodge (as he is called) is forty-four years old, over six feet tall, with a powerful athletic build. John is forty-two, six feet two inches tall, and looks like a slightly aging movie juvenile, which he was. Both are family men, and both are fine speakers, with Harvard accents, which the investigator was quick to point out were "similar to that of the late Franklin D. Roosevelt."

The investigator discovered other things, such as the fact that the brothers possess several famous ancestors, including their League of Nationswrecking grandfather, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Sr., "who still seems to be a hero in New England, if nowhere else in the country." All these were minor items to the investigator, however, who pointed out that high-born, high-minded young men have arisen on the political scene before, to disappear again after a term or so in office. "These Lodges are different," the investigator typed, in red capital letters. "They are blue bloods with all the advantages of blue bloods. But they are also the most thorough practical politicians I have ever seen operate. They use all the tricks we do—and more."

If you've been puzzled by this phenomenal success of undisguised aristocrats in poor industrial areas, this is the answer. The Lodges have been called political hucksters by their enemies, and that in a sense is what Cabot and John are.

Peddlers of Personality

When the Harvard and Yale boys came into the advertising agencies to peddle soap a few years ago, they peddled it on a huge, glamorous scale never before attempted. In the same way, the Lodges, and other young blue bloods like them, have now come into the political business to peddle *themselves,* and they are peddling on a glamorous scale never known before.

According to a veteran Washington correspondent: "Cabot Lodge has reduced political appeal to an exact science." Other Washington and Boston political writers have investigated and discovered other noteworthy Cabot Lodge devices. One well-known newspaperman had a peek into the files in Lodge's beautiful Beverly, Massachusetts, seaside home, and observed, to his astonishment, thousands of cards covered with such markings as, "Willis Graham, Lenox—daughter Susan measles—wants price milk stabilized," and, "Arthur Witkowski, Fall River—three boys in service, lost one—lathe operator—sore at C.I.O."

This newspaperman was determined to find out how come all this happened to get in Lodge's files, and that autumn, when Cabot left Washington to make a tour of the Massachusetts county fairs, the reporter went along. There were two men accompanying Lodge. At the Marshfield Fair, Cabot made some livestock awards, and then, rolling up his sleeves, plunged into private conversation with as much of the local citizenry as he could corral. Lodge's two companions hovered behind the senator and scribbled furiously on cards every time anything was said. The two men were shorthand experts, and they were taking down full data on every person whom Lodge was able to engage in conversation.

The reporter found out that two days after the fair, a personal letter went out from Lodge's office commiserating with each Mr. Graham on his daughter's measles, and with each Mr. Witkowski over his hero sons and his troubles with the C.I.O. The reporter further found out that when Lodge returned to each town the next election year, the two shorthand experts were again at his ear, whispering all the personal data on each person to whom the senator was talking.

Catering to the Little Man

Each of the natives would commence to beam at the senator's unbelievable memory and his interest in The Little Man, and the senator would thereupon move on to the next voter.

"This," said the newspaperman, "was the first time I ever saw three men do the work of a political machine. Those two shorthand experts were worth exactly 100,000 votes in the next election."

Since John Lodge's campaign last November was his first, he didn't have time to work up such an elaborate system as brother Cabot. He made up for it, however, in other ways. He set an unprecedented pace in his district, speaking four and five times a day, and literally running his opponent into the ground by sheer physical effort.

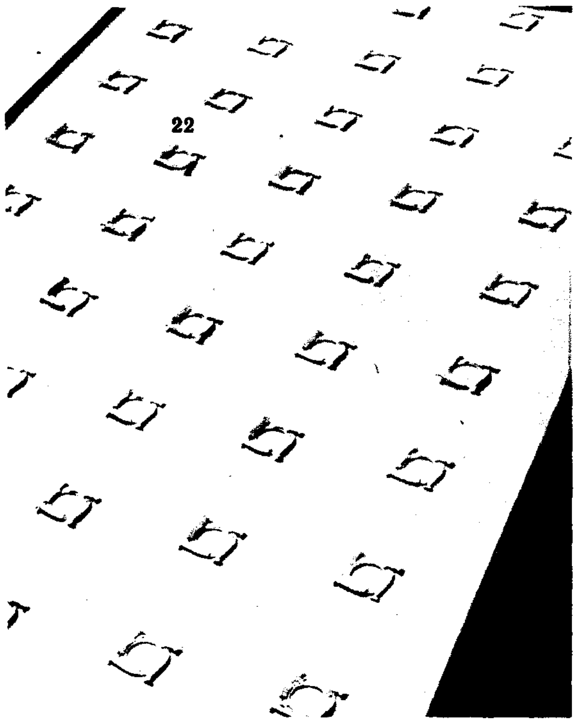
To the union men in the area, he flashed his union card—Actors Equity, A.F. of L. To the housewives and factory girls, he flashed his dazzling smile, and acted as he never had done before the movie cameras. For the millionaires of Greenwich, he wore an impeccable dinner jacket and spoke about government interference with Wall Street. For the electrical workers of Bridgeport, he wore a battered gray felt hat and spoke about "the old-line stuffed shirts in the Republican Party."

In Bridgeport's White Eagle Hall, he got the wild cheers of the Poles by discussing minute details of Polish history with them, while at the same meeting, senator candidate Raymond Baldwin, the head of the Republican ticket, could only repeat the usual platitudes about "My Polish friends of Connecticut." Lodge lamented British policy in Palestine to the Jews at the Norwalk Breakfast Club, and recalled the medieval, pre-Soviet glories of Hungary to weeping Hungarians in St. Joseph's Hall.

Few political candidates have ever come so close to becoming a pin-up boy for nearly the entire feminine

(Continued on page 63)

John Davis Lodge, Henry's younger brother, surprised everyone in Connecticut by capturing Clare Luce's vacated House seat. His history includes a brief Hollywood career (at left, with Marlene Dietrich in The Scarlet Empress). With him at the right are his wife, the former Francesca Braggiotti, and his two daughters



In building the Higgins House, Maury I. Diggs uses this unit, which takes the place of bricks. It is a sort of oversized drip pan made of porcelain baked onto thin steel sheets at 1,750 degrees Fahrenheit. The small squares are formed by clips which are pressed down flat to facilitate shipment

After the clips have been lifted with pliers, spacer cups—made of heavy cardboard—are slipped over them. When all the cups are in position, they are half filled with a substance resembling concrete which foams up and fills them completely. Before the substance hardens, the next process is begun

They are perfectly comfortable in their prefabricated house, which is fireproof, verminproof and practically indestructible. Such houses can be attractive in appearance, too, as the photograph below would seem to prove

HOUSING:

TOMORROW'S ANSWER

MR. MAURY I. DIGGS, a dumpy and dynamic character with sandy hair, shrewd blue eyes and the all-weather look of the master carpenter, had built thousands of houses up and down the West Coast in the last thirty-nine of his sixty years. But one day, in 1936, he needed a house himself. Homes were scarce and there was no time to build. A real-estate agent in a San Francisco suburb showed him what was available.

"It turned out to be," says Diggs, "the most important day in my life."

Diggs recognized the neighborhood when the agent drove him to see the first house on the list, but said nothing. He had built that house eight years before. A small voice within him told Diggs to have a look, he might learn something. Diggs didn't know it but Diggs the customer was to discover things about Diggs the builder and about the whole construction industry. He followed the agent up the brick walk and into the house.

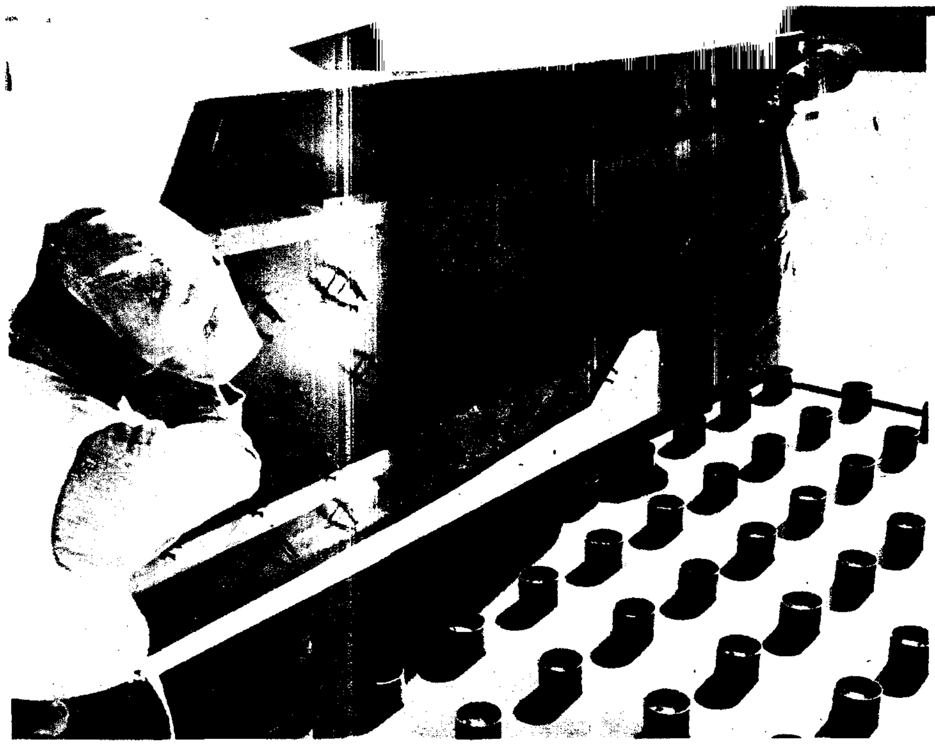
"When I saw those crack-streaked walls," Diggs recalls, "with the plaster peeling, and inspected the weather-sprung doors and windows, felt the newel posts wobble under my hand, heard the floors creak and looked at those leaks in the roof I was puzzled. Then I was angry and ashamed. I had built that house to 'last a lifetime' as I used to tell my customers. But now, only eight years later, it was old. The average buyer might not have read the story I read in those cracks and squeaks, but I did.

"Sure, the house still had ten or fifteen years of life left in it. And maybe it was worth as much as three quarters of the $8,000 I had built and sold it for—with a nice profit, by the way. But as sure as the Sphinx doesn't wink, the place wasn't worth the $25,000 that the agent was asking for it now. The house, dammit, was obsolete. I made it my business, then and there, to find out why."

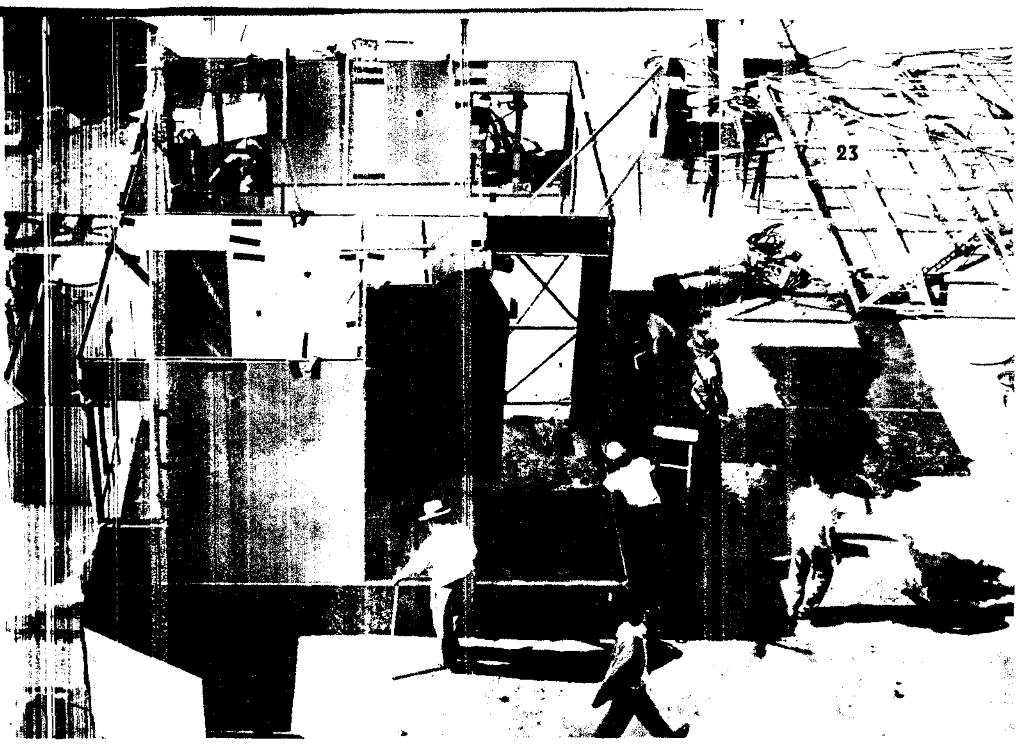
Diggs returned, all aboil, to his office. He kept detailed records of every house he'd ever built, a fat Manila envelope full for each. He pulled out the one for this particular house and studied the contents—blueprints, work sheets, lists of materials and receipts for odd items of hardware. The house, Diggs saw, was identical to hundreds that he had built and to millions of others which shelter Americans. It was a typical 8-room frame house.

It galled Diggs, a proud craftsman, to think that those other houses he had constructed were in more or less the same state of deterioration as the one he had inspected. Days of serious, soul-searching followed. Was he, after all, a bad craftsman? Diggs decided not. He had built as good a house as possible with the materials he had. The fault, he reasoned, lay principally in the materials. And the material with the most faults, Diggs concluded, was lumber.

The homes housing the bulk of



A second panel is placed over **the first, as shown here. When it is pressed down, its clips interlock with the clips in the cups but don't touch. If they** did, heat and cold would **be transmitted from one panel to another and** make the panel useless as **a wall segment. The cup filler quickly hardens**



A panoramic view of a house in course of construction. Note the curved wall. In this process, curved walls are no more expensive than flat ones. Note, also, the circular depression. It will form part of the shower bath. At the top right of the picture, an assembled roof section is ready to be placed

BY FRANK GERVASI

Many think a revolution is essential to get the nation decently housed. It is brewing now in the home-building industry. In another of a series on housing, Collier's tells how action was spurred, then stifled by the government

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

America's population are built chiefly of lumber. They are constructed of two-by-four wooden studs set on concrete or cement-block foundations faced on the outside with bricks or clapboards and finished inside with hardwood floors and plaster walls and ceilings. They usually have good shingle roofs.

"So I had a good look at this most-favored of all building materials," Diggs relates. "Wood swells and shrinks with variations in humidity and temperature. And when it warps, walls warp with it and plaster interiors crack. Nails and screws rust in wood and loosen or pull out altogether. That is when beams sag and studs and trusses slip out of line. Then roofs twist out of shape, stairs and floors squeak.

"Wood has other faults. It is susceptible to all kinds of molds and is the main diet of an infinite variety of bugs, particularly of termites. It is an easy victim of fire. I soon decided there was no place for wood in the construction of a home except, perhaps, for decorative purposes.

"Our forefathers used it because it was abundant and cheap and easily shaped with hand tools. But that's no reason for continuing to use it forever. We have new and better materials. Moreover, we possess power tools and new techniques. Why not apply them to home building?"

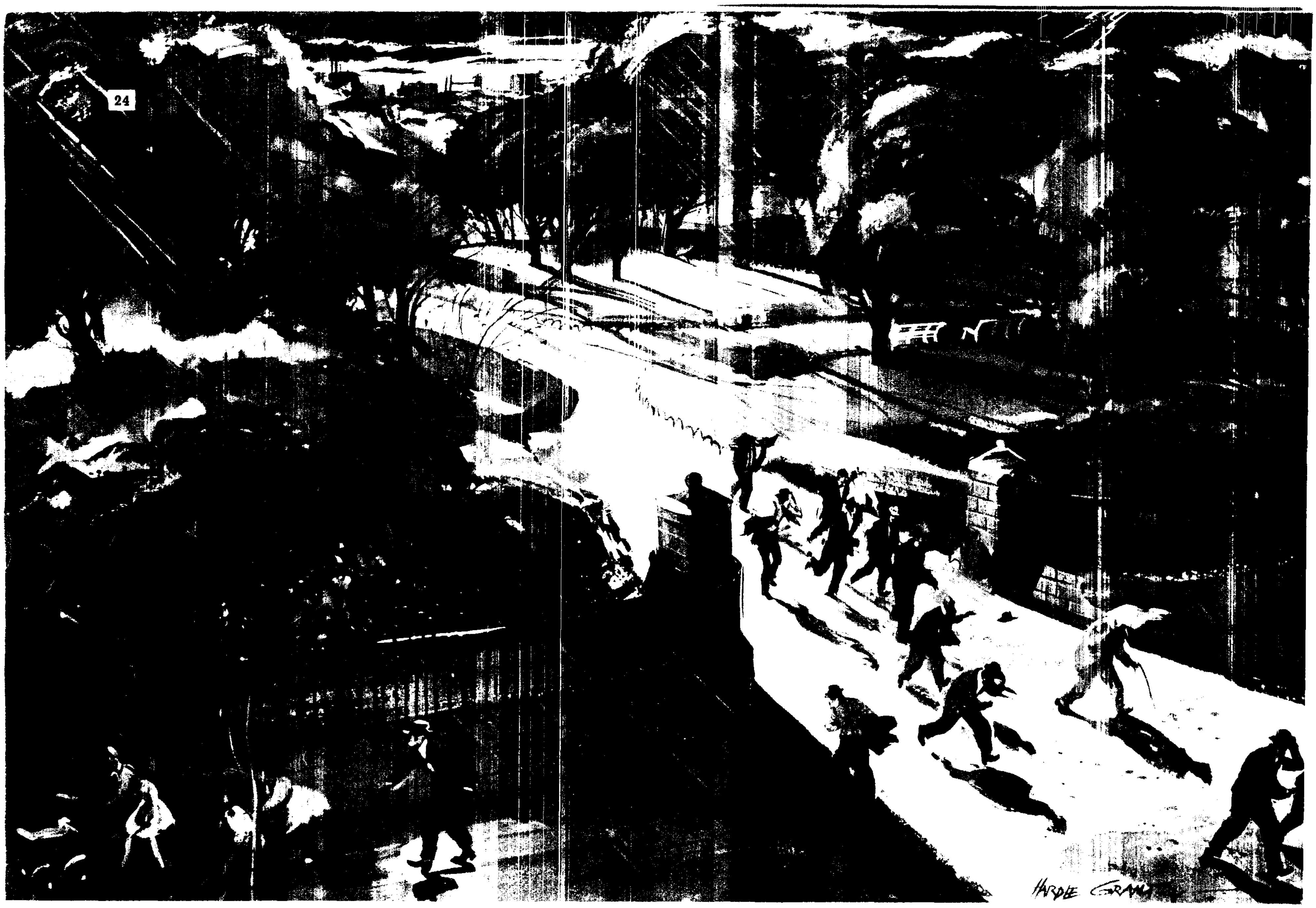
This line of thought led Diggs into an analysis of present home-building methods which differ only in complexity from those employed by Noah in the construction of his zoological houseboat. The modern frame house, Diggs knew well, is merely a refinement of the old log cabin. It was invented, according to the John B. Pierce Foundation's housing researchers, exactly a century ago.

It contains, Diggs reckoned, tens of thousands of individual parts. Some 40,000 separate operations and from three to nine months of work by masons, carpenters, electricians, plumbers, plasterers and about 30 other categories of hand workers go into the making of one 8-room home. The process is slow and costly. Hand methods can't possibly produce enough houses to meet the needs of a growing people.

"A constant state of scarcity consequently exists," says Diggs, with a not altogether altruistic gleam in his eye. "Prices rise, year by year, regardless of the deterioration of the homes involved until they are practically uninhabitable. Then they become slums. I decided to try to develop a basic building material which would be indestructible as well as beautiful and to devise a building technique which would make home construction as simple an operation as the assembly of a child's block house.

(Continued on page 74)

A circular shower bath like this is one of the most unusual features



THE OLD MEN RUNNING FROM THE PARK

The rain fell slantwise in sheets before the wind. And Elizabeth, looking down at the wet streets and the wet pathways, saw, six stories below, the old men running from the park

BY PHILIP DUNNINGTON

This is a love story. Or, rather, it is the story of Elizabeth's love for Vincent—a love that could not help itself, or save itself, or escape from itself

SUMMER wind bellied the curtains inward. Summer sun—late summer, late afternoon—slanted into the room, falling on a chair, the glass of the coffee table, the wide couch, the light gray expanse of the heavy carpet, a section of wall. Summer air was hot, but there was movement in it. There would be a summer storm.

Elizabeth stood at the window, looking down six stories to the street and out across the green of the park. She touched the curtain with the tips of her fingers, and the curtain filled with the wind coming in off the park and rose slowly, brushing against her finger tips as it swelled into the room.

The heat was familiar; the time was the best-remembered time of any of the year. Elizabeth said to herself: This is summer, but a particular part of summer that has nothing to do, really, with the season of the year or degree of heat or place or time of the day, but belongs exclusively to the past and to childhood and memory—is a tenuous but very distinct emotional condition, nostalgic and indulgent, probably, and, as such things are, lonely and sad and, in this place and at this time, painful.

I am feeling now the sensations that are associated specifically with sun and heat; but in a more general way the sensations belong to a time ten, or twelve, or fourteen years ago. There should be somewhere the noon sound of screen doors closing, and the beach hum of sand flies, and the night sound of crickets and cicadas and the morning sounds of jays and orioles in the early light and the evening sounds of thrushes in the late darkness.

There should be a yard with a hammock, and there should be fireflies and moth millers, and the fields should be steamy with the heat. And I should have played hard, with the wind blowing through my hair. My hair should be long and loose in the wind. I should be tired, my hair moist and clinging.

And then I should be exhausted, and sleep the indolent sleep of summer, hot and sticky and naked, and wake up wet—wake slowly and early, and feel my bed damp and my body hot, even in the early morning, and feel the peculiar strength that is half summer and half simply a matter of growing and feeling the growth and becoming conscious of oneself, mind and body, for the first time.

Elizabeth looked down at the traffic moving slowly in the street. Street traffic had not been part of the scene then; she had not lived in what you would properly call a city. But there had been the gentle lassitude of summer that was gone now—outgrown, outworn—the very special excitement of experience for which there was no time now and only rarely inclination.

The park was a deep green, and the

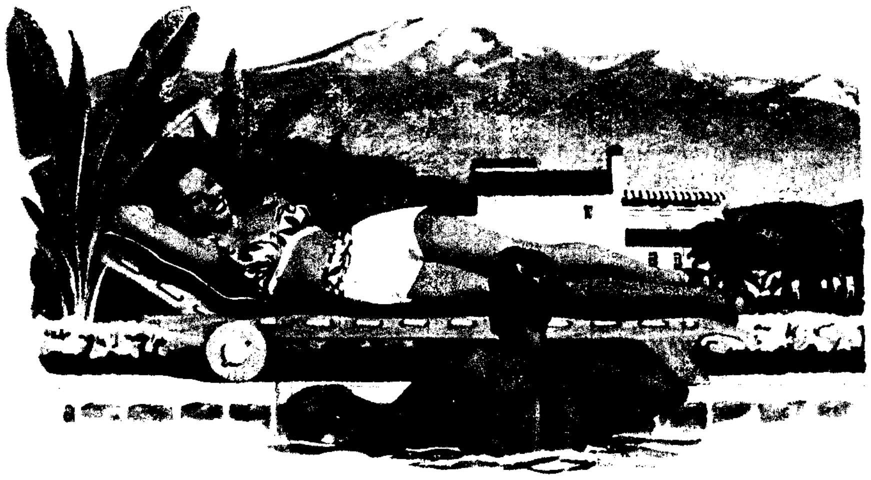
(Continued on page 51)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

DEEP WINTER LOOKS LIKE THIS IN

Southern California

"What! You mean poinsettias really bloom like that?" Why, you'd blossom out yourself if you'd just get away from winter worry...take time to relax, soak up sun, refresh your spirit with new scenes where snow is merely frosting on a mountaintop. So take off those galoshes and head for Southern California. (Just be sure you have confirmed reservations for accommodations in advance.) There are so many different ways to have fun here, you'll want to plan your trip with a new, free color folder that tells you what to see and do in Los Angeles County and all Southern California. Better send for it today.



Bask yourself brown at a desert resort. Unkink your nerves in the warm sun till you forget cold and snow. Play golf on tournament courses or swim in palatial pools against a background of banana trees, Joshua trees and color-splashed hills.

Find new excitement where searchlights crisscross the night sky. And there'll be stars before your eyes at big-time broadcasts, movie premieres, theaters and concerts. Stroll in pagoda-roofed Chinatowns. And at lavish night clubs watch elaborate floor shows, dance to name bands, rub elbows with famous personalities.

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SAL HEPATICA
FAMOUS SALINE LAXATIVE

TUNE IN: "MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY"—Wednesday night, NBC Network
"BREAK THE BANK"—Friday night, ABC Network

WHAT TO DO ABOUT STRIKES

Continued from page 13

had gone out of the job. Before the war the worker had accepted the humdrum routine as a matter of course. He, particularly the unskilled worker in the mass-production industries, did not even know that there could be more to working than the satisfaction of the pay check.

But during the war he had acquired a new satisfaction, a new appetite, a new taste. He was in the same position as the poor man who, for a few dazzling years has known wealth and who, the rest of his years, will yearn back—in marked contrast to the man who has been poor all his life and who has learned to live with it. And this shock of the transition back to the old grayness has been doubly strong for the returning veterans.

This letdown was largely unavoidable, and it was largely emotional, a temporary exhilaration that was bound to leave behind a hang-over on the morning after. We also cannot hope to re-create this excitement by emotional means—nor would it help us very much if we tried.

Job Enthusiasm is a "Must"

But if we want to remedy the causes of our present industrial unrest—rather than doctor symptoms—we will have to do something about giving the worker a satisfaction in the job similar to if not greater than the emotional satisfaction he experienced during the war. And while we can't do that by making the peacetime product itself exciting and romantic, we can do a great deal—and on a much sounder and more lasting basis. We can try to utilize the worker's very genuine and very real interest in his work, in his process and in his product. We can bring the worker in as a partner, even though only as a junior partner, into the laying out of his job and into the organization of the work of the team of which he is a member.

We have learned during the war that the worker is more than eager to suggest improvements in the process and in the working methods if he is given any encouragement—and we have also learned that the worker has a great deal to contribute and that both the individual plant and the national economy profit from increased worker participation and interest in the industrial process.

So far, managements, under the pressure of the conversion to peacetime production, have done very little in this field. On the whole, and for good reasons, they have tried to get back to the prewar situation as fast and as efficiently as possible rather than experiment with new ideas. But what they have gained in reconversion speed and efficiency, they have lost by creating worker discontent.

Never before, it seems, have unions and union leaders been more powerful in this or any other country. And yet, paradoxical as it may sound, never before have union leaders themselves been less confident and more afraid than they are today. All through the American labor movement, in the A.F. of L. as well as the C.I.O. unions, the talk is not of strength and power but of disunion and weakness. And some of the most loyal and most experienced among the union leaders talk quite openly about the collapse of the big mass-production unions if not of the American labor movement.

It is not punitive labor legislation, not even a public opinion mobilized against labor that these men are most afraid of. Their main fear is of disintegration from within, of a splitting up of the big unions into feuding factions, of individual union leaders running wild to gain individual power within the labor movement, of Communists and anti-Communists, of racial tension and of the ever-increasing bitterness of the fight between the rival unions and union organizations.

Above all, they are afraid that it will only be through such suicidal feuding that the membership can be kept interested in unionism and excited by it. And these men talk nostalgically about the happy days of 1936 and 1937 when the cause of unionism was espoused by the country's workers with almost evangelical fervor, and when all differences were submerged in the great emotional excitement of the early C.I.O. crusade.

What has happened to American unionism would have happened sooner or later without the war; the unions are suffering from the pains of adolescence. But the war greatly speeded up the process and thereby intensified the pains out of all proportion. Suddenly, within a few years, the same unions which, in 1940 were still fighting for recognition, and still trying to organize the bulk of the workers in their industries, still crusading for the elimination of substandard wages, have realized their major goals.

In the basic industries, especially in the major industrial centers, practically all the industrial workers are in the union. Union recognition has become an established fact, and the union shop or the maintenance of union membership has become standard in most contracts with management. In these industries, too, wage rates have been pushed about as far as they will go without a new major increase in the worker's output.

True, there are still large areas of the country where union membership is the exception rather than the rule; and even in the industrial centers such as Detroit or Cleveland, clerical workers and sales personnel are on the whole not organized. But to a worker on the Ford assembly line, it matters very little whether a girl on a cotton loom in Georgia is organized or not. And he gets very little kick out of a union drive in New Mexico or Maine. For him the union has carried out most of its initial promises. What can it offer to him *now* to retain his fighting loyalty.

"Good Old Days" Not Wanted

Some employers who all along suffered under the delusion that the worker did not really want the union but that he was "forced into it" are silly enough to believe that the worker has had enough of unionism. Fortunately the great bulk of American management knows better. The last thing in the world the unionized worker would give up is the union; and the last thing he wants to go back to is the "good old days" before the union came. As a matter of fact, nothing would restore the old evangelical appeal of the union for the worker faster than an attempt to "bust" the union. But while he is determined at all costs to hold the gains he has made, the worker wants more from the union than the maintenance of the *status quo*. Unionism has been a sacred cause. Should it now become a routine operation?

What all this really boils down to is that the unions ten years ago, particularly in the mass-production industries which the C.I.O. organized in its whirlwind campaign, gave a great deal more to the worker than promises of equal bargaining power, job security and higher wages. They gave him a cause, a community, a sphere of action. The worker who in the factory was just a cog in a machine became in the union a citizen with a voice, a chance to be heard, and a chance for rapid promotion to respected offices.

Today, with the major promises fulfilled, union life has lost the excitement and the satisfaction of its infancy. Where the worker fought on the barricades and organized campaigns for union recognition, expert economists and time-motion men now sit down as equals with management to work out details. And the result has been an increasing sense of frustration on the part of the worker.

The disillusionment shows itself in the increasing bitterness of factional fights within the union. It shows itself in the appeal of the extremists such as the Communists, particularly the appeal to the younger men of the union. It has brought racial tension to the fore—so much so that some of the best observers of American unionism consider the racial problem its biggest and potentially its most dangerous problem.

Above all, it is responsible for the unmistakable trend toward fighting it out in preference to negotiation. For in the strike all the old excitement and fervor, the old unity of purpose and action are restored again. On the picket line the worker finds again the satisfaction of citizenship and participation, of a common cause and of a common enemy which the routine of day-to-day union life no longer gives. "In the old days," a veteran steelworker recently said to me, "we went on strike after every other means had failed; today we strike first, then we figure out what we strike for, and then we negotiate." But no union can survive, especially not a national union covering an entire basic industry, if it makes the strike its normal way of life rather than an extreme remedy.

It is quite possible that time by itself will bring the cure, and that, in a few more years, the American worker will accept the kind of union England has had for many decades: a strong and respectable but basically a bureaucratic and most unexciting routine organization, interested mainly in defending what it has. But it is equally possible that the American worker will continue to demand from his union a satisfaction that goes beyond wages, working conditions and job security: the satisfaction of community life, of a cause, and of the fulfillment of individual ambition such as he had in the great union drives.

That unions can do this job—and do it without the hysteria and suicidal destruction of infighting and feuding—has been shown by the two New York garment workers' unions who, as long as twenty years ago, went in for a large-scale educational program, for organized community recreation, etc.—as the answer to internal fights and factionalism very similar to those from which American unionism suffers today. And whatever can be said against John L. Lewis as a union leader, the coal miners, too, have built their union into a strong community center, which explains to a large extent their internal strength.

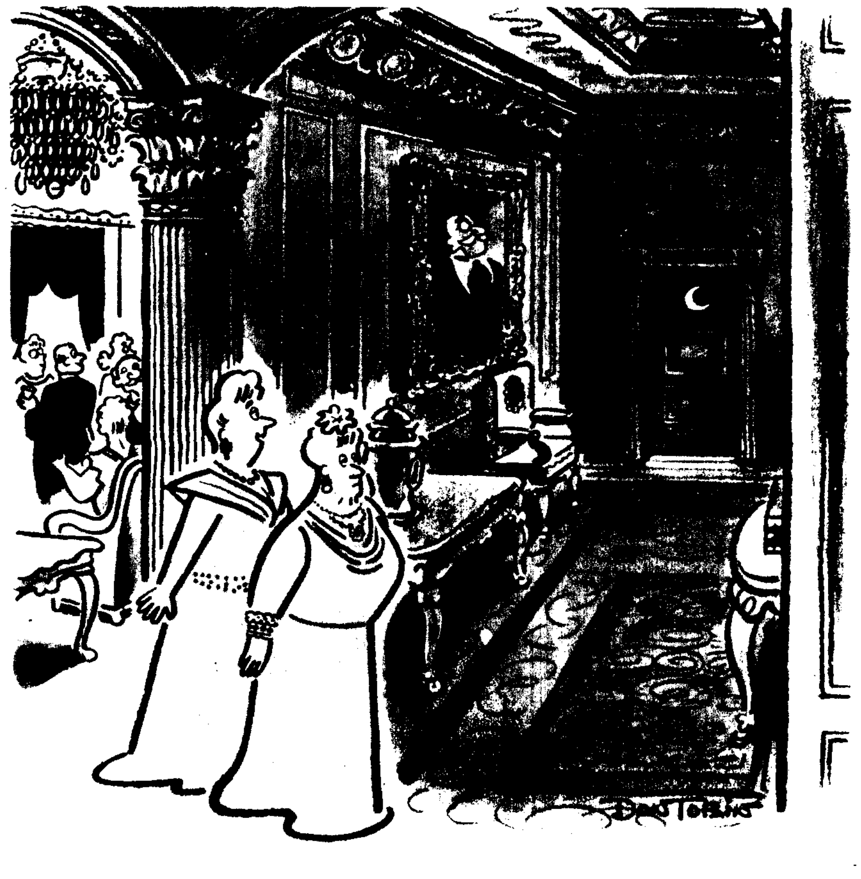
But until American unions as a whole follow these examples—or until the American worker resigns himself to a bureaucratic unionism—the union member will continue to suffer from a disillusionment which will push him into fighting, both within the union and against management and society.

Against Punitive Legislation

Obviously the state of shock in which the American worker is today cannot be cured by punitive legislation. Some labor legislation is indeed needed—and most of America's union leaders admit that much in private. But if it cannot be confined to the proper regulation of union activities but becomes antiunion or antiworker legislation, it can only make things worse than they are today. We may have to revise the Wagner Act radically; we may have to outlaw jurisdictional strikes and secondary boycotts; we may have to apply the antitrust laws to unions, and even outlaw strikes in basic industries and public utilities.

But we cannot hope to eliminate any of the basic causes of labor unrest by punitive legislation—the best we can hope for is to make labor unrest more bearable and less costly. To come to grips with the real causes, we must counteract the profound fear which the old depression produced in the very soul of America. We must give the worker that pride and satisfaction in his work of which he got a momentary glimpse during the war. We must restore—either inside the union or out—the feeling of belonging to a community, the satisfaction of loyalty to a cause which the worker had when the union was young and fighting for its very life. Legislation may be able to help; but on the whole the job is up to management and union leaders.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Oh, there it is!" DON TOBIN

I'VE JUST BOUGHT A "RICH UNCLE"!

"A *rich uncle?* Richard E. Williams, you know very well you don't have any uncle—and as for buying one . . ."

"Okay, Cinderella, I'll spell it out for you. Remember that talk we had about Social Security, and how we decided it would never take care of us comfortably? You wise-cracked then about needing a rich uncle."

"Uh-huh. So I suppose you found one at the Five-and-Ten?"

"Give me time, woman. I didn't really buy a rich uncle. But I *did* get something that will give us even more security than a rich uncle might. You see, I talked about our financial problems with a Mutual Life representative. He came up with the perfect answer to them all . . . Mutual Life's 'Insured Income' Service."

"And what's 'Insured Income' Service?"

"It's Mutual Life's modern way of teaming up Social Security with life insurance, so that we can get the most out of them. Now you'll always be free from money worries, no matter what happens. And when I reach retirement age, we can both count on taking things easy, just the way we've always dreamed."

"Honey, I always knew my Richard was a smart guy. Rich uncle, pooh! That 'Insured Income' Service sounds even better to me."

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VETERANS: KEEP YOUR GOVERNMENT LIFE INSURANCE!

THE BRICK WALL

Continued from page 12

his closed fist of a mouth. But what could deceive you the most were the eyes. As I said, they were point-blank when he turned them on you, but they had fine sun wrinkles at the corners and they were the only part of his face that ever really laughed. A lot of times those eyes laughed almost out loud. Alex could make them jolly, surprised, calculating, interested, benevolent, commiserating, cruel, penetrating—anything in the book.

For a guy who hated actors, Alex was a paradox. He could charm an organized board of directors, who had come to a meeting like a vigilance committee, into complete acquiescence with his plans, and he could reduce a movie star to the status of a bum. All in a matter of minutes. I imagine that's what Lucy was thinking about. She was staring at nothing defiantly, but it was strictly a stock-company expression. She made the mistake of trying to twist a button off her suit at the same time.

Alex turned slowly, and Lucy jumped when his swivel chair creaked out loud. The California sunlight caught and held in Alex' graying hair and it was rather ironic that it should look so much like a halo. There was a bland look in his eyes as he stared first at me and then at Lucy Morgan, and I thought he looked only mildly amused and curious. But it was hard, as I have said, to tell.

"How old are you, Miss Nagelbush?"

It wasn't unusual for Alex to use a performer's real name, but in this case his question left no doubt about his sarcasm. After one panicked look at me, Lucy froze.

"Let's recollect," Alex went on, almost as though he were talking to himself. "You're thirty-eight. Twenty years in pictures, married three times, still have a husband someplace. You look about twenty-four under a soft-focus lens. Josh," he went on, his voice still casual and reflective, but his eyes now drilling directly into Lucy's, "Josh is *just* twenty-four. Do you like working in pictures, Miss Nagelbush?"

I watched Lucy grow older. A bitter look came over her face. There wasn't anything she could say, but she tried.

"Alex—you know I only wanted to be a friend to Josh . . ."

Alex sighed, almost regretfully.

"Shall I go on with your biography, Miss Nagelbush?"

Lucy stood up quickly.

"No, you win," she said. "You always win. I should have remembered that." There was only a slight hint of anger in her voice. "I'm sorry, Josh," she said. "It's been nice knowing you."

She turned back to Alex. "I like working in pictures, Alex," she said.

Alex made his eyes genial again.

"That's fine, Lucy. Let's see—you should be working on Stage Eight right now, shouldn't you?"

As FAR as Lucy was concerned she was reprieved and dismissed. There was a silence in the room after she'd gone. I had stood up when Lucy stood up; now as I sat down I found Alex' eyes on me. I took my cue and popped off.

"I'm of age and I'm not a flit." I was mad enough to forget Daisy's presence.

"You're an indiscriminate young goat," Alex said. "And Lucy is almost old enough to be your mother."

"I wasn't trying to make her, if that's what you're implying. She happens to be intelligent and she knows a lot about pictures—which I find interesting enough without having her for my mistress."

Alex considered me for a moment. When he spoke his voice was calm. "She was my mistress," he said, "when you were in diapers."

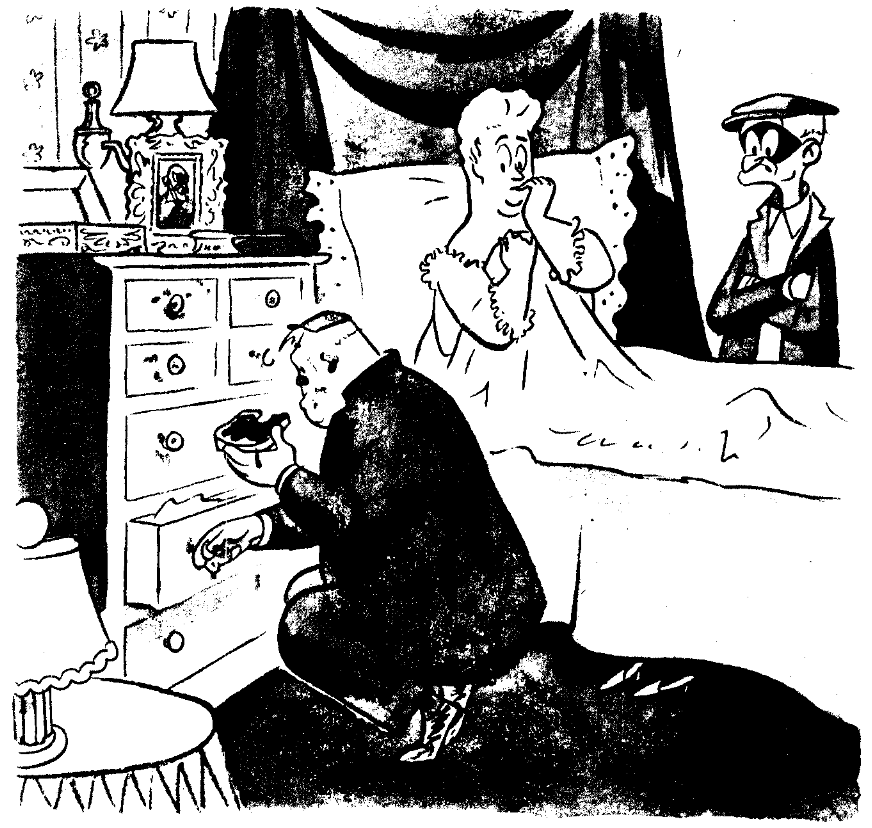
I guess my mouth must have dropped open but nothing came out. Daisy got up. "I'll be in the outer office—"

"Did I tell you to leave, Miss Hathaway?" Alex asked quietly. Daisy sat down again and Alex turned his eyes back to me.

"So you are of age?" he went on in the same quiet voice. "Is there supposed to be some magic point in time when a boy suddenly acquires a man's brain? I've never seen it happen. The passage from one year to another does not automatically bestow intelligence. At least it doesn't seem to have had that effect on you. You can't keep away from actors, can you? When are you going to learn that only a fool would want to become an actor? And only an actor would want to mouth other people's words, take direction from other brains, posture and strut about in contrived personalities that most of the time could only exist in some paid writer's head."

I looked at Daisy. She seemed to be asleep with her eyes wide open.

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**



COLLIER'S "You'd best tell where th' jewels is, lady, or you'll be scrubbin' jam off'n draw handles for weeks"

"I want you to manufacture illusion," Alex went on, "not believe in it. You stick to that cutting room and in a year or so I may try you out as an associate producer. If you behave yourself and stay away from actresses."

"You married an actress," I said. "If you don't happen to remember . . . she was my mother."

It didn't impress Alex.

"Yes," he said dryly, "and I'm giving you the benefit of my experience. The actress you speak of managed to evade the responsibility of rearing her only child. In view of that fact, I hardly think nine months of gestation entitles her to be called a mother for eternity."

The scandal of my mother, who had run away to England with a British actor named Farnsworth about a year after I was born, was a story that was well known in Hollywood but not often mentioned between Alex and me. The fact that Marie Wickham had tried, unsuccessfully, for fifteen years to get custody of me, did not alter the world's viewpoint. I couldn't successfully defend my mother against Alex' righteous position, though I often thought to myself that Alex' colossal arrogance would be enough to drive any sensitive woman crazy. Marie Wickham had been dead for eight years, but I had secretly built up an idealized image of her as a very put-upon woman who had found life with Father quite unendurable. Living with Alex made it easy to maintain that image.

I thought suddenly of what Alex had said about his relationship with Lucy and I dimly remembered rumors that I had heard about other women in his life.

"You didn't learn much from your own experience," I said, thinking I was about to score a point against him. "All your mistresses seem to have been actresses."

"When you learn how to handle women, Josh," Alex said easily, "you can have any kind you want."

"Where am I going to learn all this?" I demanded. "At night school?"

"Just ask me," Alex said. "I'll tell you."

There was a slight sound from Daisy. We both turned to look at her. I think we had forgotten she was in the room.

"Is that supposed to be a comment, Miss Hathaway?" Alex asked.

"You ought to know," Daisy said lightly. "You know all about women, Mr. Hanley." I saw surprise slide across Alex' face. I was startled myself.

"But not about *children,*" Alex said.

Daisy smiled. I had never realized what a pretty smile she had.

"Then why don't you let your son make his own mistakes?" she asked. I stared at her incredulously.

"My son's personal affairs do not concern you," Alex said shortly. "Nor do mine."

"I'm sorry," Daisy said innocently. "I don't know exactly what does concern me in this whole interview. Somehow I got the impression you only wanted me here to humiliate Josh."

Daisy's audacity had me catching my breath, but Alex wasn't perturbed. He stared at her with bright, interested eyes.

"Weren't you expelled from college?" he asked her. "On account of some affair with your psychology professor?"

"It was not an affair," Daisy corrected him, "and it was the professor who was expelled. He was another hipped misogynist. Where do you get your little bits of misinformation?"

"Your mother," Alex said. "She warned me you were rather unconventional in your ideas. I suppose you approve of Josh consorting with a woman fourteen years his senior, who also . . ."

"Is Lucy Morgan still your mistress?"

"No."

"Then I don't understand why she can't see whom she pleases."

"You forget that Josh is my son."

"Did your father run your life when you were twenty-four?"

"My father was dead. I had to shift for myself."

"Why don't you allow Josh the same privilege?"

"I would hardly call it a privilege," Alex said dryly. He leaned back in his swivel chair but the loud squeak didn't seem to bother Daisy at all. "I gather that you approve of Josh and Lucy?"

"I didn't say I approved of anything," Daisy said. "But if they want to make fools of themselves I think it's their business. How is Josh going to learn anything from secondhand experience?"

I HAD never heard anyone talk up to Alex like that in my life. Why Daisy was taking up the battle in my behalf was beyond me—I was dumfounded and fascinated, looking from one to the other as you do at a tennis match.

"You're either a radical or a rabid feminist," Alex said, giving Daisy a long, appraising look. "What does your mother think of your ideas?"

"What does she think of yours?"

Alex disregarded that.

"Naturally," he said, "you would side with Lucy against Josh. It's sex loyalty."

"Common sense has no sex," Daisy retorted.

"Common sense? To let a young man ruin his life?"

Daisy smiled. "Men, by your reasoning, are merely innocents who stumble into these traps while waiting for a streetcar. Isn't it ironic that it's still a man's world, owned by men, run by men, its laws made by men?"

"Unfortunately," Alex said softly, "men are romantic and women take advantage of that. They have the devouring instinct of those female spiders who eat their husbands after the mating act. You can't trust women."

Daisy laughed.

"Do you call yourself a romantic?"

"No," Alex said, "I had to get tough. Experience has taught me to be tough to keep from being possessed by women. Josh is still a romantic. He wants to be an actor and that proves it."

"You only think you're tough," Daisy said. "You're not tough at all. You're soft and vulnerable and you think you have to be ruthless to protect yourself."

"Indeed?"

"You're afraid," Daisy went on. "It's the fear of failure that obsesses you—antifeminist men like you, Mr. Hanley. Your entire belief in yourself would go tumbling down if you ever admitted to one little mistake, one error in judgment. You're afraid all the time—"

The telephone interrupted Daisy, and Alex reached for it. "Yes? What is it?" he said into the phone.

I stared at Daisy with amazement. She

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was gazing at the tips of her shoes as though gathering her thoughts, getting them ready for another attack on Alex.

Alex' eyes were getting hard as he listened on the phone. When he spoke his voice had an edge to it.

"I okayed those sets myself." Then he listened some more, and finally cut in *impatiently*, "We're making pictures in this studio, not poems. I don't give a damn about the mood. You go ahead and use those sets." Alex' brows knit together in a deep frown. "They have to fit," he went on, sharply; "they were double-checked in the art department." He got up with the phone in his hand, still talking. "You wait there. I'll be right over."

Alex dropped the receiver and Daisy started right in again.

"You see?" she said. "You're never wrong, are you? You have an aggressive compulsion that—"

"When I want an analyst, Miss Hathaway, I'll hire a man who has a license to practice." Alex turned on me. "I'll want to talk to you when I get back." He walked across the room and shut the door after him. Daisy regarded me with a strange smile.

"Why don't you speak up for yourself?" she asked. "You've got a tongue."

"You're not afraid of him at all, are you?"

"Of course I am," she said, letting out her breath. "But it's the last thing I'd let him know. He knows you're afraid of him and that's why he tramples all over you."

I laughed.

"Well," I said, "he's bigger than me and he's had a few years' head start. Aren't you afraid he'll fire you, Daisy?"

"You don't understand your father," Daisy said. "It would be against his principles to show that kind of weakness to a woman. I'll bet if I asked him for a raise he'd give it to me."

"You're crazy," I told her.

"If you want to see Lucy again, why don't you?" Daisy asked.

"Neither of us wants to see each other that much. Listen, about that raise—"

"There must be something you want to do," Daisy said. "You look awfully frustrated to me."

"You heard Alex on the subject of actors. That's the only thing I want to do. Act."

"What's stopping you?"

"Don't be silly."

"You're being silly, letting your father dictate—"

"Listen," I almost yelled, "I tried. There isn't a director in this studio who would put me in a mob scene."

"There are other studios—"

"You know better than that," I said irritably. "I'm on a special blacklist as far as acting is concerned. All the big studio heads stick together."

"You haven't any resourcefulness at all."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean Asa Marshall. Why don't you go to him?"

"My God," I said, "Alex would never speak to me again. Marshall's his worst enemy."

DAISY said serenely, "Of course—and Marshall's studio is even bigger than your father's."

"You *are* crazy," I told her. "Now I'm convinced of it."

"Marshall would give you a chance if he knew it would make Hanley mad."

"Listen," I said. "Alex is pretty tough with me, but my God, he's my father and he's taken care of me all my life. I couldn't do a thing like that to him. It would be sticking a knife in his back."

"Nonsense," Daisy said. "The only respect you'll ever get from your father is by showing him you're as tough as he is, *or thinks he is*—tough enough to stand on your own two feet. Of course," she shrugged and gave me a wicked sideways glance, "of course, if you're afraid you'll flop—"

"Listen," I said hotly, my vanity rising along with my blood pressure, "they thought I was pretty good at UCLA. I helped run the dramatics class and—"

"And your name was Hanley," Daisy sniffed.

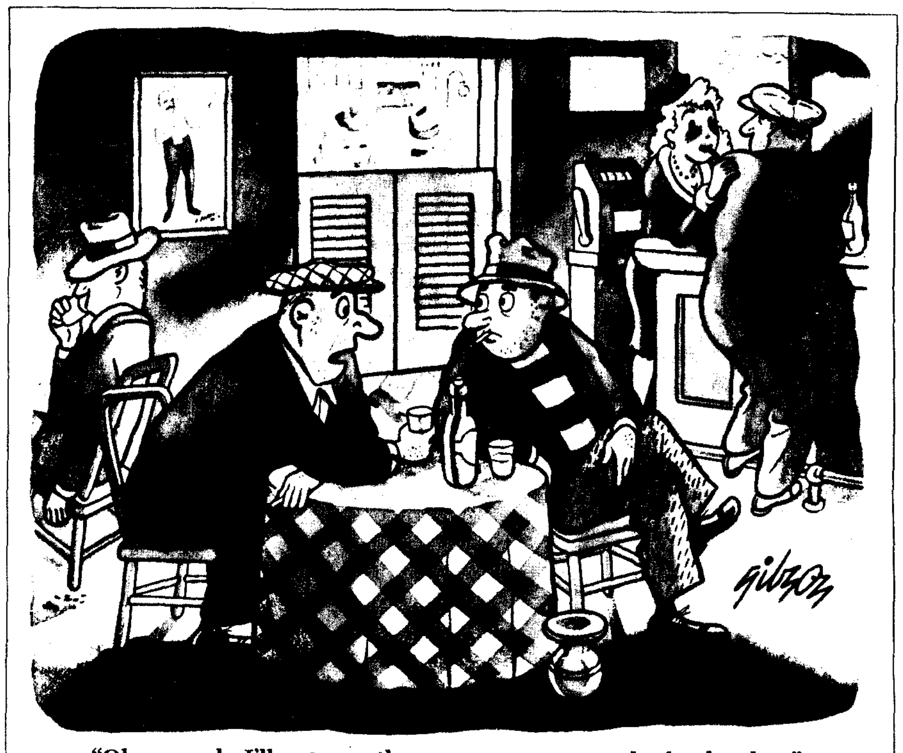
"Oh, shut up and listen. We had a play that looked pretty good. A guy who was in my class when I was a student wrote it. Harry Kingman. He's a screen writer now. In Marshall's studio, as a matter of fact. Anyway, we put this play on at the Pasadena Playhouse and I directed it and played the lead. It was a good show and I was damned good."

Daisy looked interested, so I went on with a little less heat.

"Three studios tried to sign me up," I told her. "There were some talent people there. *But*"—I could still get bitter over the memory—"but Alex had his own stool pigeons there and he fixed things for me good. When the people from the other studios found out I was his son and how he felt about it, about me acting, they cooled off quick."

Daisy stared at me. "Then you're more of a fool than I thought you were."

She could really make me mad.



"Okay, punk, I'll get you the money as soon as the banks close"

COLLIER'S JAMES GIBSON

I said, "Can't you get it through your head? I didn't have a chance. I'll never have a chance."

"Opposition," Daisy said, "usually makes most people fight all the harder. Anyone who knows what he wants to do and believes he can do it and doesn't fight for it is a fool, and I can't think of any other way to describe you. I just feel sorry for you." I was disgusted.

"You're not even talking sense," I said. "Fighting Alex is like fighting a brick wall. I haven't got a chance and you haven't any sense of logic when you say I should fight."

"Logic," Daisy said. "What do you know about logic? What's logical about being your father's stooge? What if he dies? Who's going to do your thinking for you then? That's the trouble with you compliant types."

"You and your phony psychology," I said.

Daisy threw up her hands.

"If you're any example of men's intelligence I don't know how they come to run the world. There's Marshall. There's your chance. Your father hasn't any scruples when he fights you." She paused. "*Your mother*," she said quietly, "your mother did what she wanted to do. I don't know if she was right or wrong, and I don't care. I respect her courage. But I don't respect your cautious little viewpoint. If your mother wasn't happy afterward, at least she determined her own unhappiness. She didn't let someone else impose it on her as you're doing. What's the matter with you? Afraid your father will cut you out of your inheritance? Afraid to hurt his feelings? He's not afraid to hurt yours."

I was mad enough to sock Daisy. So mad I could hardly speak for a moment.

I HEARD someone come in the outer office. It was Alex, and when he came into where we were I guess my face was still flushed because he looked at us sharply, as though he could tell exactly what we had been talking about.

"I'll send for you when I need you, Miss Hathaway," he said. He walked toward his desk.

Daisy didn't move. "I have something I want to say," she said.

"I don't think I'd be interested," Alex told her.

"I think you will be," she said.

"Well, what is it?"

"I want a raise," Daisy said.

I caught my breath.

"Did you say a raise?" Alex asked quietly. His eyes became very bright.

"I think I deserve one," Daisy said.

Alex leaned back in his chair, making the usual loud screech. Daisy didn't blink an eyelid.

"You think I'm going to fire you," he said. "So you're trying to beat me to it. Is that it?"

Daisy looked indignant. "No, Mr. Hanley," she said. "Whatever I said to you, you asked for it. If you want to fire me because I don't agree with everything you say then you'd better—"

"I had no intention of firing you," Alex interrupted. "Do you think I'd let a silly little girl influence me?"

"No." Daisy's voice was calm again. "I don't. I don't think you care what anyone says. I simply want a raise."

"Why?"

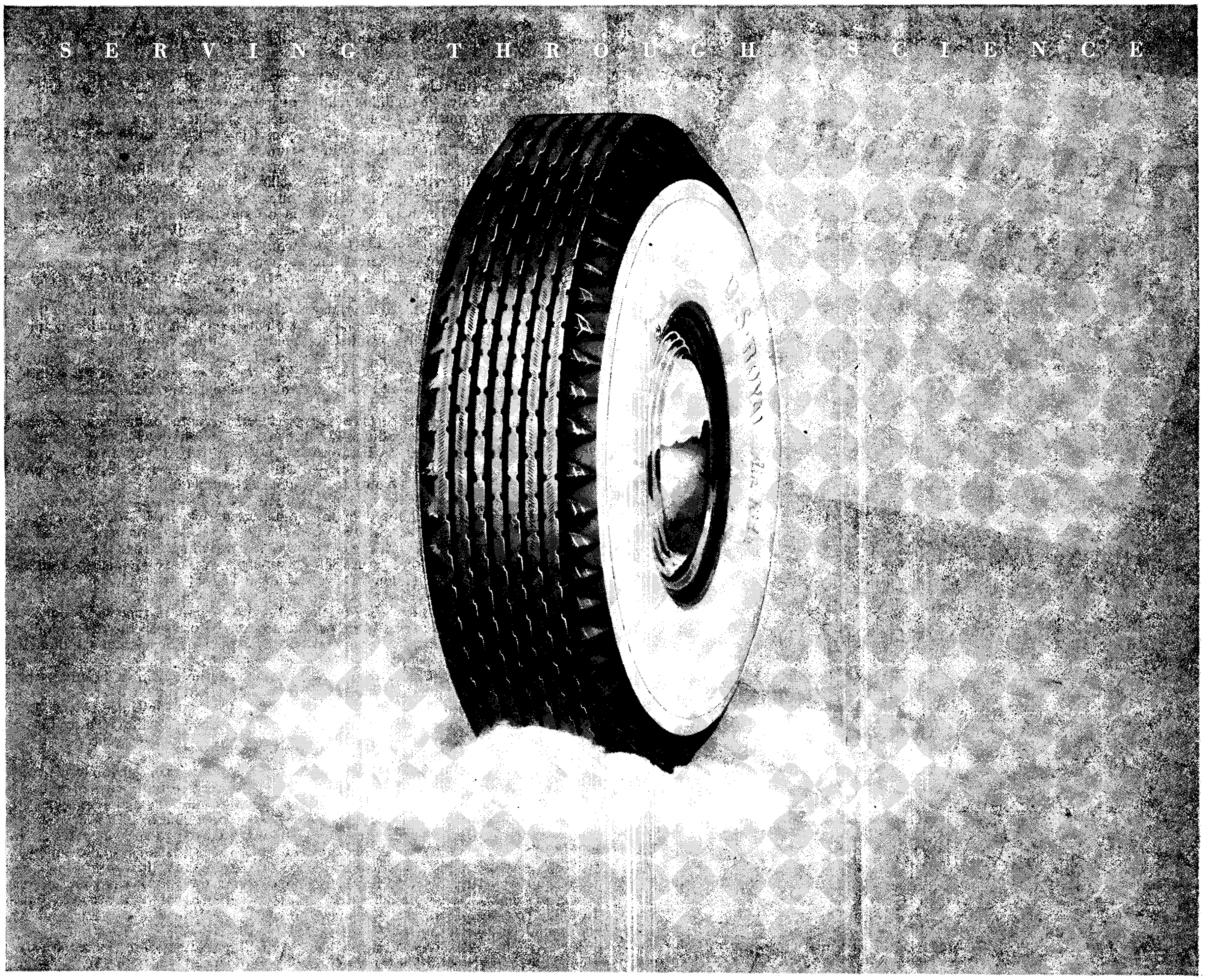
"I'm worth as much as you used to pay my mother. You paid her a lot more than you're paying me."

"When you work for me as long as your mother—"

"Then I'll have white hair, too," Daisy said tartly. "There are other studios and I need the money now."

It was remarkable. Alex rubbed his chin and it looked almost as though he were trying to keep from grinning.

"As a matter of fact," he said softly,



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“I was going to give you a raise, Daisy, but you spoiled my surprise.” He mentioned what sounded like a very tidy sum to me. “Would that make you happier?”

“That’s not as much as you paid Mother,” Daisy said reluctantly.

Alex’ eyes were sly. “You didn’t really expect to get *that* much, did you?”

Daisy grinned.

“No,” she said. “But there’s nothing like trying.”

Alex waved his big hand at her. “Now get out of here and let me talk to Josh.”

Daisy turned and when her back was to Alex she gave me a big wink. As though something had burst inside of me I suddenly felt a new kind of excitement—an adventurous feeling. Toward Alex, toward the world, toward everything. Mostly toward myself. I caught Daisy by the arm and started out with her.

Alex frowned. “I said I wanted to talk to you, Josh.”

“I’ll see you at home tonight,” I said, over my shoulder, but I didn’t look at him.

In the outer office I grabbed Daisy by the shoulders and gave her a quick kiss. She caught her breath and, as I moved toward the door, she was staring at me—but unlike Alex, she wasn’t frowning.

THE clock on the dashboard of my convertible said nine as I drove up Beverly Glen Boulevard on my way home that night. At Sunset I turned left up Bel-Air Road. At Hanley Drive, which was Alex’ private road, I swung left again through the whitewashed brick main gate and then rode for a while between the tall, graceful eucalyptus and the high box hedges. I opened the second gate myself, the high ornate iron gate guarding the long white gravel driveway that wound between classic cypress and over the rolling night-darkened lawns to the big house on the crest of the hill.

Through the dark shapes of cypress I caught occasional flashing glimpses of the lights that were blazing in the library wing, and my hands suddenly felt moist on the steering wheel as I thought of Alex waiting for me in his leather chair, waiting for me with his mind clicking like knives sharpening. I would have to explain why I hadn’t been home for dinner as usual. There were other things I wanted to explain, too. I didn’t know if I would be able to do it.

I was right. Alex was sitting in his chair in the pine-paneled library with his horn-rimmed glasses on, reading a shooting script. He barely raised his head when I came in. Alex was a bug on having doors closed and he had an automatic device on the library door. I could feel it slowly closing behind my back. It made my spine tingle as I stood there facing my father.

“Mrs. Gilpin isn’t running a cafeteria in this house,” he said, but he didn’t look up from the script. “If you want to eat, you’ll have to find something for yourself in the kitchen.”

“I’ve already eaten,” I said.

“Where have you been?” he asked, turning a page on the script, and finally looking up. He put the script down on a table beside his chair and stared at me through his glasses. It wasn’t reassuring.

“I’ve got to talk to you about something important,” I said.

“Indeed?” Alex asked. He took off his glasses and placed them carefully on top of the script. “I’ve had something important to ask you since three o’clock this afternoon. Who gave you permission to delegate your work on the Dawson-Calder picture to Charlie Summers?”

“I’m sorry about that, Alex,” I said. I tried to keep the tremolo out of my voice and my face got very red. “I’m sorry, but I’m quitting. I mean I’m quitting the studio—I realize now I should have said something to you first.”

“Go on,” he said. He settled back in the chair, not angry, his eyes curious as he examined my face. Suddenly the whole thing seemed childishly brash to me, almost silly. I had a big slice of the film industry in my lap if I played along with Alex and did what he told me to, and here I was dropping it all in the ash can to try to be an actor and I had no guarantee other than my own dim confidence that I’d click at it. And I knew confidence wasn’t enough, nor was talent enough, nor is intelligence or hard work. For the movies one either has that compelling quality of personality that captures the fans or one hasn’t, and there is no substitute for it. I knew being second best would never satisfy me. I would have to be tops to justify my actions and even then it would never satisfy Alex. I felt like throttling Daisy.

“Go on,” Alex said, again.

“I want to be an actor,” I said. “I think I ought to do what I want to do for a change. I think I ought to try.”

I stopped. I was really frightened. Alex was looking at me steadily without any particular expression in his eyes.

“No.”

He left no room for discussion or argument. I guess that’s what made me mad.

“I didn’t expect you to give me a chance,” I said, surprised at my own quiet determination.

His eyes flickered. “Nor will any other studio,” he said. “I’ll see to that.”

“You forget Asa Marshall,” I said. It was like reaching across the room and slapping Alex’ face. He got up from his chair and faced me.

“What did you say?”

“Asa Marshall,” I repeated loudly. I had never before seen the expression in his eyes then. For a second I thought he might hit me.

“Is that where you’ve been all this time?” he asked me.

“No,” I said. “I intended to see Marshall. I drove to the studio, but I changed my mind and went on to the beach.”

“Indeed? What caused you to get cold feet?” He seemed more sure of himself again. Sure and a little contemptuous.

“I didn’t get cold feet,” I said angrily. “It just occurred to me when I was at the gate of Marshall’s studio—it just occurred to me that there was something lousy about the way I was going about it so I went on down to the beach to think it over.”

ALEX gazed at me incredulously. “You mean you still intend to go through with this?”

“I . . . yes,” I said. “But I figured you had a right to know what I was going to do first. I figured I owed you that much. I didn’t want it to be underhanded. I didn’t want you to hear about it from someone else.”

“Thanks,” he said, dryly, “but I’ll allow no son of mine to go begging to Marshall.”

“You can’t stop me,” I said quickly. “My mind’s made up and if you want me to I’ll move out of the house tonight. I’ll get a room at the Beverly, or Billy Dawson will put me up, but I’m going to see Asa Marshall tomorrow.”

“You’re just a crazy kid. You don’t know what’s good for you. What the hell do you want to be an actor for? You can be one of the biggest men in the industry—”

“Then I’m crazy,” I interrupted him. “I don’t want to be just a big man. I’ve got to try acting. It’s in my blood—”

“It’s in your head. Your mother used to talk like that and she was a joke as an actress.”

“I don’t care. I know what I want to do now and I’m going to do it.”

“I have a dozen reels of her stuff in my vaults. I’ll run them off for you—”

“I want to see my own stuff,” I insisted, quietly but stubbornly.

“My God!” Alex finally exploded. “I ought to take your pants down and whale the hell—”

“I don’t think you’re big enough,”

I interrupted. I don't know why but I somehow felt that the worst of the crisis had passed. I tried a grin.

Alex stared at me fixedly for a moment, then looked around for his chair, sat down, lighted up his cigar, puffed on it a while and then studied me with intense interest.

"Where did you get the guts to tell me a thing like this?" he asked finally.

"Maybe from you," I said, breathing easier. "Anyway, I'm glad I didn't go to Asa Marshall first."

"By God," Alex snapped, "if you won't be satisfied until you have a test, I'll give you a test. And that will be the end of it. You don't have to go crawling to that damned pirate."

I shook my head. "I heard what you said. 'That will be the end of it,' you said."

"I won't go back on my word. I'll give you the test. But this has got to be kept in the family."

"No," I said, "it won't work."

"I'll supervise the test myself."

I grinned. "That's just what I don't want. 'That will be the end of it,' you said. Of me as an actor, you meant. You'd make the test and make me look like a sap. I know every trick you can pull."

"Now, Josh," Alex said persuasively, "I wouldn't do anything like that."

"Wouldn't you, though?" I laughed. "Why, I'd be the joke of the studio—"

"I give you my word."

"I've thought it all out, Alex," I said, firmly. "When Marshall hears I defied you and want a test it will tickle him pink. He'd do anything for me if he thought it would make you squirm. Well, that suits me fine. Because that's what I want. The best test any studio ever turned out. I can trust Marshall because he'll have a good motive for making me look good."

"Who put you up to this?" Alex demanded. "You haven't the guts to think up a scheme like this alone."

"You did," I said. "When you gave Daisy that raise."

"*What?*"

"When you gave Daisy that raise. It woke me up. You only get what you want in this world if you ask for it, or fight for it. I want to be an actor."

Alex stared at me.

"All right," he said, slowly. "You think you're tough now. You think you can get along without my help. Well, we'll see. You'd better be tough, and you'd better succeed, because you're on your own now—and don't think if your test fails you can come back to me where you left off" He turned the ash off the end of his cigar into a silver tray on the table. "You've elected to make your own way in the world. You still have a chance to change your mind and if you do I won't say another thing about it. But if you don't, I'll never lift another finger to help you. Never."

That was an ultimatum. But I couldn't back down—I couldn't and ever respect myself again.

"What's so tough about all this?" I asked nervously, thinking how easy it was for Daisy to talk. "Millions of guys have gotten places without being Alex Hanley's son," I went on. "Maybe this is the best thing I've ever done Maybe I'll make mistakes, but they'll be my own mistakes. But if I succeed it will be my own success. Do you want me to move out tonight?"

THE expression on Alex' face might have meant anything. It seemed like forever before he spoke.

"There's no need for you to move," he said quietly. "Maybe I want to keep you around to keep an eye on you. If it makes you feel any more independent you can pay me the same rate you'd pay at the Beverly-Wilshire."

"In advance?" I asked. I was so relieved that I wanted to laugh out loud.

"It's damned curious," Alex said, watching me carefully. "I can't imagine what the hell got into you all of a sudden."

Our eyes locked for a moment. There was something about the way he looked at me that made a lump come into my throat. At that moment I was fonder of him than I'd ever been before.

"Maybe I'm growing up," I said.

"Indeed?" Alex said gruffly. He rubbed out the end of his cigar in the ash tray and got out of his chair. I thought he looked a little tired.

"I'm going up to bed," he said. At the door he turned and stared at me again. He hesitated before he spoke: "Thanks."

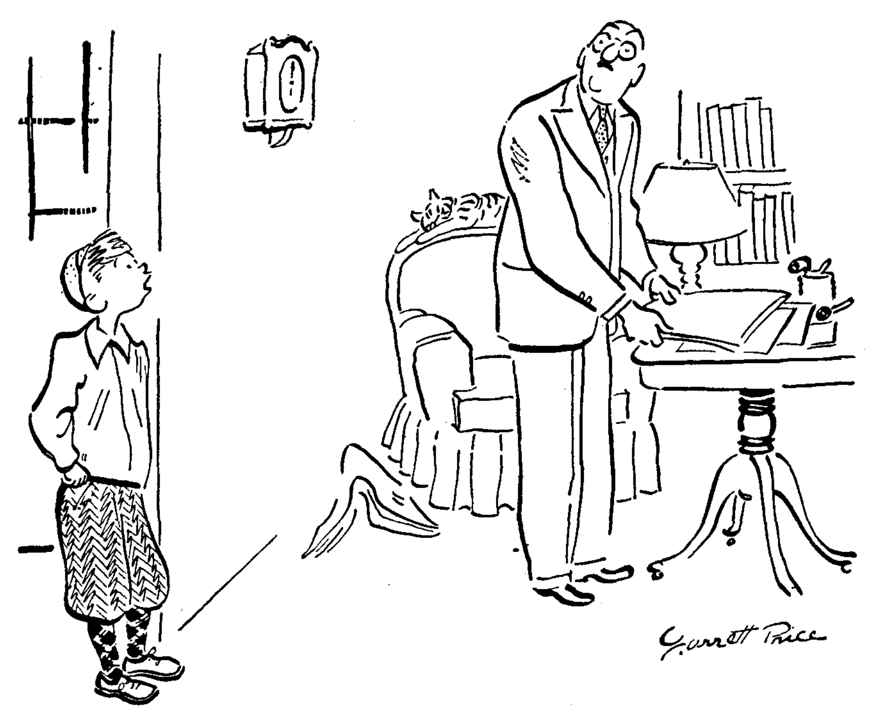
I didn't know how to take that. I was suddenly suspicious.

"What for?" I asked carefully.

"For coming to me first." He kept staring at me, then he added, "Your mother never had that kind of courage."

"Maybe she was afraid of you," I said, starting to get angry.

"I imagine she was," Alex said, and his sudden smile was a rare, good one. "But then, you were too." And he went



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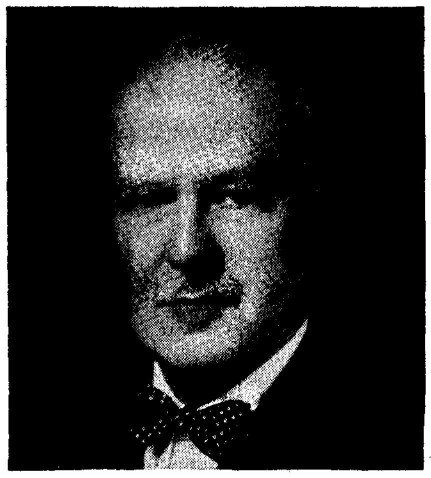
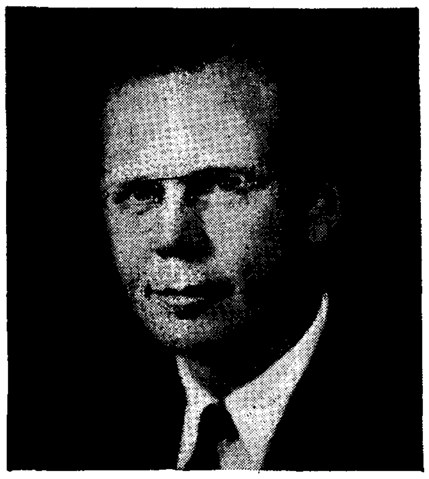


WALTER S. GIFFORD
President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started as a *clerk* with the Western Electric Company in 1904.

CHESTER I. BARNARD
President of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company. Started with the Bell System as a *clerk* in Boston in 1909.



WILLIAM C. BOLENIUS
President of the Wisconsin Telephone Company. First telephone job was in New York City as a *traffic inspector* in 1921.

ALLERTON F. BROOKS
President of The Southern New England Telephone Company. Started Bell System career as *engineer's assistant* in New Haven in 1911.

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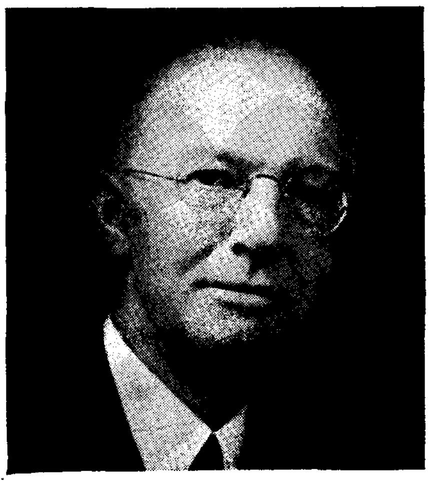

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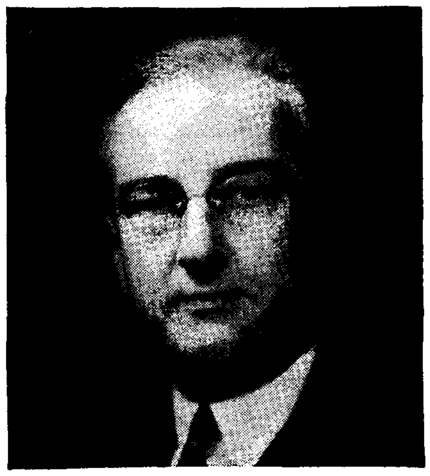
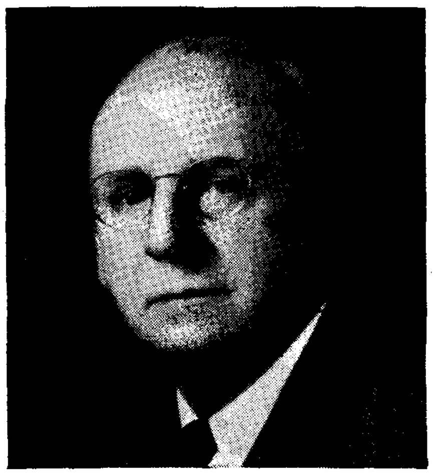


GRAHAM K. McCORKLE
President of the Illinois Bell Telephone Company. Started with Bell System as an *office boy* in Eminence, Ky., in 1902.



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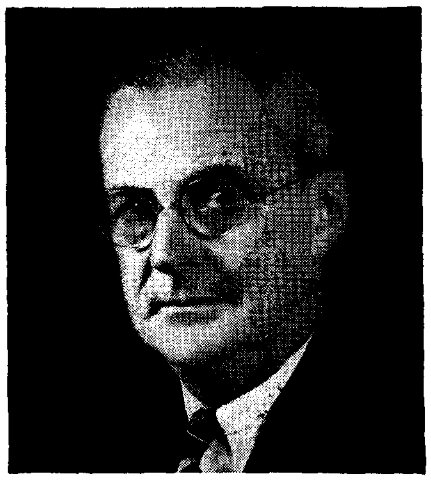
VICTOR E. COOLEY
President of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company. Started his telephone career as a *clerk* in San Francisco in 1911.

HAL S. DUMAS
President of the Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started with Bell System as a *traffic student* in Atlanta in 1911.



RANDOLPH EIDE
President of The Ohio Bell Telephone Company. First telephone job was as a *special inspector* in New York in 1911.

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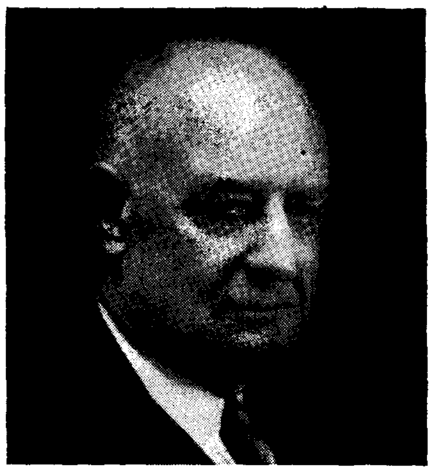
Chester I. Barnard	New Jersey Bell Tel. Co.	1909	Boston	$50 month	Clerk
*William C. Bolenius	Wisconsin Tel. Co.	1921	New York City	$28 week	Traffic Inspector
*Allerton F. Brooks	Southern New England Tel. Co.	1911	New Haven	$12 week	Engineer's Assistant
*Victor E. Cooley	Southwestern Bell Tel. Co.	1911	San Francisco	$60 month	Clerk
*Hal S. Dumas	Southern Bell Tel. & Tel. Co.	1911	Atlanta	$50 month	Traffic Student
Randolph Eide	Ohio Bell Tel. Co.	1911	New York City	$15 week	Special Inspector
*Joe E. Harrell	New England Tel. & Tel. Co.	1913	Atlanta	$14 week	Clerk
*Russell J. Hopley	Northwestern Bell Tel. Co.	1915	Fort Madison, Ia.	$40 month	Collector
*William A. Hughes	Indiana Bell Tel. Co.	1917	Kansas City	$60 month	Ground Man
*Thomas N. Lacy	Michigan Bell Tel. Co.	1905	Philadelphia	$10 week	Installer
*H. Randolph Maddox	Chesapeake & Potomac Tel. Co.	1921	Washington, D. C.	$30 week	Student Engineer
*Graham K. McCorkle	Illinois Bell Tel. Co.	1902	Eminence, Ky.	$20 month	Office Boy
*Floyd P. Ogden	Mountain States Tel. & Tel. Co.	1911	Kansas City, Mo.	$40 month	Student and Clerk
Philip C. Staples	Bell Tel. Co. of Penna.	1904	Baltimore	$12 week	Salesman
*Mark R. Sullivan	Pacific Tel. & Tel. Co.	1912	San Francisco	$50 month	Clerk
*Carl Whitmore	New York Tel. Co.	1910	San Francisco	$65 month	Field Man

*Asterisks indicate new presidents since December, 1937.



PHILIP C. STAPLES
President of The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania. Started with Bell System as *salesman* in Baltimore in 1904.

MARK R. SULLIVAN
President of The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. Started as a *clerk* in San Francisco in 1912.

CARL WHITMORE
President of the New York Telephone Company. First Bell System job was in San Francisco as a *field man* in 1910.

BELL
TELEPHONE
SYSTEM

through the door and upstairs to bed. . . .

No morning I've known anywhere else is so bright and cheerful and full of hope as an early morning in California in the summertime. No morning in any other place has the same holiday promise to it, the same languid optimism, as though nothing can be too serious, nothing can ever really go bad.

And that's the way I felt the next morning when I woke up.

The sunlight was bursting into my bedroom, a soft breeze nudged the white curtains gently, and outside, eagerly waiting, was the brand-new day, a day that had never been used before.

I got up very early, bathed and dressed in a hurry, and got out of the house without seeing Alex. I drove all the way down Beverly Glen to Santa Monica Boulevard. As I waited on the traffic at the crossing, I realized I'd better have breakfast before I saw Marshall, so I found a drive-in that made a nice dish of scrambled eggs and bacon. The blonde who came with the tray had an big grin for me. It made me feel fine.

For all I knew, old Marshall wouldn't even see me—or if he did he might throw me out of his office afterward. I was relying on surprise, on Marshall's curiosity, on his hatred for Alex, to make a real break for me. I didn't want to explain over the phone; I didn't want to take the chance of giving him a big laugh and then be told that he'd think it over.

The blonde came back again with my coffee as I was rehearsing in my mind what I would say to Marshall.

"Haven't I seen you in pictures?" she asked.

I dragged my mind out of Marshall's office and stared at her. The girl was fooling around making a pretense of fixing things on a tray. It was a good line for getting bigger tips and I'd heard of its being used before.

"With this face?" I said.

"There's nothing wrong with that face," she said, grinning at me. She was quite a dish.

I laughed self-consciously. "I'm not in pictures," I said.

"Oh," she seemed sincerely disappointed. "I thought you looked like someone I'd seen in the movies."

"How do you think I'd look in the movies?"

She looked at me gravely. "I'm not kidding," she said. "You've got something. I'll bet you'd be swell. Did you ever try?"

I hesitated, then thought: What the hell. I told her I was on my way to see a man about a test.

Her eyes grew bigger.

"Right now? Today?"

"Today," I said.

Her eyes glistened as she stared at me. She nodded her head vigorously. "Gosh," she said, "I knew the minute I looked at you. It sends me."

I left her a dollar tip for luck.

IN TWENTY minutes I was at the outer gates of the high stucco walls that surrounded Marshall's studios. The gateman was on the phone only a few minutes, before he came back, gave me a peculiar glance and told me how to reach Asa Marshall's office.

Asa Marshall could laugh out loud. God knows where that terrifying cackle came from, because the skinny, dried-up, mean-eyed little old man looked as though there wasn't much more than a whisper left in him. Alex was right. Marshall looked like an old pirate. A mummified pirate in an expensive doeskin flannel suit. There was something almost obscene about the flashy cravat that hung down over his hunched-up little chest. The stiff collar was just a little too big for his skinny, corded neck.

When he calmed down after hearing my proposition he stared at me out of two little holes in the wrinkled old apple that passed for a face. The little eyes were the most alive thing about him. They were alert and very bright.

I didn't like my idea so much any more and was half decided to back out when I could almost hear Alex saying, "So you got cold feet again?"

Instead I said aloud:

"There isn't a studio in Hollywood with the guts to buck Alex and give me a break."

Marshall looked at me slyly and shook his head.

"They're not afraid of that bastard. It's just good business, sonny, and you damned well know it. If you were the son of anybody but that Hanley you wouldn't have got inside my gates."

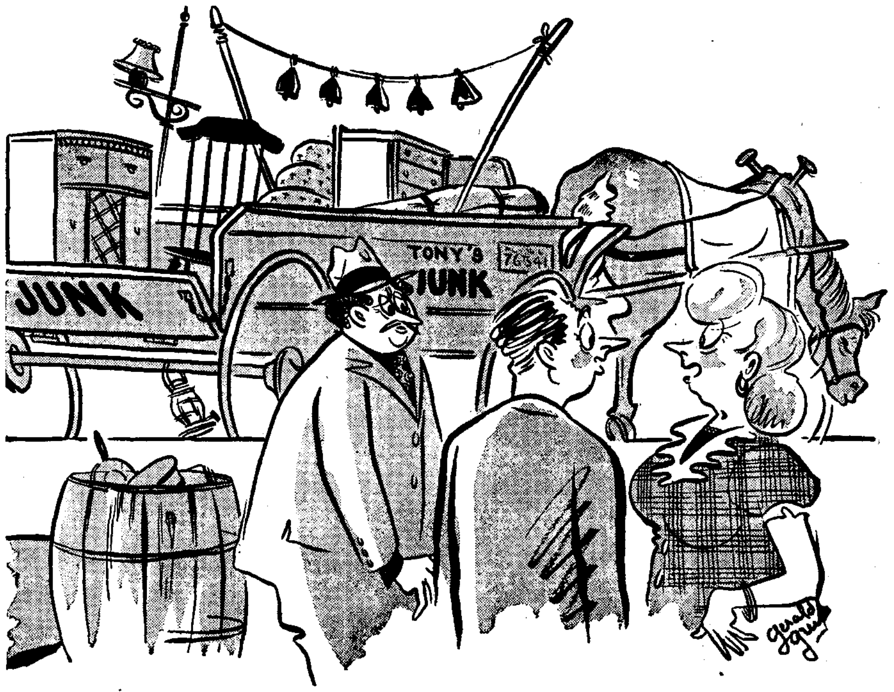
He started to laugh again and I had to wait until he stopped shaking himself to pieces.

"So Hanley's kid had to come to me for a job!"

"I thought you'd appreciate the situation," I said grimly.

"I do," he said, almost choking. "If I thought you were on the level—"

"I am," I said, trying to control my impatience. "Do you think I'd come to you if there was any other way of doing it? You're the only one who can do anything for me."



"I don't care how cheaply he'll move us. What will our neighbors think?"

COLLIER'S GERALD GREEN

"You mean you don't like me either, sonny?" he asked, giving me a wicked grin.

"I mean," I said, trying to be diplomatic, "I mean, I don't like doing it this way. I don't like what I'm doing but I haven't any choice."

He stared at me thoughtfully.

"There'll be plenty of stink raised about this. It will be in all the newspapers and trade papers, all over the country. It will make Hanley look like a damned fool." He chuckled as though the idea tickled him to death.

"I know," I said. "I can't help that. I want to act and he's forcing me to use this way to do it."

Marshall's shrewd eyes passed over me. He asked me to stand up and walk around and talk some more.

"I don't know much about actors, sonny," he said, at last. "I'm an executive. You look about as good as any other actor to me, but on the other hand you may stink out loud in front of a camera." Evidently no big-shot producer thought much of actors.

"All I want is a chance to find out," I said.

"Damn it," he said suddenly, waving his sticklike arms around. "How do I know this isn't a put-up job?"

"Why don't you call Alex up?"

"Damned if I won't," he snapped back at me. He told his operator what he wanted, hung up and stared at me suspiciously until the call came through.

"Hanley? This is Asa Marshall. I just threw that snot-nosed son of yours out of my office." He listened, while my hands itched to break him into a few pieces. Then he cackled and hung up.

"What did he say?" I asked.

"The lug said it was the only decent thing I ever did in my whole life and told me to go to hell."

"Do I get a chance?"

Marshall rubbed his chin.

"I think you're on the level." He paused. "You look a lot like your mother," he went on. "By hell, if you have any of her stuff in you, sonny, I'll make something out of you."

"You knew my mother?" I asked eagerly.

"Sonny," the old man said, crouching over his desk toward me, "who the hell do you think discovered her? She was my cousin and that skunk who calls himself your father stole her right off my lot in the middle of her best picture."

I was beginning to get dizzy.

"You mean I'm—I'm related to you?"

"He only married her to pull that dirty trick on me," Marshall said.

"Am I related to you?" I demanded.

He stared at me with his furious little eyes.

"Don't let it go to your head, sonny," he snarled. "A Hanley walking around with my family blood in him . . . it isn't something I'm very proud of."

I didn't bother to tell him how I felt about it. "Was she—was my mother a good actress?"

He cackled at that. "Marie Wickham? It was almost a crime to waste the film."

"But you said . . ."

He shook his head and a bony hand at me, as though it was all hardly worth explaining. "Sonny, your mother was a God-awful actress, but she had the face of a wicked saint and a body that would make the Turners and Grables of today look like gawky school kids. When she moved across the screen no one cared whether she acted or not. If you have one tenth of your mother's personality—"

I was beginning to get a little sick.

"I don't want to be just decorative. I want to be a good actor—"

"That's up to you." He shrugged indifferently. "But you listen to me, sonny," he went on sharply. "You'll sign a contract before we make any expensive tests, with the privilege of my canceling it in thirty days. And if I think you'll make money for this studio, no matter what kind of an actor you are, you'll act for me for at least five years. Don't think I'll build you up and then let you run back to Hanley."

The idea of being tied to that sadistic old man for a possible five years didn't make me very happy. I had a bad case of irresolution for a few moments and it was only the thought of Alex crowing that made me say, "I'll sign."

Marshall rubbed his claws together and then stuck out one bony finger and pushed a button on his desk.

AFTER the papers were drawn up and arrangements made for the test I drove toward home and wondered what I had got myself into. It didn't seem so exciting any more. I needed reassurance and then I thought of Lucy Morgan. I headed for Holmby Hills and Lucy's small, unpretentious Spanish bungalow. I saw her sitting in a beach chair under a palm tree on her back lawn as the convertible crackled up her gravel driveway. She was in shorts and short jacket, and her fine strong legs looked elegantly bare. She had a highball in one hand and her head was thrown back.

"Josh," she said, and she got up. She looked alarmed, as though Alex might pop up out of my rumble seat any minute. "What are you doing here?"

"I needed someone to talk to," I said.

"If your father—" she began.

"Haven't you heard?" I asked. "I quit the studio. That's what I came to talk to you about."

Lucy sat down quickly and took a long drag on her drink. She motioned to a glass-topped garden table. I went over and as I mixed myself a drink I told her what I'd been doing all morning.

"Josh, you're crazy," she said, breathlessly, but she was kind of smiling.

"Maybe," I said. "I sure delivered myself into Marshall's clutches, as they used to say in pictures in the old days. And by the way," I went on, "while we are on the old days, why didn't you tell me that you and Alex . . . that . . ." I suddenly got embarrassed. "Forget it," I finished.

"Forget what?" Lucy insisted.

"It doesn't matter now."

"What did Alex tell you?"

"Skip it, Lucy."

"What did he tell you about me?"

I was sorry I ever opened my big mouth. My face got very red.

"Damn it, Josh," she said, "don't be such a schoolboy."

"He said you were his mistress."

"He's a damned liar!" Lucy was mad.

"Then why—"

"Because," Lucy said, "because I was your mother's best friend, though I was younger than she was. Alex knew that. That's why he would never let me near you when you were younger—"

I nodded my head. "Alex hates to talk about Mother and I guess he didn't want you talking to me about her either."

"His mistress!" Lucy was still mad. "I'd rather have gone to bed with a boa constrictor. Not that he never tried," she added honestly. "Your father is the kind of man who tries to possess everything he gets his hand on. Look at you. He'd lock your soul in his office drawer if he could. That's what he tried to do with Marie. Maybe she couldn't act as well as Elsie Ferguson or Norma Talmadge but people loved her just the same, and she loved being an actress. Your father put a stop to that. I don't think she loved Farnsworth, but he loved her and she was being suffocated and had to get away."

I was feeling pretty gloomy.

"He's been good to me in a lot of ways—" I said lamely.

Lucy looked at me quickly.

"Oh, I suppose he loves you. God knows he used to make enough fuss over you when you were a kid. But he's a dog in the manger. He made a fuss over

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A RELIABLE SOURCE OF SUPPLY

Marie too, until she began to act like she might have a thought or two of her own. Alex can only be generous when he has you right in his pocket."

I tried to change the subject.

"Well, tomorrow," I said, "I'm going to do a scene from that thing I played in in Pasadena. I have the script in the car."

Lucy brightened.

"Would you like me to read it with you?"

"Would you?" I asked quickly. "Hey, that would be terrific. You could do the part of the girl."

We got the script and Lucy read over what I intended to do. She shook her head and searched through the script for something else.

"This is what you want to do," she said, poking the page with her finger. "This scene with the uncle. Get Marshall to let you have Bromwell do the old man. He's a swell actor and he'll give you plenty of support. It won't hurt you any if the whole test looks good."

WE TRIED the part Lucy suggested. At the end of a half-hour she shook her head. "Josh, it doesn't all come out. You're too tense, too damned stiff. Relax—"

"I can't relax," I said, then I blew up. "Damn it, I'm nervous as a cat."

Lucy stared at me thoughtfully.

"Try to imagine the uncle in the script is Alex and you're telling him, Alex, off. Forget it's a script. Make it real. Believe what you're saying."

I tried that. I raged. I yelled. I stormed. I gestured. I bellowed. I had a very good time.

Lucy stopped me before I was halfway through.

"Uh-uh," she said, trying to be kind. I could see her nose wrinkling and I felt like blowing my brains out.

"Maybe I'd better try it the way I did it the first time."

"Listen," she said, "try it this way. You've got the job with Marshall. Your father still makes you angry but you know he can't touch you any more. You have confidence in yourself. You know you don't need him or his help. When you talk to him this time imagine you're cutting him down to your size. He's not such a big guy after all. You're a little contemptuous. Go ahead now, do it again. I'll cue you—"

I was doubtful, but I waited for Lucy's cue and then I half shut my eyes and tried very hard to see Alex.

Once I got started, it was like cutting roast beef with a sharp knife. I think I was getting a little drunk with my own imagined power when Lucy stopped me.

Her eyes were wide.

"My God!" she said breathlessly. "Do you know how good that reading was?"

I blinked. "Was that better?"

"Better?" Lucy laughed. "You were terrific. You frightened me. You sounded exactly—" she broke off. "I want to hear that again," she said abruptly.

I was relaxed now. I knew I could do it. It had been four years since I played at Pasadena, but it was all coming back again. The easy handling of my voice, the sense of heady rhythm, the tempo, the controlled volume. It came out like toothpaste out of a tube. I read for two hours more until I was getting hoarse. But I didn't have to worry any more.

"That's enough," Lucy said. "You get a good night's sleep and let that stick in your head." She burst out laughing.

"What's so funny?"

"Oh, if you can only hang onto that style." Then she started to laugh again.

"But it's a serious script," I said, beginning to worry again. "Lucy, I wasn't trying to sound funny."

"It's *not* funny, not the way you think," she said. "Believe me, you're all right, Josh . . . you're devastating."

But she wouldn't tell me what made her laugh so hard. . . .

The lights came on in Marshall's private projection room after the most weird and embarrassing experience I ever had in my life. I had just seen myself in a screen test. George Blaine, the director of the test, was on my right in the deep-cushioned seats, and Asa Marshall had been cracking his knuckles on my left. I was still blinking my eyes at the blank white screen when I realized that Marshall was staring at me curiously.

"If he only had just a little more weight . . . here," he said, to George, indicating his own scrawny diaphragm.

"Yeah." Blaine nodded and grinned.

It didn't make sense to me and I didn't care anyway. I was so miserable, so convinced that I was lousy that I thought of offering to commit suicide and leave a note confessing responsibility for the whole incredibly ghastly mistake.

As a film cutter and movie technician I expected, of course, that my voice would sound different from the screen. Not so much to others but to myself. That phenomenon is always a terrible shock to any new screen actor. I had known it to unnerve some actors so much that afterward they never went to see themselves in the pictures they made. But I wasn't prepared to hear the voice that sounded so terribly familiar yet not at all like my own. In addition to that the image of myself, the first huge, close-up shot of my face, was terrifying.

"I would never have believed it," Marshall was saying, "if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes!"

Blaine grinned wolfishly.

"Yeah," he said, "it was fantastic."

"What the hell was that scene from?" Marshall asked George.

George explained that it was an experimental, noncommercial play that Kingman, who was now working for Marshall, had written four years before.

I BROKE in and started to babble some nonsense about maybe I should have picked something else for the test. Marshall ignored me and continued talking to George Blaine.

"What's the name of it?" Marshall asked.

"The Midas Touch," George said.

"Never heard of it," Marshall said. He got up on his skinny, brittle legs. He turned and faced me. "I'm going to buy that play," he said. "I'm going to put some writers on it and make a picture out of it." Then he said something that has always made me go a little faint every time I think of it. "That," he said, "is going to be your first picture, sonny."

I tried to say something—I don't know what.

"What's the matter, sonny?" he cackled. "You look a little green around the gills."

"But I thought . . . the test . . ."

"Good test," Marshall cackled. "By hell, it's the funniest thing I've seen in years." Blaine just grinned.

"Is this a joke?" I burst out. "Are you kidding me?"

"You'll do, sonny, you'll do fine," Marshall said. "When you first came to me I thought you looked a little like your mother. Maybe it's the eyes. But with the make-up and with that dialogue and that rat Hanley's voice—" he spread his hands. "It's the damnedest take-off on your father I ever hope to see. Only you're better-looking."

I knew then what had impressed Lucy and why she wouldn't tell me about it. And why Marshall would have liked a little more weight around my gut.

"Come on, sonny," Marshall said, pulling my arm. "We're going to my office and talk business." I was really confused and I hardly knew I was walking, but I got there, somehow. . . .

Alex put his knife and fork down on his plate with a clatter and stared at me across the dinner table. "Well, I'm waiting," he said, impatiently.

"For what?" I said it with my mouth full of rare roast beef.

"You made the test this afternoon, didn't you? Well, what happened?"

"Oh, the test," I said, trying to be casual.

"Yes, the test," he mimicked me. The idea of Alex mimicking *me* caught me just right. I almost choked laughing.

"I didn't say anything funny," he snapped. "What about the test?"

"I'm in."

"In what?" he demanded.

"In pictures," I chuckled. "In like Flynn. Marshall thinks I have a unique style."

"I suppose he's given you a part with six words?" Alex asked. Mrs. Gilpin was coming in with the dessert. Alex turned on her.

"Get the hell out of here, Amy," he said. She turned a hurt look at me and left quickly. I thought I could hear her crying in the kitchen.

"You shouldn't have done that, Alex," I said.

"Don't tell me how to run my house," he snapped. "What kind of a part did that bastard give you?"

"I'm not at liberty to tell you," I said, enjoying myself.

"Indeed?" He frowned. "Why don't you tell me he's starring you in your first picture?"

"Could be." I shrugged.

Alex threw his napkin on the table and got up.

"I found out who put you up to this fantastic nonsense," he said. "If you don't stay away from Daisy Hathaway, I'll throw you out of this house. I'm going to the library if you want to talk to me."

"I've said all I have to say," I said. "Except you might step in the kitchen and tell Mrs. Gilpin I'd like my dessert now."

Alex stared at me with a stunned expression in his eyes. Then, without another word, he left the dining room. I got up and went into the kitchen to have my dessert, and it was while I was mollifying Mrs. Gilpin that I decided seeing Daisy wouldn't be a bad idea for the evening. I owed her something.

I was on my way out of the house when Alex' voice stopped me in the hall just outside the library.

"Josh, come in here!"

I pushed open the door, wondering why the familiar command no longer made me jump the way it used to. Then I remembered I was on contract to one of the biggest studios in Hollywood and Alex' long arm couldn't reach me. Somehow it made me feel a little sad, and a little older, and a little lonely, in a funny sort of way.

I saw him sitting in his leather chair trying to be the tough old man and for a moment I wanted to tell him it was all just a game I was playing and didn't really mean a thing. Then the image of myself in that screen test came back to my mind and I realized it wasn't a game.

"Yes, Alex," I said.

"Where are you going?"

ALEX had never before been terribly interested in my wanderings, but I understood his sense of insecurity with me now; yet I didn't think I had to account for myself even to satisfy his curiosity.

"Out," I said.

"I asked you a question," he said, staring at me levelly.

"I don't think you ought to ask me," I said, staring back at him. "But what's the difference where I'm going? I might be going out to get drunk."

Alex snorted.

"Or to a night baseball game," I went on; "or to see a movie . . . or maybe to visit Daisy Hathaway."

"What?"

"Suppose I want to see Daisy. What's wrong with that?"

"I've already told you what's wrong with it."

"I think Daisy would be the first to say that she isn't your property. And being your son doesn't make me your property, either. Nor does a lie make a woman a man's mistress."

"What are you talking about?" he asked, but his face looked a little funny.

"Lucy Morgan. You lied about her relationship with you in front of witnesses. If she wasn't too swell a woman she could sue you for libel or slander or whatever it is and stick you for plenty. Haven't you any consideration for other people's reputations at all?"

Alex blinked at me. "So that's why Morgan asked to buy up her contract. You told her?"

"Yes. And she has an offer from Marshall. I spoke to him about it. I think you'd better consider giving Lucy her contract. Besides collecting damages she can make you the most ridiculous figure in Hollywood. Imagine bragging about a thing like that—when it isn't true, even."

Alex had regained his usual disdainful composure.

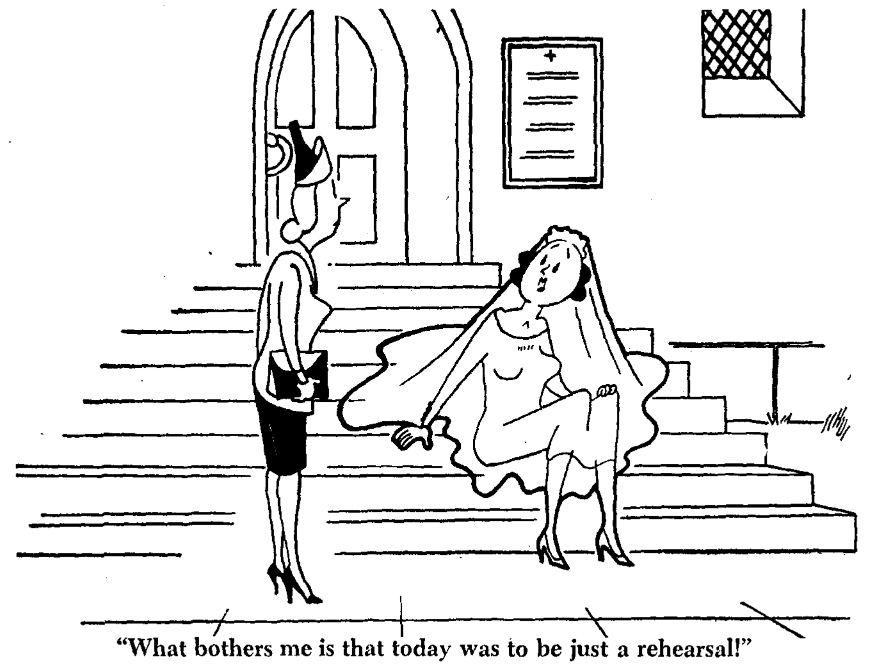
"I had a perfectly good reason for saying what I did. And I consider it pretty disloyal of you to reveal a confidential conversation I had with you to someone else."

"It wasn't so damned confidential with Daisy forced to listen to it."

"Daisy is my confidential secretary."

"Well, when I see her I'll ask her what she thinks of her job."

"Josh, I told you to stay away from



"What bothers me is that today was to be just a rehearsal!"

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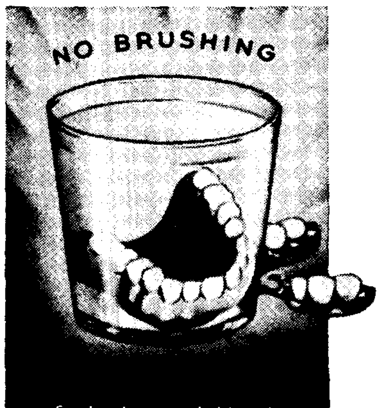

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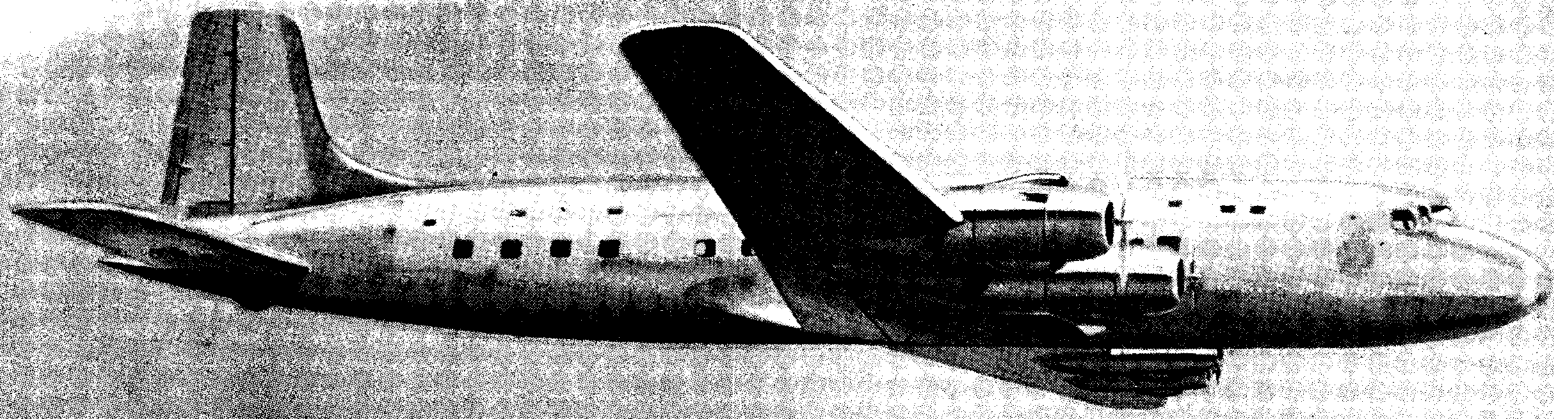

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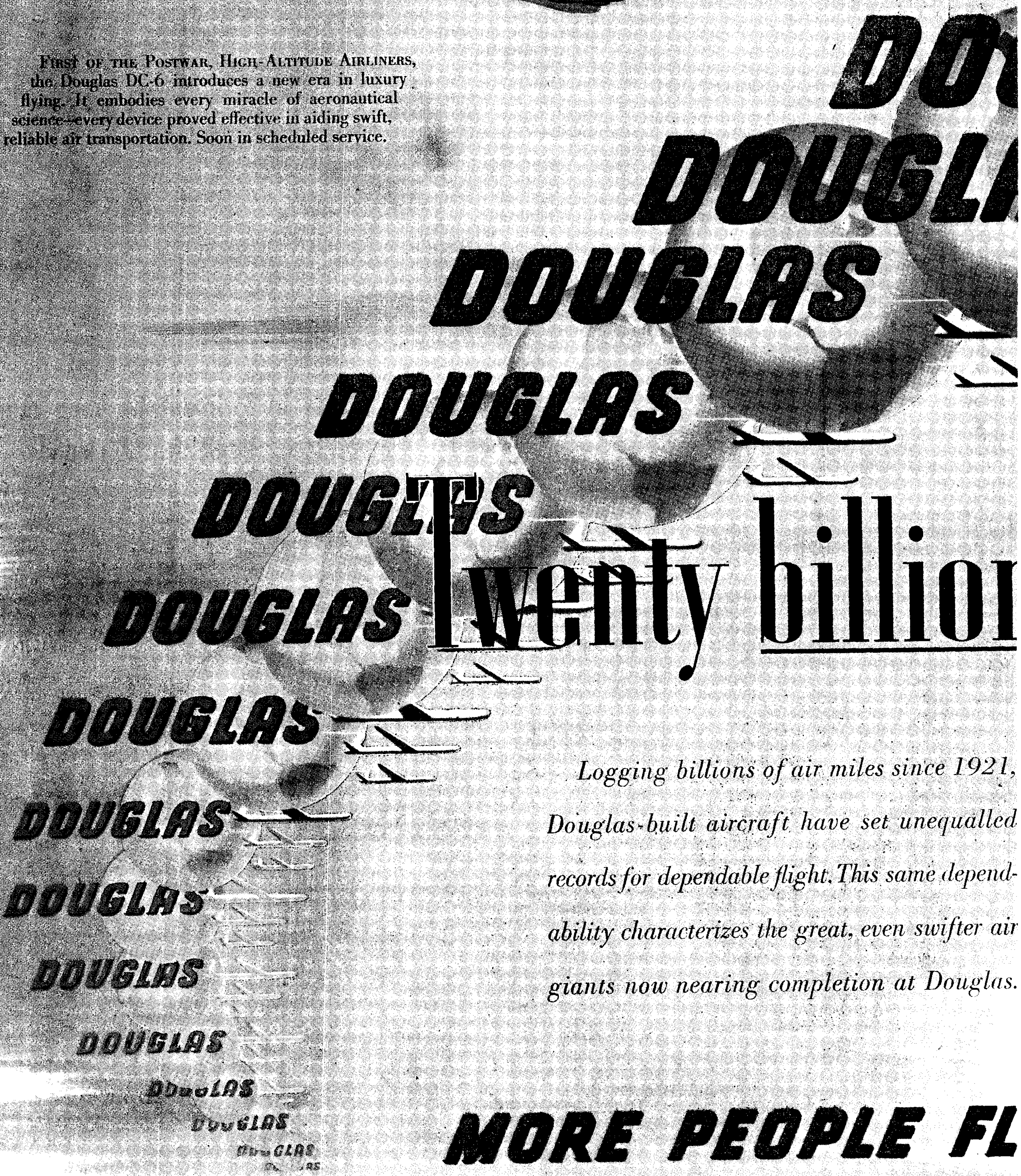
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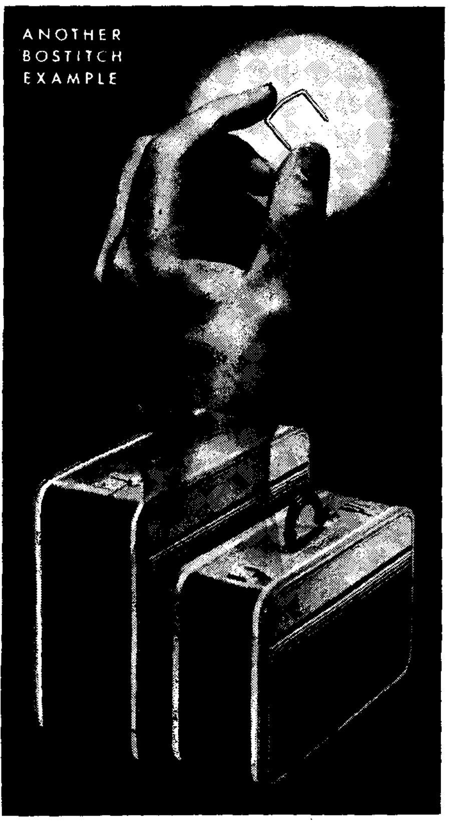

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Daisy, and I mean it," Alex said. "She's my employee and you're no longer working for me."

"Then I don't see what you can do about it outside of firing Daisy," I told him. "Maybe I can get *her* a job with Marshall, too."

"Get out of my library," he said, getting up.

"Gladly," I said, "but don't forget you asked me in, in the first place." I didn't slam the door as I left.

AFTER blowing my air horn I stepped out of the car under the stars and listened to the echo winging its way toward the San Fernando Hills. Then the crickets resumed their night music and I smelled the riot of scents from the hidden flowers all around Mrs. Hathaway's house in the Valley.

The front door opened and Mrs. Hathaway made a stout silhouette in front of the blaze of yellow light.

"Who is it?" she called. I heard a radio playing softly somewhere inside the house.

"It's Josh Hanley, Mom. Is Daisy home?" I asked, coming up on the wide wisteria-covered porch.

"For heaven's sake," Mrs. Hathaway said. "What are you doing way out here?"

"I came to see Daisy." I grinned. "Do you mind?" I leaned down and kissed her tanned cheek and caught the shrewd glance her sharp eyes gave me.

"Daisy's working," she said. "But don't let that stop you."

"I won't," I said. When we were inside the comfortable living room I could hear a typewriter through the open door to the little book-lined study.

"Since when are you and Daisy such friends?" Mrs. Hathaway asked.

"Who said we *were* friends?" I said as I walked toward the study. She stared after me thoughtfully.

Daisy was banging away completely absorbed with her work and hadn't heard me come up behind her.

"Don't tell me," I began, "that Alex has you working at home—" Then I noticed the chapter heading in the typewriter. It said The Hollywood Neuroses. I burst out laughing.

Daisy whirled. Quickly she pulled the sheet out of the machine and put it away in a drawer with a pile of other typewritten papers.

"I don't like people reading over my shoulder," she said, but she was grinning. She stood up and I saw that the sweater and slacks did not hurt her figure any. "What brought you out here?"

"What the devil is the Hollywood neurosis thing you're fooling with?"

"I'm not fooling," she said, still smiling. "When Hanson and Meade publish it in September you can read it. If you have three dollars. What brought you to the Valley?"

I whistled.

"The secret life of Daisy Hathaway," I said. "Sounds like an exposé of the movie industry. Does Alex know that you do this sort of thing?"

"No. Will you please answer my question, Josh?" She was getting impatient.

"What question? Oh . . . I came to take you for a drive."

"I ought to keep working," she said, doubtfully.

"I have a lot of news to tell you, Daisy," I coaxed. "You started me on this life of crime. Come on for a drive with me and I'll give you a complete report."

"All right," she laughed. "I forgot about that."

"Forgot?" I said, looking tragic. "You're only responsible for a small-sized revolution. I'm beginning to think Alex is right about women—"

"Oh, shut up," she said. "I'll get my coat."

While Daisy ran upstairs to get her coat, Mrs. Hathaway put down the newspaper she was reading and surveyed me.

"What are you two kids up to?" she asked curiously.

"Now, Mom," I said, "don't worry. I'll bring her back safe and sound."

She snorted disdainfully.

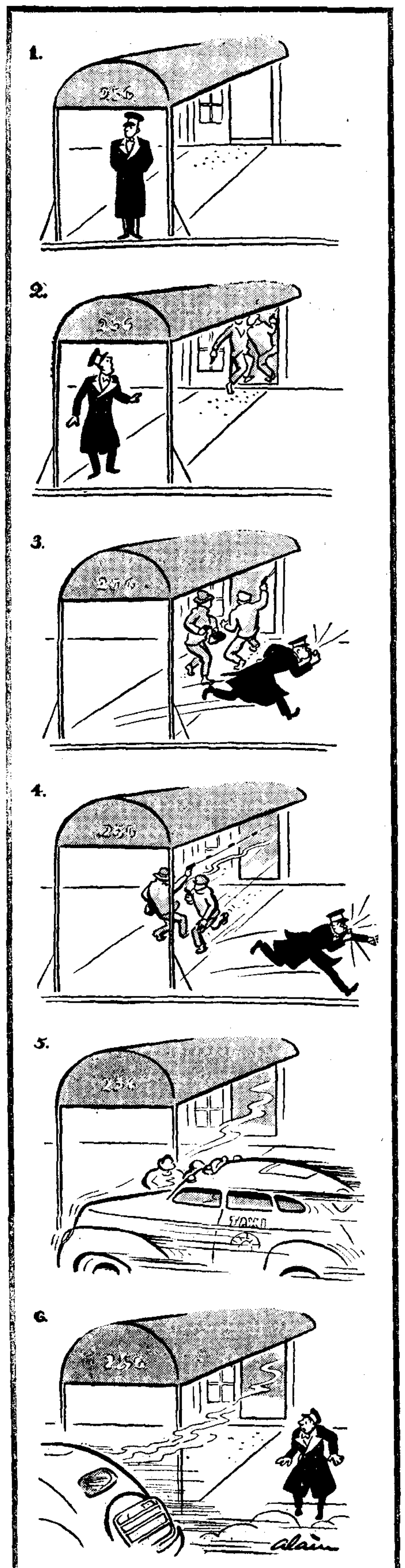
"I'm not worried about *Daisy,*" she said, as though she knew exactly what she was talking about.

"Thanks for the warning," I said.

"What warning?" It was Daisy coming downstairs with a lightweight navy-blue topcoat over her shoulders and a cute little beret perched on top of her black hair.

"Your mother thinks you're a subversive character," I told her. "A dangerous intellectual, undermining the structure of society."

"Nonsense," Daisy said, "the elder Hathaway is on the side of the economic royalists. Every time one of her precious stocks goes down a point she blames it on *my* social viewpoint."



COLLIER'S DANIEL ALAIN

"It's true," Mrs. Hathaway protested. "I don't know what's got into the youngsters of today. All the wild radical ideas they read—"

"Look at that pile of newspapers on the sofa," Daisy retorted. "Do you think she ever reads the front page to see what's going on in the world? They could print only the financial page and Mother'd never know the difference."

"I can't help it," Mrs. Hathaway said. "The financial page is romance and adventure to me. Meat and drink. You ought to be more concerned with it yourself, Daisy. Someday all my stocks and bonds will go to you and you won't know a thing about them. Not a thing."

Daisy laughed.

"Mother had to have her scissors sharpened again last week. She's been clipping too many coupons. I'll bet she's made more money with her romantic pastime than Alex Hanley has in the movie industry."

"Don't you say anything against Alex," Mrs. Hathaway said. "The salary and bonuses he paid me gave you your education, such as it is, and helped me make the money we have today. It's men like Alex who've made this country . . ."

"Come on, Josh," Daisy said, "before we get into an argument on private enterprise. Mother should have been a Wall Street operator."

"That's not as funny as you think," Mrs. Hathaway yelled after us as we went out on the porch. She came and stood in the yellow light of the doorway again and we called good night as we got in the car. I drove south on Sepulveda Boulevard and headed for Cold Water Canyon Drive. Daisy was sitting sideways, facing me, with her legs curled up under her on the seat.

"Well, start talking," she said. "How did the test come out?"

I told her all about the test and how Lucy had helped me, and about the picture I was going to make. We were in Cold Water Canyon when I finally said what I had been trying to figure out all the way to Daisy's house.

"To tell you the truth, Daisy," I said, "I find I'm not terribly happy about it."

She shrugged.

"You got what you wanted," she said; "that's what's supposed to make people happy. Or can't you make up your mind *what* you want?"

"I didn't particularly want to do a satire of Alex in my first film—"

Daisy patted my hand.

"I know," she said. "I know what you mean. But, Josh, it's not your fault you photograph like your father and have the same kind of voice."

"Maybe not," I said, "but the whole thing is beginning to seem rather silly. I don't want to go on being Alex for the rest of my life. And I don't like the idea of being Marshall's stooge for five, maybe ten years."

I SAW a place on the highway ahead where the shoulder of the road had been widened out for cars to park. I slowed down and pulled the car over to the low stone wall of the embankment that overlooked the valley below. It was a beautiful spot.

"Look, Josh," Daisy said, "you're not Alex and you never will be. Maybe this is kind of an odd start but you're young and you'll develop if you're any good at all. Marshall's probably no worse to work for than any other producer."

"Yeah," I said, "but he has a deep grudge and he wouldn't hesitate to use me to make Alex look ridiculous. The whole thing isn't serious. It's just another Hollywood gag."

"Don't let it be a gag," Daisy said, impatiently. "Haven't you any guts? Can't you speak up for yourself?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, for heaven's sake . . . you ought to know a lot about pictures. You've worked around the studio long enough; you've cut enough pictures."

"I didn't know about the test," I said gloomily. "I thought it was terrible, but George Blaine told me afterward that it was really a terrific scene."

"Oh, that's different," Daisy said. "You were too excited seeing yourself for the first time and all, and worrying about Marshall's reaction. You'd hardly know what was going on at a time like that. I'll bet you felt the same way when you drove a car for your operator's test."

I laughed and put my arm around Daisy.

"You're wonderful," I said. And I really meant it. Daisy didn't seem to mind my arm and it felt good there and it was a good night, with the sky clear and the stars all out and a very big moon—one of those still, breathless nights that make being with a girl just right.

"The only people who are happy," Daisy said slowly, "are the people who know what they want to do and try doing it. Even if you never make it, at least you have the satisfaction of knowing you're going in the direction you picked out. I hate an aimless life," Daisy went on. "Of course, a lot of it is determined by environment and education, but, my God, they don't have to take . . . mmm . . . mmmmmmm."

I had my mouth on hers. It tingled. It also felt wonderful.

SHE didn't seem upset when I let her go. As a matter of fact she had forgotten to let go of my arms.

"Why did you do that?" she asked.

I grinned.

"Because I wanted to," I said. "Did you mind?"

She looked at me.

"It didn't kill me," she said. I was rather pleased. There was something uncomplicated about Daisy. It was refreshing.

"What do you want, Daisy? I mean what do *you* want to do with your life?"

"I want to be a good writer. Women like to talk a lot," she went on. "Me too. I'm no different, but I have an urge to put it on paper, to make it say something I believe in."

"What about your job—at the studio?" I asked.

"Oh, I only took that to get the material for my book."

"You really believe in what you say, don't you? You're pretty ruthless about it?"

"Maybe it's because you want to be an actor," Daisy said; "maybe that's why you make everything sound so dramatic. I'm not ruthless." She paused. "If people are aimless and useless and full of ethics which they use as excuses for not doing anything—they're called charming. If you happen to have a kind of—a *line* to your life, people call you ruthless. It's silly. A lot of charming, aimless people are really deadly in the harm they cause with their negative philosophy. But never mind talking about that. What I'm talking about is just plain common sense. Marshall and your father are ruthless even when they don't need to be. You have to be strong to fight them at all. You have to know exactly what *you* want and keep your eye on that, or they'll destroy you. There's nothing wrong with being *that* strong, Josh. You don't have to hurt anybody, just keep your eye on your own ball, that's all."

"You're right, I guess," I said. It sounded okay to me. Sensible. "Anyway, I can try. I guess trying is what really matters. But Marshall's a pretty tough nut to crack. He holds all the aces along with my contract."

"You got out from under Alex' thumb, didn't you?"

I laughed.

"With your help," I said. "You think I can handle Marshall the same way?"

"Why not?" Daisy said. "You've got brains, I hope. Use them."

I did. I kissed Daisy again.

"I don't know what direction this is leading to, Daisy," I said a few moments later. "I just wanted to kiss you, that's all."

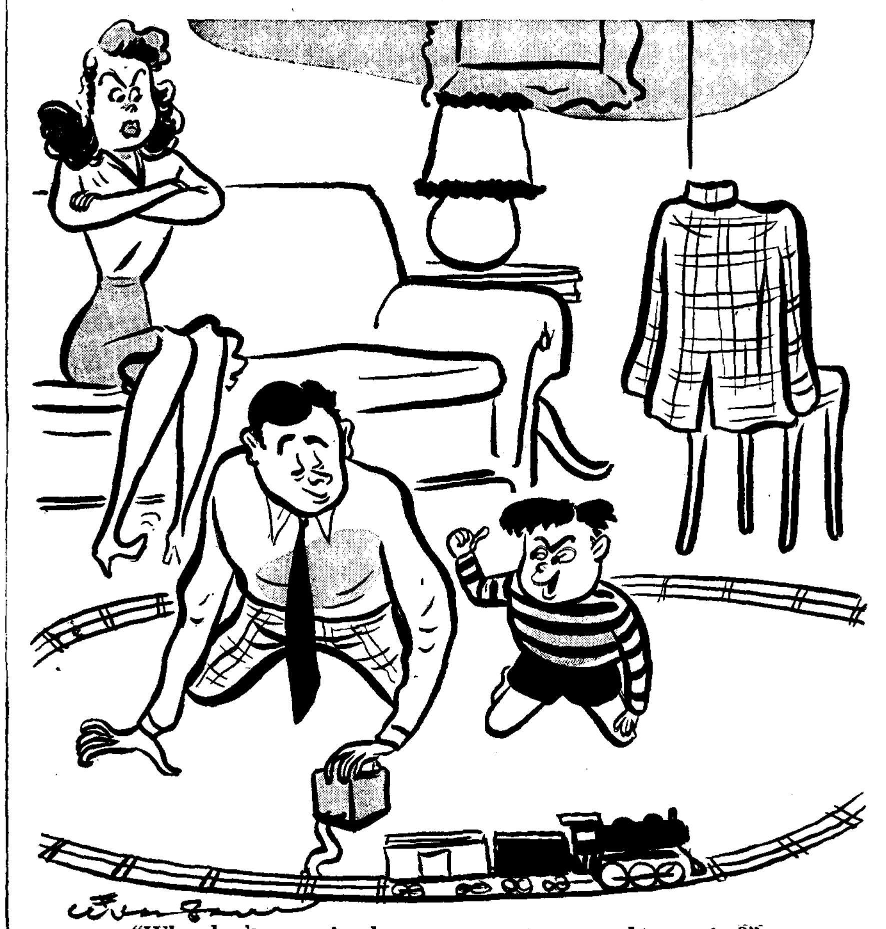
"Don't be silly," Daisy said; "I wanted you to."

I was surprised to hear her admit it.

"It's kind of aimless though, isn't it?" I grinned maliciously.

"About as aimless as a chocolate soda," she agreed, "but a lot more fun."

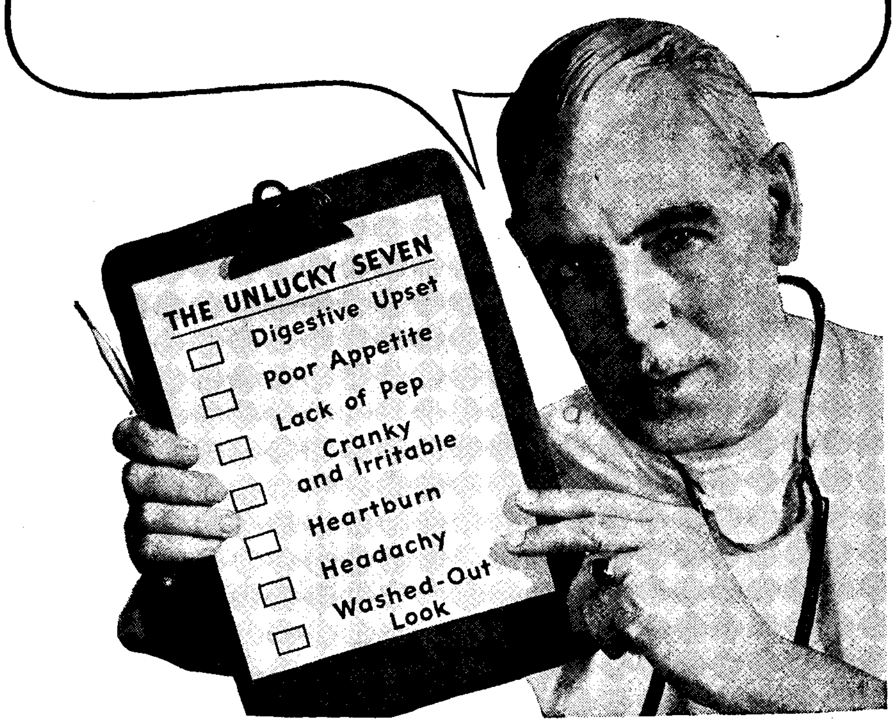
I was delighted with this girl. We held



"Why don't you give her a quarter to go to the movies?"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

WHICH OF THESE SEVEN SYMPTOMS DO YOU HAVE?



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hands like a couple of kids and talked about movies and plays and books. About writing and writers and ideas. We got along fine, laughed a lot, and found our interests remarkably similar. She had me beat on the fierceness of her integrity and the intensity of her social viewpoint, and I must admit I was a little in awe of what I took to be a first-rate mind. But in general we found ourselves easy with each other and I couldn't remember having had such a wonderful evening in all my life.

It was during one of our moments of silence that I noticed I was smoothing my thumb over the back of her hand, and feeling very possessive.

"Would you be my girl, Daisy?" I asked her suddenly.

"What's your direction now, chum?" she asked, grinning.

I guess I got red. Because I had that in mind, too. Daisy had a slow, insinuating kind of sex appeal that wasn't too obvious, but it was simmering inside her all right.

"I'm not sure yet," I said. "I don't know, Daisy, but I think I could fall in love with you. But maybe I'm just like any other guy trying to make a girl."

"Maybe you are," Daisy said softly. "I wouldn't know, either. I don't think it's important. You're fun to talk to, Josh, and I liked kissing you."

"We could go along and see what happens," I said hesitantly.

"Uh-huh," Daisy said, "we could." She smiled at me and there was a nice, level look in her eyes. Then I couldn't see them because I was kissing her again.

DAISY and I saw a lot of each other. I would have liked it to have been every night, but she had her work and she guarded her time jealously. She said she was my girl, and Mrs. Hathaway began to get the idea after the next few calls I made at the house, but once she took me aside.

"I tried to warn you about Daisy," she said, "that first night you took her out, Joshua. But you're too much of a young buck these days to listen. Now I'll tell you plainly. Daisy is nobody's girl but her own, and if you're serious about her I feel sorry for you, unless you measure up to what *she* wants."

There was that old business about knowing what you want. I must confess it was beginning to scare me; and Mrs. Hathaway was no help.

"Daisy's father was like Daisy," Mrs. Hathaway went on. "God knows why I ever married a wild man like that who was out to change the world with only his bare hands and that angry mouth of his—except that I fell in love with him. I think he was a fool, but he was tough enough and strong enough, and he could talk a person deaf, dumb and blind with the most wonderful language you ever heard. I think he used to hypnotize me.

"Anyway, I suppose being in love with him and being afraid of him made me sort of respect him. But that crazy heart of his gave out one day and I had to go to work and support myself and bring up Daisy." She paused, as though trying to think what she'd been talking about. "Anyway," she said in a resigned voice, "I did the best I could for that girl. But she's like her father. She's a strong-willed girl, Josh. Nobody will ever own her. You'll never possess her, just as I never possessed her father . . ."

"Nobody," I said, "needs to possess anybody. I mean—"

Mrs. Hathaway's exclamation stopped me.

"Now you're beginning to talk just like Daisy," she said impatiently. "That's all very nice in theory, but it's not so in practice. But you'll see. I love Daisy, but I pity the man who gets her for a wife."

"She knows what she wants," I said, "and she's trying to get it. That's more than most people do."

"I don't like the way she got you to break with Alex. Oh, he told me all about it." Mrs. Hathaway shook her head. "It isn't right that a son should—"

"Listen," I said, "I just didn't want the kind of life Alex had planned for me. Maybe it'll turn out to be a mistake but being a puppet while somebody else pulls the strings isn't a healthy life for anybody."

"You're too young to know what you really want," Mrs. Hathaway said. "Someday you'll be sorry, Josh. You're breaking Alex' heart."

I laughed.

"That stone he carries around in his chest?"

"You and Daisy are the ones with stony hearts." Her voice was angry. "All right, marry Daisy. It will serve you right."

"I didn't say I was going to marry her," I said.

She stared at me. When she spoke, her voice was scornful.

"You will if she wants you to," she said. . . .

It was about four weeks after my screen test that we began shooting the picture. The first day I kept my mouth shut and did what I was told. But something didn't seem right about the way things were going. The director was Pestkauer, an Austrian whose English wasn't too clear, but who had a terrific reputation for sophisticated comedy. Harry Kingman, who had been only a short-subject writer, had refused to sell the script of The Midas Touch unless he was allowed to do the shooting script himself. He had a logical self-interest in making this, his first long effort, a fine motion picture. It was his big chance. He had done a fine, literate job. The script was packed with conflict and emotional tension from the opening to the final fade-out. Kingman had taken the original play apart and made a timely, hard-punching modern screen adaptation of it. Both Kingman and I began to kid each other about winning an Oscar.

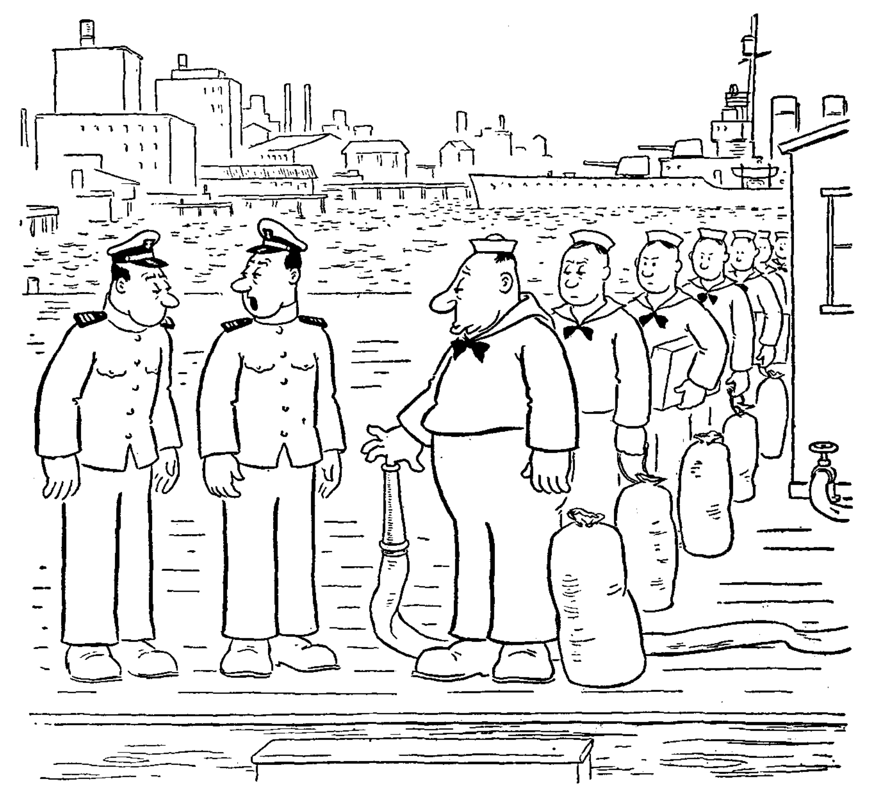
At the lunch break on the second day's shooting, Kingman grabbed me coming off the set. He was pretty excited. He told me the projectionist was a pal of his and had promised to run off our first day's rushes as soon as they came in from the lab, if we wanted to see them before the regular screening for the studio executives.

We almost ran on our way over to the projection room, and my knees were so weak I was afraid I'd stumble before we got there and fall flat on my face. My stomach didn't want to come along at all.

I had an ominous feeling when the lights doused out and the first take on the schedule board flashed upon the screen. I held on to the arms of the seat with sweaty hands. Ten minutes later the lights came on again and Kingman and I looked at each other with dismay.

THE Midas Touch, as the Austrian saw it, was going to be a farce comedy. Pestkauer was a genius. There was no doubt about that. How he had subtly managed to put his trade mark of sophisticated farce on the film was something no other director had ever been able to imitate. Perhaps it was something even Pestkauer couldn't do anything about. But this time it didn't belong there. I felt a little sick.

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Just when they're all discharged and ready to start home, Alfred has to see if his finger would go in the end of the firehose."

COLLIER'S

Kingman's face was white when we got outside. His hand trembled trying to light a cigarette. He took one quick drag and threw the cigarette away. It was a gesture of defeat, as though the cigarette represented the short life and quick death of his first decent break.

"What are we going to do?" he asked unhappily.

"We're going to see Marshall," I said, trying to control the fury in my voice. "Right now!" I grabbed his arm and pulled him along toward Marshall's office.

"We're just punks," Kingman said bitterly. "Pestkauer's an important guy. Marshall will back him all the way."

I knew that I'd get no help from Kingman. He had an inferiority complex from doing too many two-reelers, and had too much phony respect for big shots and studio authority. He'd been kicked around for so many years he was used to genuflecting with bated breath every time Marshall's name was mentioned. I couldn't afford the humility. The Midas Touch had to be good or I'd be less than a punk. I'd be a bum without a job.

(To be concluded next week)

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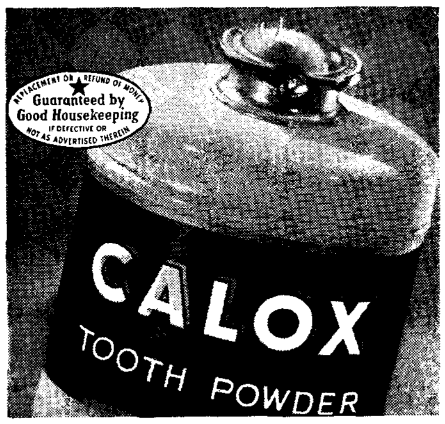
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BASEBALL'S WHODUNIT

Continued from page 18

Navy," remarked a reporter. "Who'll play first this year?"

Bondy shrugged his shoulders. If baseball was closing down, he said, he wouldn't pay $5,000 for a $50,000 player.

A shortstop, two third basemen and an outfielder stumbled around first base at the Polo Grounds that year, but nary a first-sacker. Baseball survived. The Giants died a thousand deaths, finished last.

That September, as his patched-up pygmies tumbled downstairs, Horace flew to Pittsburgh and summoned newsmen. All through the night, he poured beer and talked. "It isn't Ottie's fault," he said. "He'll be a Giant the rest of his days and mine. And so will Carl Hubbell. Why, if I ever traded, sold or fired them, I'd be ashamed to face my mother and kids. Hub's my farm chief. I'm giving Ott a three-year contract."

Eyes misty with tears, Horace watched the dawn come up over the Monongahela. He pledged his all to the McGraw tradition. Taxes and loss of revenue were then baseball problems. Only luck and baseball acumen could save the day.

Luck has done its share. The Giants are solvent today. But their prestige is buried beneath the Polo Grounds turf.

No one questions Horace's sincere devotion to his Giants. From his office window he watches many a game, suffering the agonies of the damned as they lose, lose, lose. Then he goes out and makes a trade.

A Flock of High-Priced Turkeys

As a trader, Horace Stoneham has to contend with fifteen David Harums. Sam Breadon, Cardinal president, has a habit of trading farm-chain oddments with the gall of a Hindu peddling the "Rajah's jewels" in a Bombay bazaar. Such Card discards as sore-heeled Bill McGee, Joe Bowman, Joe Orengo, Tom Sunkel and Jim Mallory have turned up in Giant uniforms. Last year Horace handed Breadon $175,000 for Walker Cooper, who was hurt most of the season and of little use to the club. There are experts who feel that Cooper was past his peak when the Giants bought him. They maintain that with Lombardi, Kluttz and Warren, the Giants had an acceptable catching staff and should have used the $175,000 for pitchers, which they badly needed.

Orengo, a featherweight hitter, figured in an odd shuffle. Desperate for a first baseman late in '43, Horace traded two pitchers for Dolph Camilli without asking Dolph if he would report. The homesick old Dodger hero thumbed his nose at the Polo Grounds. It was either Brooklyn for him or his California ranch. He chose the ranch.

Horace discovered that he had been shortchanged. To Rickey he complained: "I gave you two men for nothing."

"I'll have to admit that there's a discrepancy somewhere," Rickey agreed. He puffed on a thick cigar. "Suppose I let you have one of the best pitchers in baseball."

"Who?"

"None other than Johnny Allen!"

Horace took Allen.

"Fine," Rickey said, "and would you mind tossing in a chap who means nothing to you . . . Joe Orengo?"

Rickey sent Orengo to St. Paul for a 19-year-old stylish-fielding first baseman, Howie Schultz. Howie is still an important player in the Dodger machine. Allen, after an indifferent year, decided to spend his summers digging potatoes on his Carolina farm.

Reliable postwar outfielders were a dime a dozen last spring except on the Giant roster. General Manager Herb Pennock of the Phillies offered Vince, eldest of the DiMaggios. "I'm short of catchers," Pennock told Horace. "I'd like that kid of yours, Clyde Kluttz."

The deal was made. A few hours later, Kluttz went to St. Louis, and Emil Verban of the Cardinals plugged a wide gap in the Phillies' infield. DiMaggio made no hits for the Giants in 22 times at bat and was handed a one-way ticket to San Francisco. Giant outfielders continued to flail the air and catch flies on their heads.

A telephone tinkled in Horace's office. "Too bad about DiMaggio," cooed Branch Rickey. "Could you use two hard-hitting outfielders, son?"

For $25,000, Goody Rosen and Jack Graham became Giants. Rosen was back in the minors before autumn's leaves fell. Graham batted .228, between times dropping flies like hot ingots.

Much of today's Giant misery may be traced to a stormy May night in St. Louis two years ago. The team had bulled ahead to a surprising early lead in the pennant race. Bill Voiselle, a 21-game winner in '44, had accumulated a new six-game streak, hurling every four days.

Wind swept over Sportsman's Park as the ninth began, the Giants leading 1-0. With a Card on base, Voiselle blazed two strikes past Johnny Hopp. Then he reared back, bulleted another fast ball. It soared high and outside. Hopp leaned forward, caught it on the end of his bat for a three-bagger. The score was tied. Then it rained. When play was resumed, Hopp scored. Through clenched teeth, Mel Ott muttered: "I'd 'a' given five grand to win that one!"

Later, the vexed manager confronted Voiselle. "Didn't I order you not to throw a strike with the count 2 and 0 on the batter?" he demanded. In the McGraw tradition, he stung Voiselle with a tongue-lashing. "And you're fined five hundred!" he concluded.

Players eating in a hotel restaurant later were approached by a reporter. "What do you boys think about that five-hundred-dollar rap?" he inquired.

Three Giants pushed back their chairs, one rose. "Do you mean to say Ott told you that?" he exclaimed.

"Sure . . . he called us into a press conference just now . . ."

The player turned to Voiselle, who had not heard the dialogue because he is deaf. "Bill," he said, "that fine was too steep, but it was between you and Ott. But now that everyone knows, we'll back you to the hilt!"

Torn by dissension, the Giants tottered dizzily into fifth place. Ott remitted Voiselle's fine, but the damage had been done. To still criticism, Horace Stoneham tore up Ott's three-year contract and handed him another for a five-year term.

The '45 Giants were divided into Skeeters, Old-Timers and Two-Timers. Skeeters hailed from Jersey City, the Giants' sole A.A.A. farm club, where Mayor Frank Hague's partisans were in open revolt against a perpetually tail-end team. Most Skeeters were nice boys painfully unprepared for hazardous life in the big leagues.

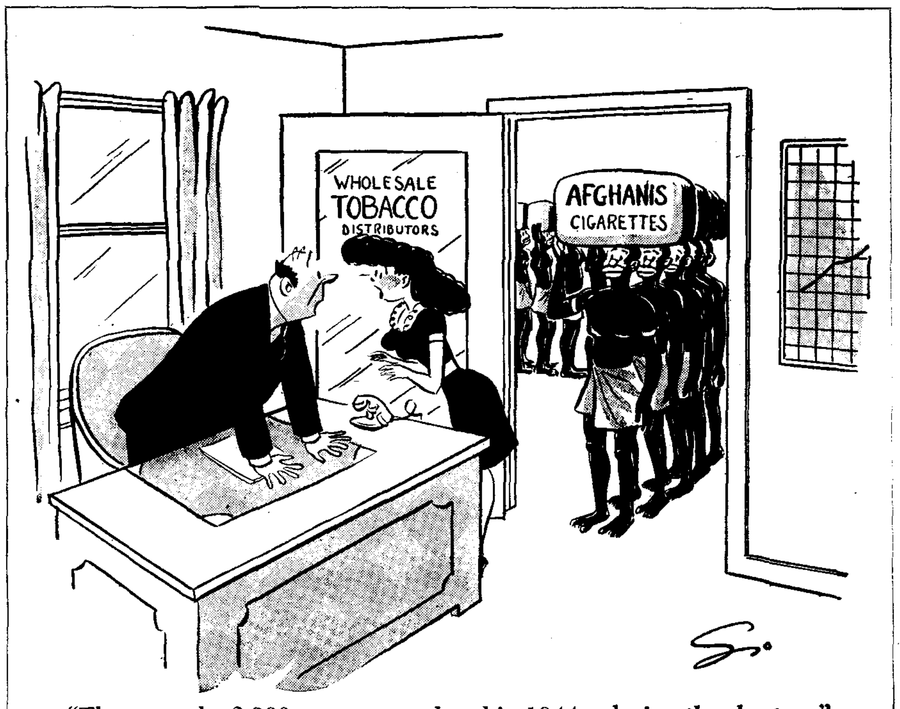
Old-Timers formed a clique of "guys who once had it." One-time stellar pitchers such as Johnny Allen and Van Lingle Mungo toiled manfully as Joe Medwick, Ernie Lombardi, Dick Bartell and other All-Stars of 1935 vainly tried to recapture the speed and savvy of youth.

Bartell and Phil Weintraub belonged to the Two-Timers' Club, an exclusive organization of Giants whom Horace had traded away, then reclaimed as older, slower carbon copies of their former selves.

Curious baseball fauna crept in and out of the line-up. Totem-pole Johnny Gee's sore arm hadn't thrown a ball in three years. Bruce Sloan was too fat to catch fly balls. Danny Gardella caught flies on his chest, elbows and shins. But Danny won a large following by hitting homers. Despite his fondness for horror stories, practical jokes and Chopin, he blasted 18 four-masters into the near-by right-field stands.

Even before the Giants met for spring training at Miami last February, Danny had become a problem child. The loquacious Italian-American had labored for $4,000 in '45, gaining an $800 bonus as his Bronx compatriots cheered him on. Horace was again offering him $4,800, not one cent more or less. Danny retorted that he could earn as much by melting fat off buxom Bronx matrons in his private gymnasium. Moreover, someone by the name of Walker Cooper had signed for $30,000. And who was Walker Cooper? Could he hit 18 home runs?

Traveling at his own expense, Danny



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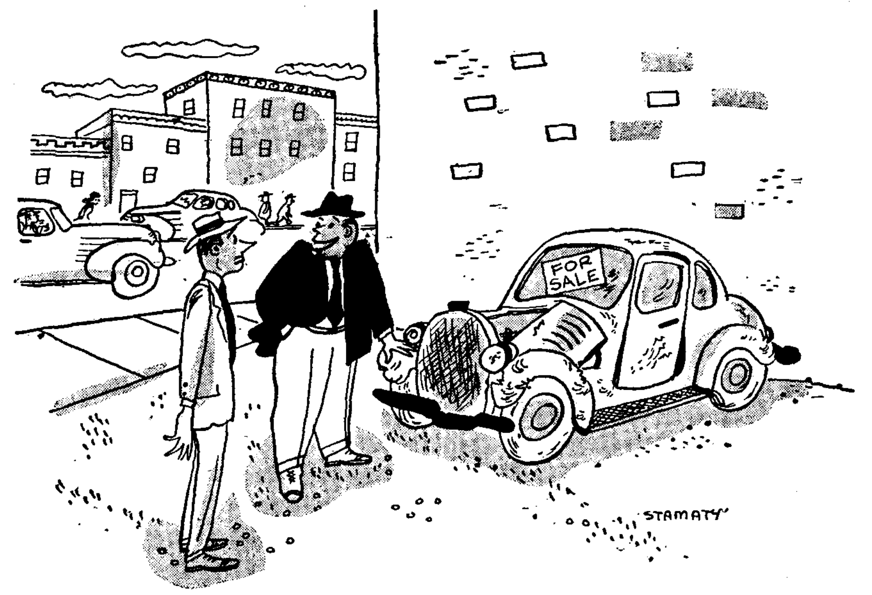


"—and now don't forget the savings on insurance. Nobody would sell you any"

COLLIER'S STAMATY

reported at the Venetian Hotel, Miami. "You can't eat on expense account until you sign on the dotted line," warned Edward Aloysius McGonigle Brannick, Giant road secretary and onetime page boy to John J. McGraw. But Danny was hungry, so he later invaded the Venetian's lobby.

After Danny had eaten he again spoke to Brannick about expenses. Words were exchanged as Danny protested in three languages, Italian, English and profane. Brannick replied in one: "Get out of here and stay out."

About that time an agent of the Pasquel brothers came along. Mexico had declared baseball war on the United States. Coach Adolph Luque, Third Baseman Napoleon Reyes and Rookie Pitcher Adrian Zabala had already escaped from Giant bondage to below the Rio Grande.

The Hand of Señor Pasquel

Now Danny told all and sundry that he had succumbed to Mexican gold. At high noon a few days later, Mel Ott stalked into the club's dressing room. Red-faced, he demanded: "Who's been talking to those Mexican spies? I want to know!" He polled the players.

Three hands shot into the air.

"Turn in your uniforms!" Ott ordered. It was unprecedented in baseball history, because player contracts represent a cash value. George Hausmann had appeared in all 154 games in '45, making 174 hits for a .279 average. Roy Zimmerman, the International League's home-run champion, had cost $25,000. Skeeter recruit Sal Maglie's 2.36 earned-run average was the best on the Giants' pitching staff.

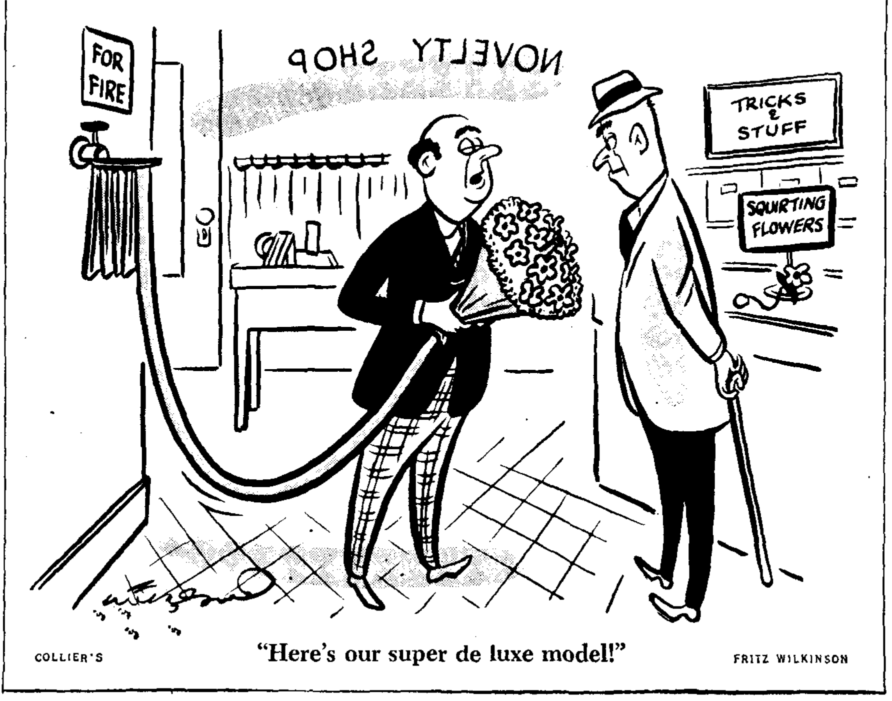
Horace had offered Hausmann $8,000, Zimmerman $6,000, Maglie $4,500. The Mexicans countered with $13,000, a $5,000 bonus and $1,000 expenses, paid in American dollars. The trio quickly departed for south of the border. A few weeks later Relief Hurler Ace Adams and Starter Harry Feldman joined them.

After these defections, the Giants sank slowly, settling gently on the bottom. Ten thousand New York fans shielded their eyes in horror in mid-September as the hated Dodgers, who had trampled on the Giants all season, kicked them again in the final encounter between the two teams. Giant fielders dropped pop-ups, hitters went blind. Eight Dodgers stole bases, and baby-faced Pete Reiser nabbed second, third and home.

Polo Grounds crowds dwindled to 4,000 at the last night game. For the first time in an honorable career, Mel Ott was put on the pan.

McGraw's little boy had once been everybody's baby, a star at 17, a titan at 25. Mild to the point of shyness, interviewers seldom analyzed him with the ruthless objectivity leveled at other diamond celebrities. Besides, he slugged a lot of home runs.

Now his record as the Child Prodigy of Baseball was something for the books. No longer could he hit, run, field, throw. Could he manage? The answer was not an easy one to approach because of Ott's great popularity and because of his



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modesty and his inclination to remain silent in the face of criticism—or even when his viewpoint was sought, as the writer has sought it. Furthermore, major-league players seldom voice complaints about their bosses. Now, Giants frankly approached newspapermen.

"Mr. Ott could do everything right in his day," said a youngster. "Now he can't understand that he was the only Mel Ott in history. We average players'd do better if our manager'd teach us, instead of scolding us. We get hot under the collar when he bawls us out on the bench or in the dressing room."

Beefed a veteran: "A manager should be friend and father confessor to his players. Mel's too close to Horace Stoneham. He sees us not as individuals, but as a team, his team and Horace's."

An Old-Timer rebelled when Ott fined him $25 for failing to throw the ball to the infield after catching a fly. "I did the best I could," he asserted. "Maybe I made a mistake of judgment."

He tried to organize his teammates against Ott's penalty system. He was traded forthwith.

A former Giant, now in retirement, added to the chorus: "During batting practice a fast curve hit me on the elbow. My wrist swelled up.

"Ott told me to play, however. I couldn't grip a bat, fanned with the bags full. I tried to throw and lobbed. He benched me in the fifth, publicly berated me. After the game, I was having my arm treated by a diathermic machine. He tapped me on the shoulder. 'I've played with banged-up arms and a knee as big as a muskmelon!' he shouted. 'I won't stand for any of my men jaking on me!' I wasn't laying down; I just couldn't play. I was glad to get away from the Giants."

Said another ex-Giant: "I was beaned a few years back. I had a bad season—who wouldn't when he was dizzy half the time? I recovered but the Giants didn't care. They cut my salary in half. I told 'em I'd rather quit to play on my hometown semipro outfit. They released me." The veteran caught on with another club, displaying all his old ability.

Criticizes Field Strategy

A Two-Timer who had starred under Terry attacked Ott's field strategy: "He spent his baseball life in right field. He doesn't know infield defensive alignments—that's why we mess up so many cutoffs. He doesn't know how to handle pitchers—overworks winners until they lose their stuff, shunts others to the doghouse. His idea of a winning team is nine men who can hit the ball 'into the seats' as he did.

"Umpires ousted Mel no more than once or twice in his playing days. Now that he manages, he thinks he ought to rage around in the Durocher style every so often. He approaches the ump slowly, head down. He paws the earth with his toe, then builds himself up into a mad-on. To get anything out of umps, you gotta put the fear of God into 'em. They're wise to Mel—and so are we. . . ."

Rumors flew as '46 ended: Stoneham would sell his franchise. Stoneham would fire Ott or send him to the minors. Stoneham would hire a general manager to take over his own duties.

Stoneham did nothing of the sort. He stood pat.

Stoneham apparently has few financial worries. The National Exhibition Company, franchise holder, has been making money, although it owns no realty, not even the Polo Grounds, which it has leased for 99 years from the Coogan estate.

Pro football games, with an average 50,000 attendance last fall, pay 15 per cent of the gross to Horace. His dad permitted Colonel Jacob Ruppert to break a contract in 1922 only after the Yankee owner had agreed to split receipts on everything but baseball games played at Ruppert's Yankee Stadium. Horace reaped rich returns from the Louis-Conn fight and the Army-Notre Dame grid game.

Dodger fanatics jam the Polo Grounds annually for 11 scheduled games, yielding 30 per cent of the 1,248,733 attendance last season. Night games, an innovation to which Horace succumbed gradually, added another 24 per cent.

But how long will bad ball games continue to lure New Yorkers to Horace Stoneham's park? The question troubles other National Leaguers. Back in the 1930s, Cincinnati's Reds met many a pay roll with a five-figured check on a New York bank. Boston's Braves were in a sad plight in '41 until their first Polo Grounds week-end series.

"The postwar boom will end soon," commented a rival club official "Giant fans are already waking up The league may have to do something about it."

Idol of the Right-Field Fans

In the McGraw days, true Giant fans gathered out in Ottville. They cheered as their pink-cheeked idol lifted a leg to boost the ball over the right-field wall into their laps.

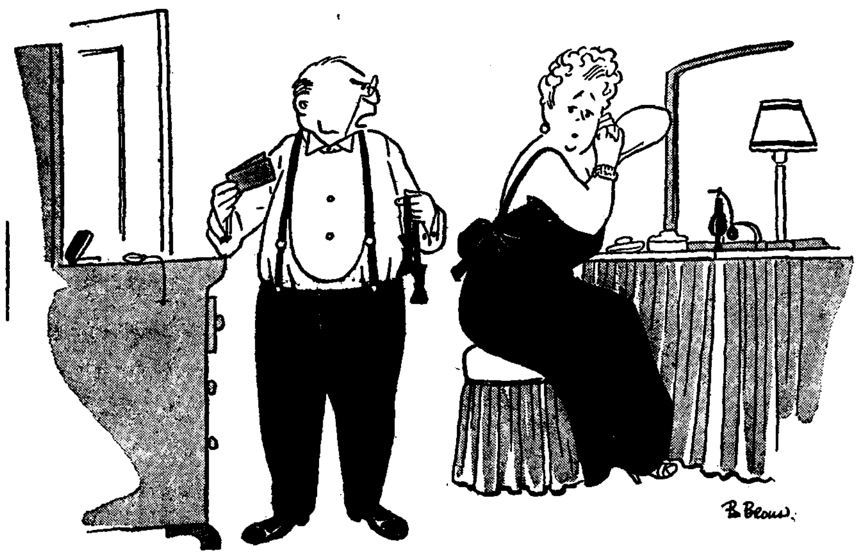
The Section 5 Club still meets daily in Ottville, but their Boy Wonder now sits on the bench. Once a year the old gang stages a banquet. Middle-aged McGravians, steeped in Giant lore, reminisce. They recall the woeful day when Fred Merkle forgot to touch second and a pennant slipped away. They boast about Larry Doyle's fielding and the speed of Frankie Frisch, the Fordham Flash.

In memory they replay games won by the peerless Matty's fadeaway, by Iron Man McGinnity's tireless arm, by the uncanny screwball of Carl Hubbell. They were Giants in those days.

Tall tales end on a monotonous note: "If old Jawn were here . . ."

"But McGraw isn't!" chirps an octogenarian, rubbing his fuzzy white chin. "'Tis revolvin' around in his grave he is as he sees what's happenin' to his boys today. . . ."

THE END



"Don't tell me they have an amusement tax on opera tickets!"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

CHESTNUTS IN BLOSSOM

Continued from page 15

Major Darcy studied the Racing Form and I could see he was very serious about all this so I was just quiet and looked nonchalantly at the *chevaux* and decided that the one with the sad eyes was going to get my money.

"I'll put twenty francs on Number 9," I said. (This was about eighty cents—the Chanel people had taught me the value of the franc.)

The major looked up, gazed critically at my horse and laughed. "You do amuse me," he said, which I thought was rather a quaint way of putting it. "Or do you want to throw your money away?"

"It's the American in me," I said. "We always go for the underdog."

Well, heigh-ho, this was certainly my day—Number 9 winning the race by a length, I think they said.

But it was in the next race, which it turned out was the big hurdle race of the season, that I really distinguished myself and proved once and for all that my theory was right which is "Statistics prove nothing, it's the human element and a good hunch every time."

Anyway, here we all were, down in the paddock again, gaping at the horses, scanning the Racing Forms, arguing volubly, grabbing sheets with the last-minute betting odds from small page boys who were selling them, burning up the horses with our looks as though we could find the answer to the race in their insides. And Major Darcy being very, very serious.

I had lost him for the moment and I knew it and was very, very quiet. It was such a pretty day—why all the worry? I wished I had brought some sugar along to feed the horses. Two were apparently favorites and it was they who were causing all the excitement. I watched them as they came around the ring and I felt awfully sorry for the six other poor beasts. Then my eye was caught by a great hulking creature, all shiny tan which they call chestnut, and he looked so sleepy and bored with the whole procedure that I laughed, and Major Darcy frowned and then looked up and smiled and asked:

"Well, Abracadabra, which is it this time?"

And I said, "That one over there with the migraine." And he laughed and looked again on the Form and said, "Copain," and he studied Copain's ancestry and owner and jockey and weight, and then looked again at the horse who seemed more dispirited than ever, and said, "Humph! Probably winded," which

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I didn't know whether it meant what I thought or not. Anyway I was feeling reckless by now, so I said:

"Put two hundred francs on Copain for me, please." And as he still seemed undecided between Roi D'Or and Reynard, the favorites, I said, "Oh, come on, take a chance on a long shot!" He looked at me steadily and said, "That's just what I am going to do. But it will be a girl, not a horse." And I felt very shy and thought: Gosh! If I should marry an Englishman! So you can see that I already had a dim idea. . . .

WELL, we went over and placed our bets, only he still put his money on Roi D'Or, and we scrambled to the top of the grandstand. He sort of put his arm around me and pushed me through the crowd, being very polite to the French people in French, which seemed to make everything all right and I could see they thought he was charming, too. And then he got out his field glasses and adjusted them and I could see his mind was on the race again, and I just thought about my green dress again and waited. And I thought to myself: Well, one thing about the English, one minute you've got 'em and the next minute you haven't.

And then a bugle blew and a man in fancy dress costume with white gloves opened a gate, and the eight horses with little jockeys hanging about their necks came out on the track and galloped away around to the far side of the track where you couldn't see them because there were so many people out there in the middle.

Major Darcy was looking very hard through the glasses and you could have heard a pin drop anywhere and then a roar went up from the crowd and the major said, "They're off!"

But, of course, I couldn't see anything yet, and then, sure enough, tearing around the bend they came and you could hear everybody screaming, "Roi D'Or! Reynard!" and two big horses went over a kind of high hedge and the others got over all right, too, only I couldn't tell which was Copain. And then everybody was quiet as death again and I shut my eyes because there just in front of us was a higher hedge with a wide pool of water beyond and I didn't want to see anything happen.

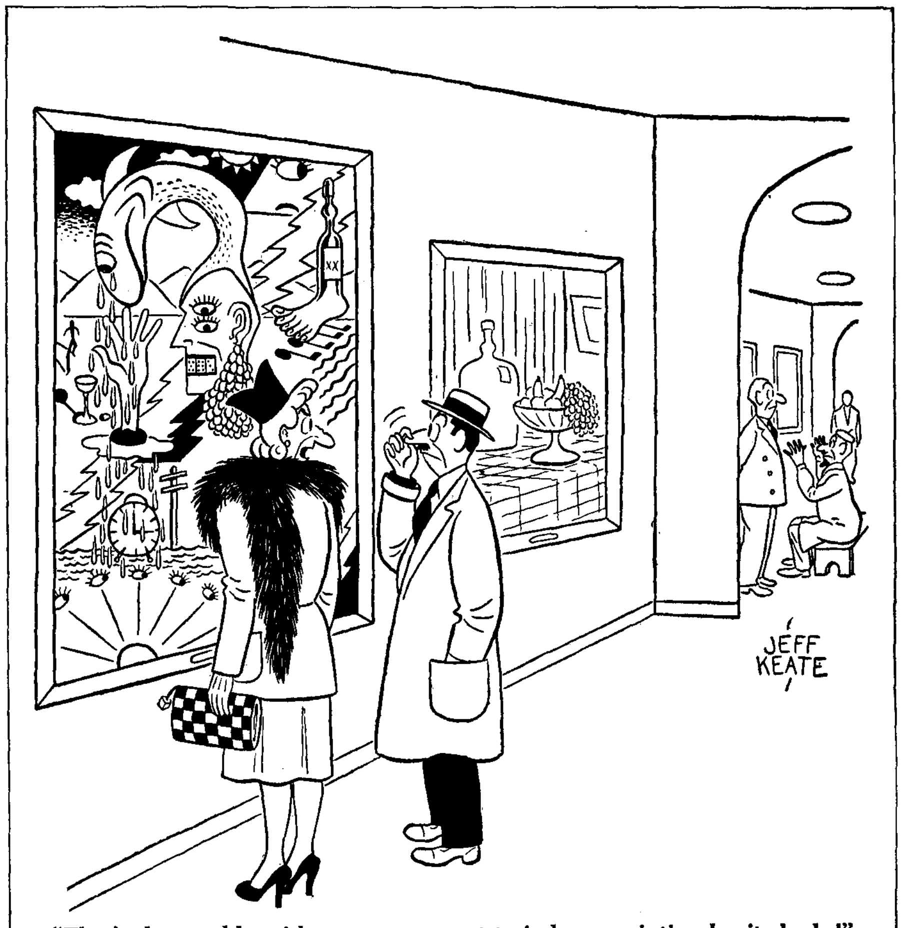
And then the crowd yelled, "Reynard! Roi D'Or!" in a frenzy and I opened my eyes and said, "Did you win?" and just at that moment two horses fell plop! in the water and rolled over and the jockeys were tossed out into the field and the crowd went "A-aw!" but that didn't stop anything because the other horses kept right on coming and went over all right just as though nothing had happened, and I could see that Copain was one of them. The major relaxed long enough to say out of the corner of his mouth, "Copain looks all right, but he won't be able to keep up the pace," and I remembered about the wind and wondered.

And then the horses were away again to the far side and you couldn't see anything, only the ambulance that went out on the field to pick up the injured jockeys and a couple of grooms that led off the horses that were loose. I thought I was going to be sick, when there was another "A-aw!" and I asked, "What's the matter now?" and the major said, "Two horses collided at the far jump—they're down."

But before I had time to feel sorry for them the crowd was on its feet again shouting, throwing hats, programs, and papers into the air, yelling, "Roi D'Or! Reynard!" Here came the two favorites, neck and neck, flying now, their jockeys up on their ears and I thought: What the heck's the saddle for? And then I saw Copain right behind them, streamed out all golden in the sun, and I began yelling myself.

They were all over the first hurdle all right, hoofs flying, the pretty green turf tossed angrily in the air behind them as they raced to the water jump. Roi D'Or went up first, Reynard just a split second after him. And then, just as Roi D'Or was landing on the far side his back legs kicked Reynard in the chest and Roi D'Or went over on his nose and Reynard fell plumb in the middle of the puddle, and everyone groaned "A-aaw!" and the plump gentleman beside me said, *"Quelle catastrophe! Quel désastre!"* and I screamed to Copain to stop in his tracks and not to get mixed up in the mess, but he just gathered himself together like a gentleman, took off at the side and whizzed through the air over brush, water, horses, jockeys and all.

And I guess I was too excited to know what happened after that. I just kept yelling, "Copain! Copain!" and finally he came tearing down the stretch to the post tossing his head as he ran before the grandstand, and I was crying and Major Darcy looked down at me and smiled and called me a "lucky little beggar" and some French people shouted, and one old lady kissed me on both cheeks and said, *"Vive L'Amérique!"* and I said, *"Vive La France!"* and then all the gang gathered around and shouted, "Janie! Janie!" Then we all went out to the *guichet* and I collected thousands and thousands of francs and decided to buy another dress from Chanel, and with luck like this I needn't worry about life.



"That's the trouble with you—you want to judge a painting by its looks!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

THE sun was down when we drove back through the Bois. Major Darcy was beside me and I was thinking how perfect it had all been and if days like this could just last forever. But if the major had looked serious at the races he was now positively glum and I said, "I'm sorry about the race," and he smiled kind of sadly and said, "It isn't the race, it's you." I could feel my heart hammering. "I know it sounds idiotic," he went on, "it *is* idiotic, but I've fallen desperately in love with you."

So much had happened that day that I expected my heart to jump right out of my mouth and land on the floor of the taxi, but I remembered what my mother had said: "Never let a man *see* that you're in love with him," so without looking at Major Darcy, I said:

"But you just met me today. Anyway, I'm sailing for America in two weeks."

"That's what *you* think," he said.

And just then the lovely old trees began to nod and a little silvery moon looked down and winked and Major Darcy was kissing me, and I expected the pink sky to fall right in over my head.

I CABLED my parents and Mother wrote: "I'm so happy for you, dear. The English are a sensible race who take long walks in the rain which is so much better than always relying on laxatives." And Father wrote: "We got rid of the British in 1776 and I'm still convinced they should stay on their side of the Atlantic and we on ours. Come home." No hands-across-the-sea about Father.

But three weeks later we were married and Mrs. Broadhurst was there with Kiki the Pekingese, and all the gang who were sailing for America the next day, and there was champagne and ice tinkling in glasses. . . .

And now it's spring again, and down here in the paddock at Havre de Grace, Malobar comes around to our side of the ring once more. And I lean on the fence and I speak to him: "Malobar, there once was a horse named Copain—" But my voice breaks with all that has gone away forever, like perfume escaped on the gale.

We place our bets and force our way through the crowds into the Jockey Club. The luncheon tables are deserted now, the champagne glasses empty. Everyone crowds out onto the veranda. The horses are just coming up to the post. Only the breeze stirs—They're off!

But Malobar runs a poor race—he is tired and folds practically at the first eighth. I don't see who wins; I really don't care. I must take some sugar down to Malobar, I am thinking.

The man beside me, distinguished, but somewhat portly and graying at the temples now, looks down at me and smiles.

"Your luck run out?" he asks.

"Only in horses, Major Darcy," I reply.

THE END

THE OLD MEN RUNNING FROM THE PARK

Continued from page 24

trees, seen from above, were curiously compact and neat. Long shadows fell across the lawns, and the paths and roadways appeared much more orderly and purposeful than they ever seemed from the ground. Rows of benches lined the paths, and men and women sat with their faces turned to the late-afternoon sun. Nursemaids wheeled baby carriages always into the sun; and the old men had their coats off and tilted their faces upward and into the west. Some had rolled up the legs of their trousers. Many were asleep.

Cumulus clouds, heavy and swelling, were building up over the park. Elizabeth had stood watching them grow until now they were dark and sulphurous, terraced and mounted with high balconies, their bases flat and thick, their pinnacles bright and beginning, now, to fan out into cold white anvils. Sunrays fell obliquely down, and the cloud structures had the canopied, pavilioned look of circus tents suspended in the summer air. The sky was darkening, and the wind against the curtains freshened, became gusty and erratic. Soon there would be a storm.

THE curtains blew in abruptly, and the door of the apartment slammed closed. Elizabeth did not turn from the window. She heard Vincent come into the front hall, but she pretended not to hear. Her hands became suddenly more sensitive to the soft texture of the curtains; the nerves of her body tightened, and she waited for Vincent to come to her—waited tensely, hearing the sounds he made behind her and listening for his steps to cross the sun-bright room.

His hands were on her shoulders, and he kissed her light hair.

"Hello, pretty."

"Hello, Vin."

He parted her hair with his fingers and kissed the nape of her neck.

"Vin."

"You're beautiful. You're always beautiful in a white dress."

"Or any dress," she said. "Remember?"

"Yeah. I remember."

She turned in his arms and kissed his mouth, and they held each other tightly. He kissed her hard, and stroked her hair. He held her away from him, looking down into her eyes and smiling, his fingers gripping her shoulders.

"Soft hair," he said. "Pretty."

Wind ruffled the curtains. "There's going to be a storm," Elizabeth said.

"I hope to God."

He let her go. He took cigarettes from his pocket, lighted one, and threw the package onto the coffee table. He took off his coat, loosened his tie, unbuttoned his collar, and rolled back the sleeves of his shirt. He went to the couch and sat down, leaning back wearily and putting his feet up on the coffee table. "What have you been doing, Liz?"

"Nothing. I haven't been doing anything."

She watched him from across the room. He was very handsome, principally because he was so large and so strong. His legs were long and his shoulders were wide and rounded with muscle. His forearms were thick. His face was strong, with a full jaw and a straight, somewhat broad nose. His eyebrows were heavy and dark, and his forehead was high. His movements were quick, but always graceful rather than abrupt. He was a big man with a small man's agility. He was powerful. Elizabeth had once seen him almost kill a man with a short jab of his fist. Vincent had hit him just once on the side of the head, and the man had flown spinning some fifteen or twenty feet before he collapsed and fell to the floor unconscious, with blood running from his nose and mouth.

Elizabeth had been helplessly in love with Vincent for a year and a half. In the first months of their marriage, she had tried to meet him on some common social level, and she had failed. She had tried, too, to develop some sort of intellectual companionship with him, and she had been forced to admit that no such condition could ever exist between them, not so much because he was incapable of it as because he didn't want it or need it. But she had always accepted him physically; and she had loved him without reservation or demand. Her own desire for him was almost humiliating to her, but she had never questioned it or taken it lightly or ever pretended to herself or to him that it was anything more or less than it seemed to be. She found in herself, for him, an appetite of which she had never believed herself capable. She gave herself to him completely. And for a year and a half she had been happier than she had been at any other time in her life.

"Nothing all day long?" he said.

She sat down beside him on the couch. She reached out for his cigarette and took it from his fingers. "You're tired, aren't you?" she said.

"Sure, I'm tired. It's been a great day for the Irish."

Elizabeth laughed, leaning back and resting her head on his shoulder.

"Literally," Vincent said. "Reilly's in town."

"I'm sorry, Vin. Did he call a meeting?"

"He called a lunch," Vincent said. "Just Reilly and me. And a carnation makes three. A Boston Irishman of little intelligence. A genuine slob."

"I'm sorry, Vin. It was kind of a nice day."

"Nuts. Nuts."

ELIZABETH gave him back his cigarette, and returned to the window. The sky was darker now. The clouds had lowered, ugly, dark gray and swift-moving. Only the distant pinnacles of the thunderheads were bright; and the leaves of the trees were beginning to rustle in the wind.

"You asked me what I'd been doing, Vin, and I said I hadn't been doing anything. It wasn't true. I've had a strange day, darling. This part of summer makes me lonely, because it's all connected somehow with childhood, for me at least. It's a sort of state of mind with me—summer, and this particular sort of heat, the rich laziness you get. There's a special physical sensation that you associate with growing up and becoming conscious of yourself and the things around you and other people and their relation to you. You remember it always." She turned to look at him. He was taking off his shirt. She smiled, but her smile was thin because she was embarrassed. "I get to feeling that way just once in a while, and it's painful, in a way; and, if you want to get neurotic about it, it's a kind of delicious pain, because it only happens on days that are specially lovely, like today, like this afternoon; and if I—"

"It's been a stinker," he said. "It's been a dirty stinker of a day all day long."

She looked at him for a moment, suddenly unsure of herself and wanting to return again to the afternoon, when, even though she had been unhappy, she had been pleased by her own thoughts and comforted by the feeling that she was aware of herself and would always be able to enjoy, even when the enjoyment was lonely, the bright recollections of a time when she had been certain and

If she does an about-face like this

And you want her to present arms like this

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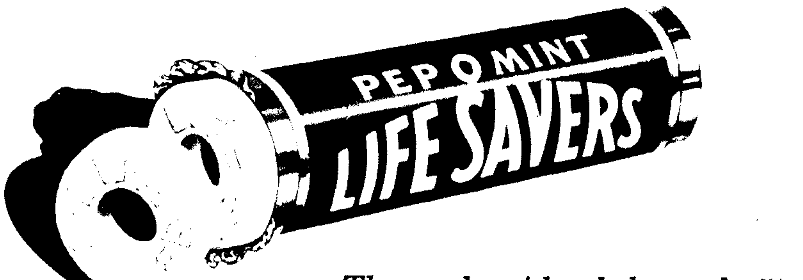

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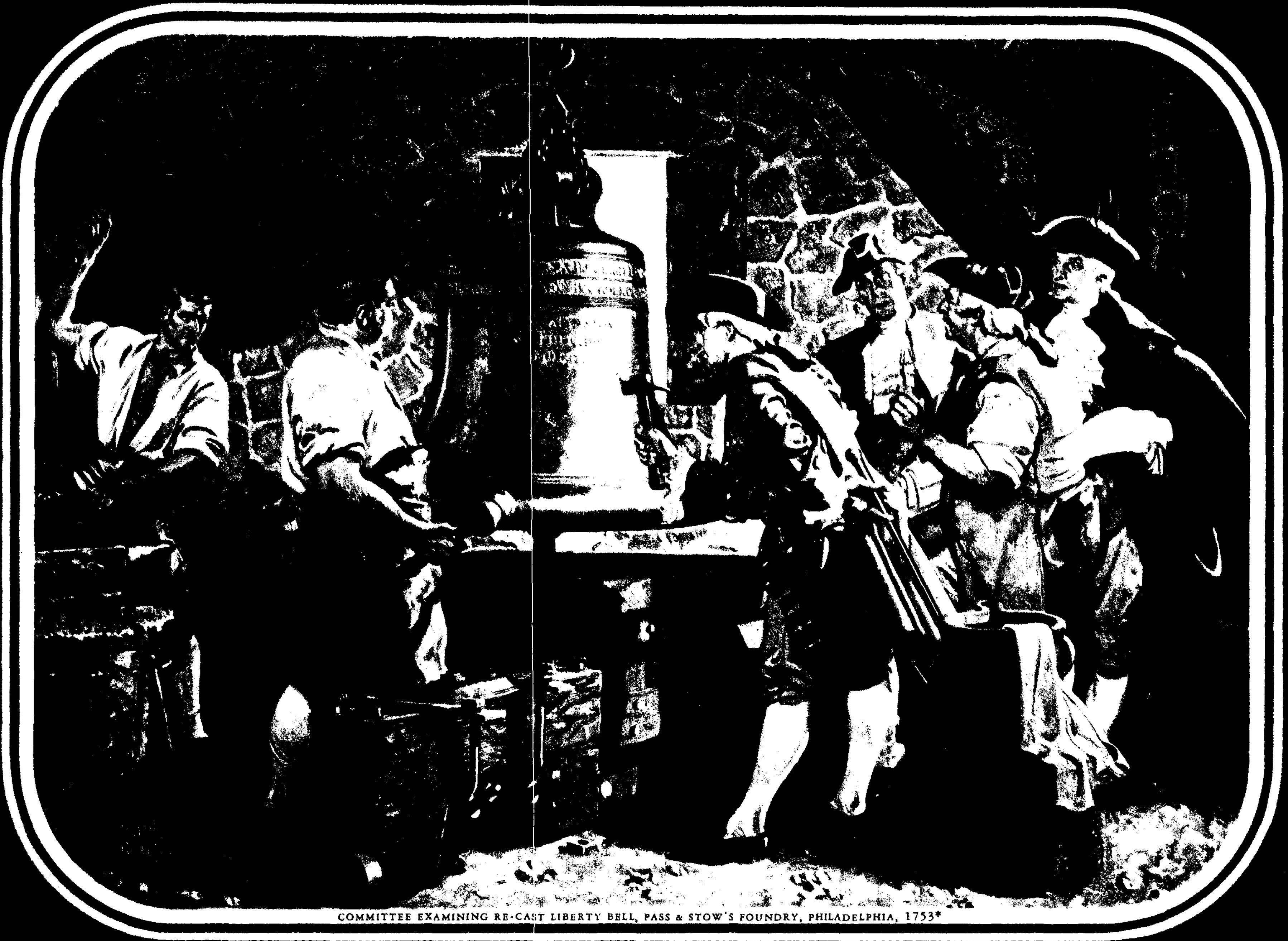

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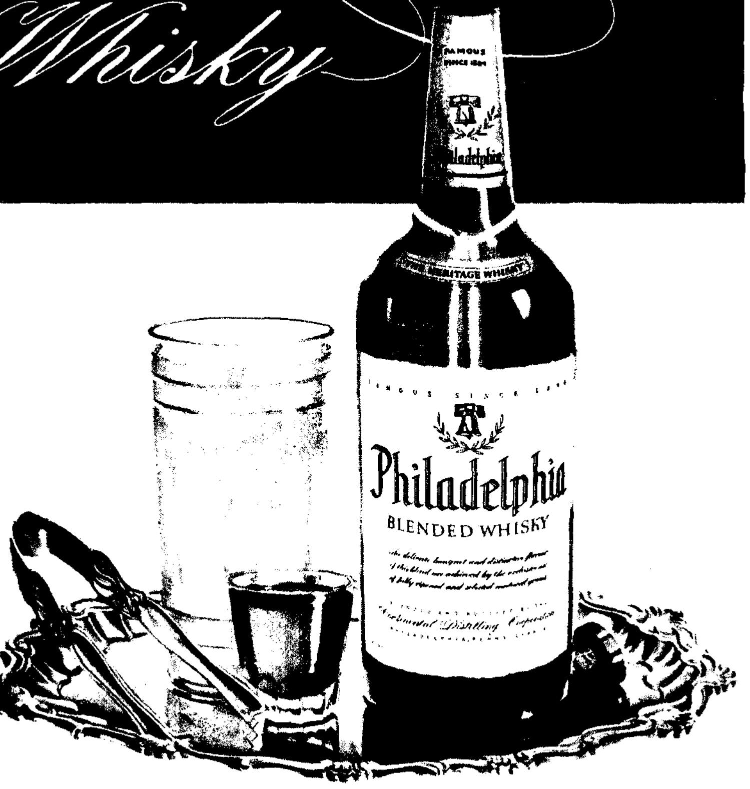

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*From a Series of Historic Prints Designed for "Philadelphia"—*The Heritage Whisky*—Famous Since 1894 more nearly complete than she was now or would ever be again.

"I'm sorry, darling," she said quietly. "I'm a bore, and I don't mean to be a bore. It's just that today—"

"Yeah, I know. You told me." He got up from the couch and came to the window and put his arms around her. "I'm sorry, too. But it's been a lousy day and I'm bushed and I'm hot and I just haven't got the energy. I'd like more than anything to have a drink."

They stood at the window.

"In twenty minutes," Elizabeth said, "or maybe half an hour, it'll start to rain. It'll pour down all of a sudden, and the leaves will be black on top and silver underneath, and the wind will whip through the branches from all directions at once. First a few heavy drops, big as your fist, and then the sheets of rain. And the old men will come running from the park."

"The what?"

"The old men."

"What old men?"

"The old men in the park. The old men who come out to sit in the sun. They sit all day, and they wait till the last minute, and then they get wet when the storm breaks."

Vincent snorted. "That's stupid. They can see it coming, can't they? They're not *blind* old men, are they?"

"No, they're not blind. I suppose they hate to miss anything, miss any of the sun. I don't know. The sky gets dark, and there's no sun, and it's not particularly enjoyable to sit there, but they stay anyway."

"Why, for God's sake?" Vincent demanded. "They can tell it's going to rain, can't they?"

"I don't know, Vin. Maybe they can't. Maybe they keep hoping it won't rain, even if they know it will."

"They kid themselves," he said.

"I suppose they do. I suppose they're foolish, too. Anyway, they sit there and wait. And they don't run until it's too late."

"Old men get stupid," he said. "They get senile. They decay." He tapped his forehead. "I've got to get cleaned up, Liz."

He began to take off his clothes and throw them onto the couch. Elizabeth watched him undress; and she began to want a special evening with him, an evening all alone with him. The afternoon had really been quite painful and disturbing, and she felt a need—strong, and more emotional than rational—to justify the loss of her dream of the afternoon with some compensating, purely adult kind of evening.

THE plan formed rapidly in her mind, and she felt the excitement of it, and the need seemed to increase and accelerate; and the new idea was partly a defense to obscure the unpleasantness of Vincent's harshness and partly just an intensified expression of the basic premise of their relationship—the only premise, really, because there had never been anything else.

"Vin, could we make a sort of thing of it tonight?" She spoke suddenly, quickly. "Could we have maybe dinner and something special and then come home early? The storm will be over before we leave here, and it'll be all wet—pavements and trees and grass and all—and we could walk or ride or drive someplace, just for the view, or drive out into the country, drive fast, as fast as the car will go, and then come home, still early, and—"

"No, Liz." He stopped in the doorway, his clothes over his arm. "We're going out. Didn't I tell you?"

"No," she said softly. "You didn't tell me."

"Reilly and Mrs. Reilly. Didn't I tell you that?"

"No, Vin," she said. "You didn't tell me that."

"Well, we are." His voice was patient, edged, as though he were repeating a ridiculously simple statement for the third time.

"Reilly? We're going out with the Reillys?"

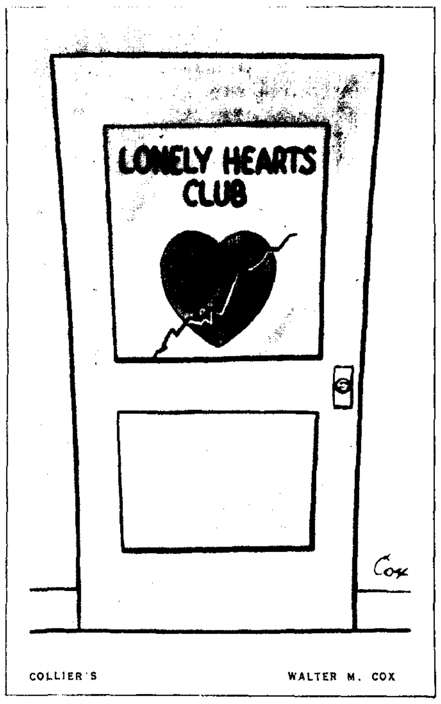
"Yes, yes. Reilly, Reilly, Reilly."...

She heard him in the shower. She listened to his dressing, heard the sound of the closet door opening and closing and heard the opening and closing of bureau drawers. He got his clothes in his own room, but he went into her room to dress before the full-length mirror.

When he came back into the living room, he was ready to go out for the evening.

"I meant it, Vin," she said. "It's important to me. When I said it had been a lovely day, I didn't mean that it had been any pleasure to me. I wouldn't ask you, darling. You know that. But tonight's special. I'm miserable." Her voice was unsteady. "I need you, *really* I need you. You could understand that. I don't want to go, and I don't want you to go. That's not too much, Vin."

He sat down stiffly at the far end of the couch. "I thought you'd be all ready. I thought you *wanted* to go. They've never included you before." He laughed a little, forcing a small laugh in a weak, bewildered attempt to command the discussion. "My God, they're *charming* people. You'll like them, especially Bridget, or whatever her name is." He laughed again, but the laugh was hollow and, being more belligerent than humorous, unpleasant.



COLLIER'S WALTER M. COX

"Oh, Vin, Vin, it isn't funny!" Elizabeth protested. "It's nothing to laugh about."

"All *right!* Don't suppose this is my idea, though. Don't suppose I pick Reilly to go out with, or for you to go out with. I have to do it, and you know I do. The same thing if Cameron asked us, or if Belknap asked us. And if Reilly says to bring you, I bring you. That ought to be obvious. I'm sorry, but it *still* ought to be obvious."

Elizabeth stood by the window. The summer storm would break soon, and she could smell it coming—smell the particular odor that meant thunder and rainfall; and she could see the colors changing on the ground and in the sky and could feel all through her body and deep into her memory the signs that had always been the hurry signals of storm and would always be forever the signals to run, and to feel change, and to wait and expect and, if you were young—even if you knew better—be afraid.

"I'm sorry, pretty," he said. "I'm really sorry."

"We've been out every night for weeks, for months; or if we haven't been out together, you've been out alone. We never see each other any more. We never have any time. We never do any of the things we used to do. We've never done any of the things we wanted to do. It was all going to be so wonderful, and it hasn't been, and it isn't, and it won't be, ever." Elizabeth's voice had risen until it had taken on a frantic quality, almost tearful.

"You're making it up," he said, turning away.

"It won't be, because you don't *want* it to be. It isn't, because you won't *let* it be. You want me to—"

He had crossed the room in three long strides, moving, as he always moved, gracefully and swiftly. He slapped her once across the face, hard. "Now, come on!"

EXCEPT for the soft blow of wind and the far rumble of approaching thunder, the room was silent. The sun was gone from the floor and the wall, and the curtains flapped into the room and up toward the ceiling.

"I love you, Vin," she said. "I love you more than you're worth." They stared angrily at each other in the darkening room, and Elizabeth felt utterly ashamed to be saying what she was saying. "I do love you, Vin. I do."

"I've told them you're coming," he said.

"I'm not coming. You can go by yourself, and I'll be here when you get back." She wasn't looking at him. The skirt of her white dress was billowed out by the wind rushing into the room, and her soft, light hair blew loosely. "Try to get away early. I'll be here. I love you, Vin. I couldn't love anyone else. But I'm not going with you tonight."

"What is this, the turning of the worm?"

Elizabeth turned her head quickly, as though he had slapped her again. Her voice was low, very tired and very soft and completely hopeless: "I love you, Vin."

"I love you, too, Liz, believe me. You're tired and I'm tired. I'm tired as hell, if you want to know."...

When the door closed behind him, Elizabeth was standing at the window. The sky was black. Scud clouds raced by low over the building, tattered and ragged and dirty. Thunder was close, and lightning flashed in the rain-heavy clouds above, glowing dully in the cloud masses and darting in jagged barbs from cloud to cloud and cloud to ground. The trees in the park were sharply outlined in the eerie light.

The wind struck first from one quarter and then from another. The leaves rustled swiftly in the gusts, their upsides black and their undersides overturning silver in the quick air.

Elizabeth covered her eyes with the palms of her hands. I'm right, I know I'm right, she said to herself. He's wrong and he's heartless and stupid and cruel—he means to be cruel. But I love him; up to the minute I leave him, I'll love him, and I'll never love anyone else that way again. I meant that, and he knows I meant it. But I'll hate him finally. I'll hate him then, and the hating will hurt me and hurt me and hurt me, until I'll despise myself for ever having loved him. All of it will be ugly then—all rotten and painful; so what *good* does it do me to be right?

The curtains flew upward in the room, and Elizabeth, leaning on the sill of the window, stared out into the storm. The first raindrops fell, drops big as coins, heavy as fists; and then the lightning and the thunder struck at once—lightning bright and sharp, thunder close and crashing—and the rain fell slantwise in sheets before the wind.

And Elizabeth, looking down at the wet streets and the wet pathways, saw, six stories below, the old men running from the park.

THE END

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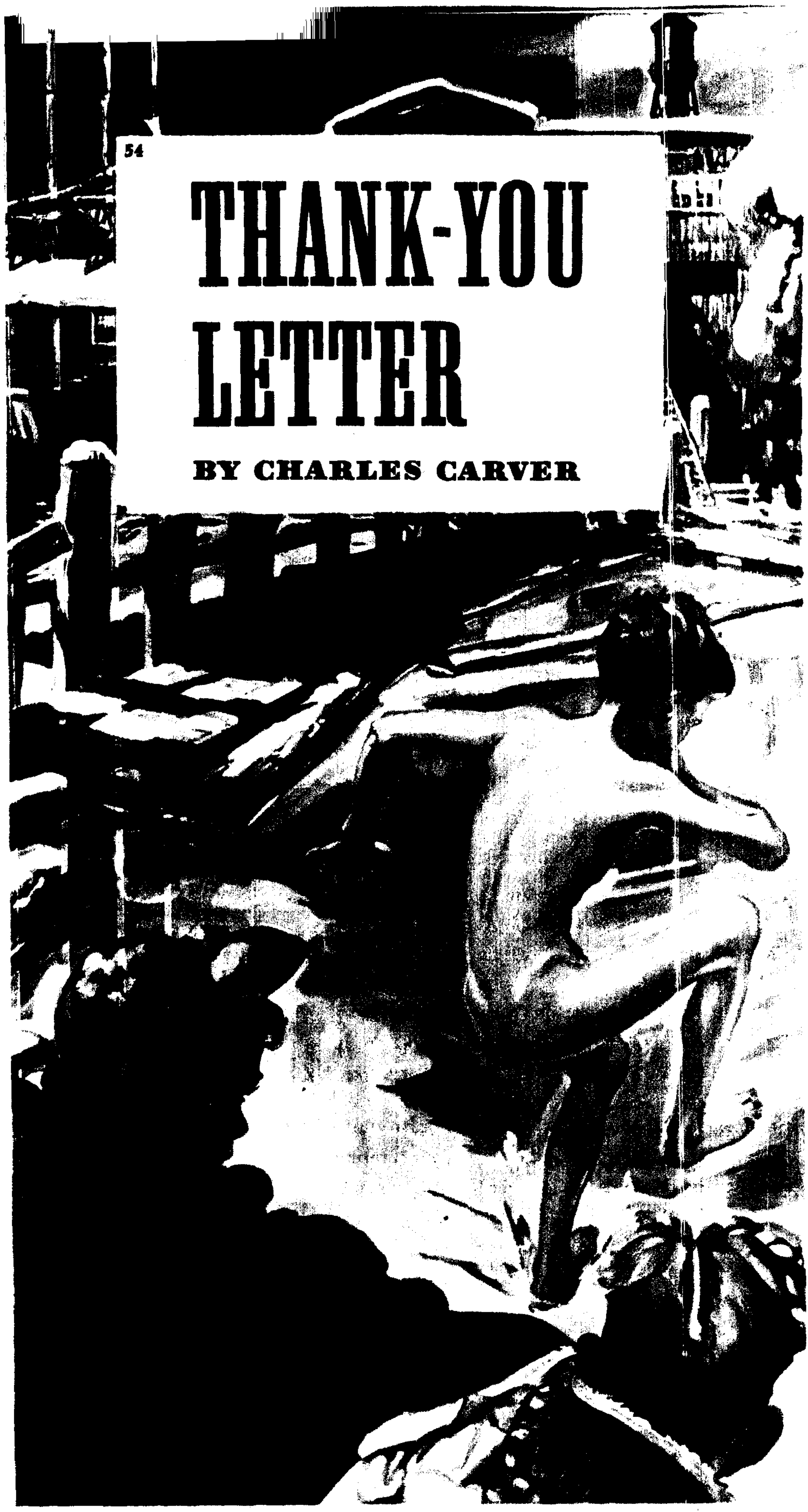
THANK-YOU LETTER

BY CHARLES CARVER



DEAR DAD: Much to the surprise and enjoyment of all the fellows, the Head declared a holiday today.

Streaming out of assembly hall in noisy disorder, the boys separated into groups to plan for the day. Al Windham found Johnny and Stu in the dorm changing into heavy outdoor clothes. "Hurry up!" shouted Stu. "We're going to the caves." Because he was fourteen, and older than Al or Johnny by a year, Stu was leader of the group. "We can get eats at the ski lodge this afternoon."

Johnny hastily buttoned his jacket. "I've got to draw some dough," he said. "I'll meet you at the rotunda."

Dough! Al's fingers fumbled with the laces on his boots. For a moment he had forgotten about dough. His father had arranged for him to draw five dollars a month at the bursar's window, but often he forgot to send the check until late in the month. Al wished he would send it all at once, the way the other fathers did, but Mr. Windham was funny about money. Signing checks was an anathema to him, and he put it off as long as he possibly could. Nine fives was forty-five, and there was no sense in having a large sum simply lying useless at the school when most of it could be drawing interest elsewhere until it was needed. He had risen the hard way himself, he was fond of saying, and there was no use giving a boy the impression that the stuff grew on trees.

Stu waited at the door. "I've got to draw some cash too," he said. "You coming with me?"

"Isn't it cold?" Johnny cried. "Nah," said Al with bravado, but his lips were purple as he plunged in from the top of the fence

Al still fumbled with the laces. "Go ahead. I'll catch up." It would be better for him to go to the window without them, in case anything was wrong.

A few minutes later, looking as elaborately unconcerned as he could, Al wrote out a chit for five dollars and pushed it through the window to Mr. Hart. With intense relief he watched Mr. Hart take a bill from the open box beside him and start to hand it to him. But then the man hesitated. "Windham," he said, not to the boy, but to himself. "Let me see. . . ." He turned aside and shuffled through a stack of file cards. A fresh line had formed behind Al, and he heard the shuffling of impatient feet.

"There's nothing deposited to your account, Windham," said Mr. Hart.

Al blushed as the bursar's eyes turned full upon him. "I . . . I guess it's not in yet," he said. He hoped Mr. Hart would understand that it was just that the check was late this month, that it would surely come later. But Mr. Hart was looking at the boy behind him.

"Mallory," he said, "let's have your chit." Al seemed to detect exasperation in his voice. He hurried away from the window.

As soon as we could, Johnny and Stu and I set out for the caves, where we planned to have lunch at the ski lodge. The snow was about a foot thick.

SCRAPERS had been along the roads and they were slick in the cold sunlight. In places you could run and slide for ten or fifteen feet. Al had forgotten Mr. Hart and his embarrassment at the window. He would borrow what he needed, he decided, from Johnny or Stu. When they reached the lodge he would merely have to say, "Gee, I forgot to tell you, my check from home hasn't come yet. Can one of you guys lend me a buck?" And one of them would reach into his pocket and say, "Sure. Here y'are." He had planned out the words, because he didn't want to stumble over them; it was important that it should sound offhand and wryly humorous.

Elaborately Al had screened from the others his father's parsimony. The excuses he found to conceal his frequent lack of spending money were adept and convincing, but his terror at being someday found out had become almost a mania. As an older man might dream of an unexpected legacy or of winning a sweepstakes, Al imagined finding a lost wallet or perhaps a stray pet for which there was a huge reward.

Everything went fine until we came to the pond at the sawmill. The fellows began joking about jumping in, and I did it on a dare.

They stood leaning on the rough board fence that surrounded the millpond. "I wish it was hot," said Stu. "We could go for a swim here."

"I don't think it's so cold," said Johnny. "It just looks cold."

"Look at that ice," Stu said, pointing to the thin crust that edged the water. "A person would die in there."

"How about the Polar Bear Club? You've heard of them, haven't you? I saw a movie of them in a lake where there were big hunks of ice. They didn't die," Johnny pointed out.

"Just the same," said Stu. "I wouldn't jump in there for a thousand dollars."

"I would," said Al slowly. "I'd do it for ten dollars."

The others turned to him, astonished. "How about for a dollar?" asked Stu.

Al hesitated. He knew that a show of reluctance would kindle their enthusiasm. "I guess so," he said, "if Johnny'll put up a dollar too."

"Okay," said Stu, pulling a dollar from his pocket. "I dare you."

Johnny added another dollar to Stu's. "Let's forget it," he said. "We ought to get on to the caves." But as Al removed his coat and gloves and took off his shoes, the excitement of the deed took hold of him and he stood beside Stu holding Al's clothes as he peeled them off. "Gosh!" he exclaimed. "Isn't it cold as hell?"

"Nah," said Al with bravado, but his lips were purple.

HE PLUNGED in from the top of the fence and thrashed quickly to the bank. The frigid water made him gasp with pain, but the air seemed to warm him as he scrambled back over the fence, dripping and triumphant. He put on trousers and shirt rapidly, but his hands refused to work the buttons.

"You'll have to button these," he said to Johnny. "My hands are too cold."

Stu held the coat ready, pride and envy struggling within him. He glanced down at Al's bare feet. "Hey!" he shouted. "You've cut your foot!"

There was a red gash on the instep of Al's foot, and the snow where he stood was crimson.

"I don't even feel it," he said. But the amount of blood frightened him. "I'll take it back to school and they'll fix it."

"We'll come with you," said Stu.

"No, you guys go on. It's not far."

"Heck, no," said Johnny. "We'll come too. It might be worse than you think."

Al felt unreasonable tears close to the surface. "No," he said angrily, "you guys go on!" He snatched his overcoat from Stu and began limping rapidly back the way they had come. When he had gone far enough for them to understand, he sat down and carefully put on his shoes and stockings. He remembered then that he had forgotten to collect his bet, and his sudden misery at the whole unhappy holiday erupted in a flood of choking sobs.

I cut my foot on a piece of glass or something and had to return to school. They fixed it up for me and it is all right now.

Then the mail came and I received your generous check for $5. I agree that it is better to handle the allowance directly, and I will certainly try to save at least half of it for emergencies as you suggest.

He was careful not to let his bitter tears fall on the neat rounded writing. He was careful, also, to keep his resentment well hidden under the grateful phrases. The checks would come with less delay, he knew, if he were adequately thankful for them each time.

I hope you have a fine trip to Europe. A boy here went over on the Rex once with his family. He says it is a keen trip.

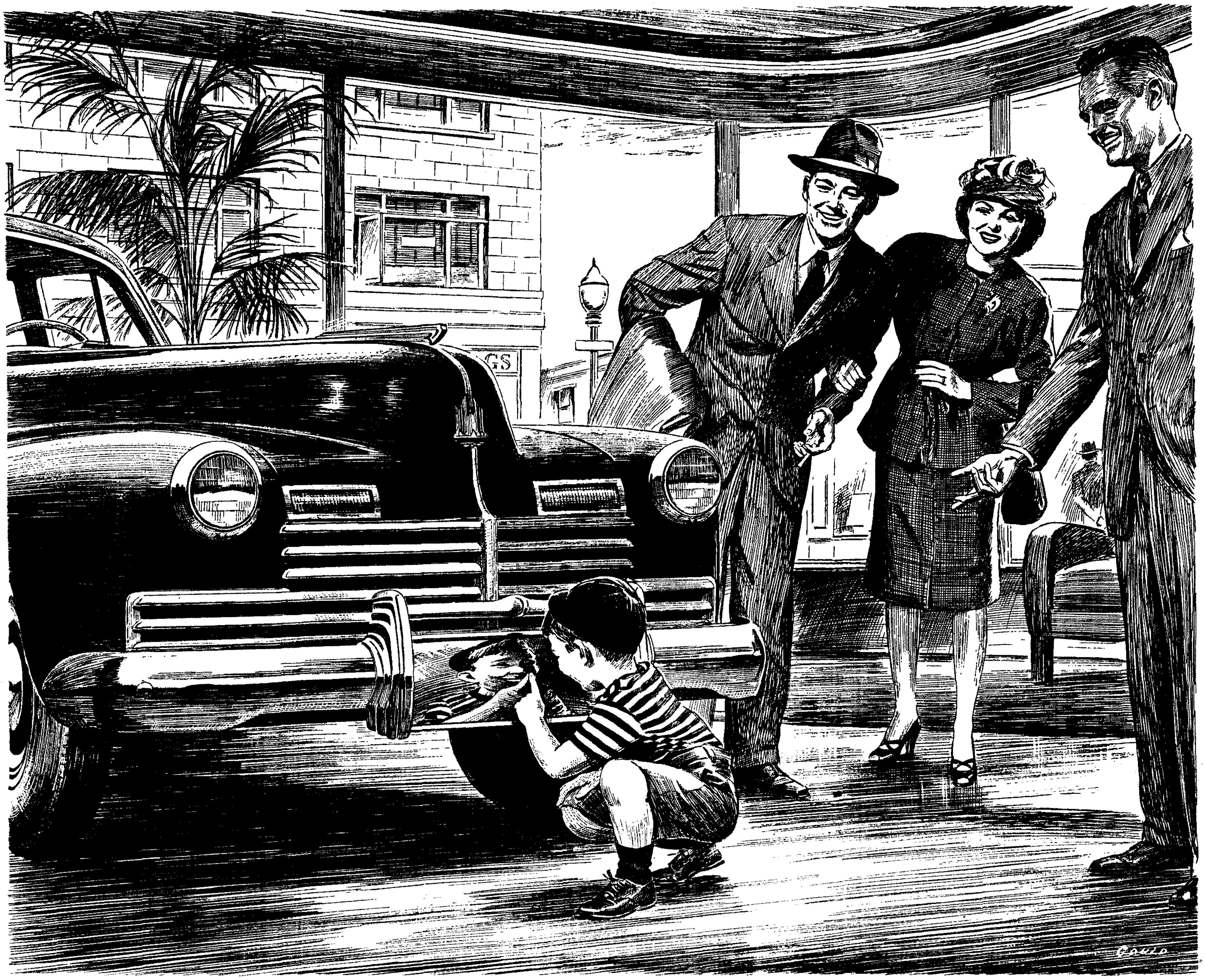
Thank you again a thousand times. I'll see you after camp this summer.

Your loving son,

Albert.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



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Laughter can mean anything. He was too young to know that—too innocent to realize that it can be a form of love

YOU MAKE ME LAUGH

BY BENJAMIN SIEGEL

THE first time Alice Peters walked into the classroom it was a dull day and I was afraid it would rain before I could get home and throw a canvas over the pigeon I kept in my yard. Then I forgot all about the rain because Alice carried her own sun around. I looked at her and my heart began pounding more than was good for me, and right away I put her away in a secret place where I kept the dream of the shiny racing car and the other one, less important, of becoming mayor.

The teacher, Miss Holloway, gave her the seat across from me where I had been keeping my extra books. Alice waited primly while I got up to take the books away. She was a little girl in a starched pale blue dress with the skirts flaring stiffly away from her thin legs. Something got in my way and I sprawled out on the floor right at her feet.

I picked myself up but I couldn't piece together the scattered shreds of my life. Miss Holloway said, "Really, James, you should be more careful."

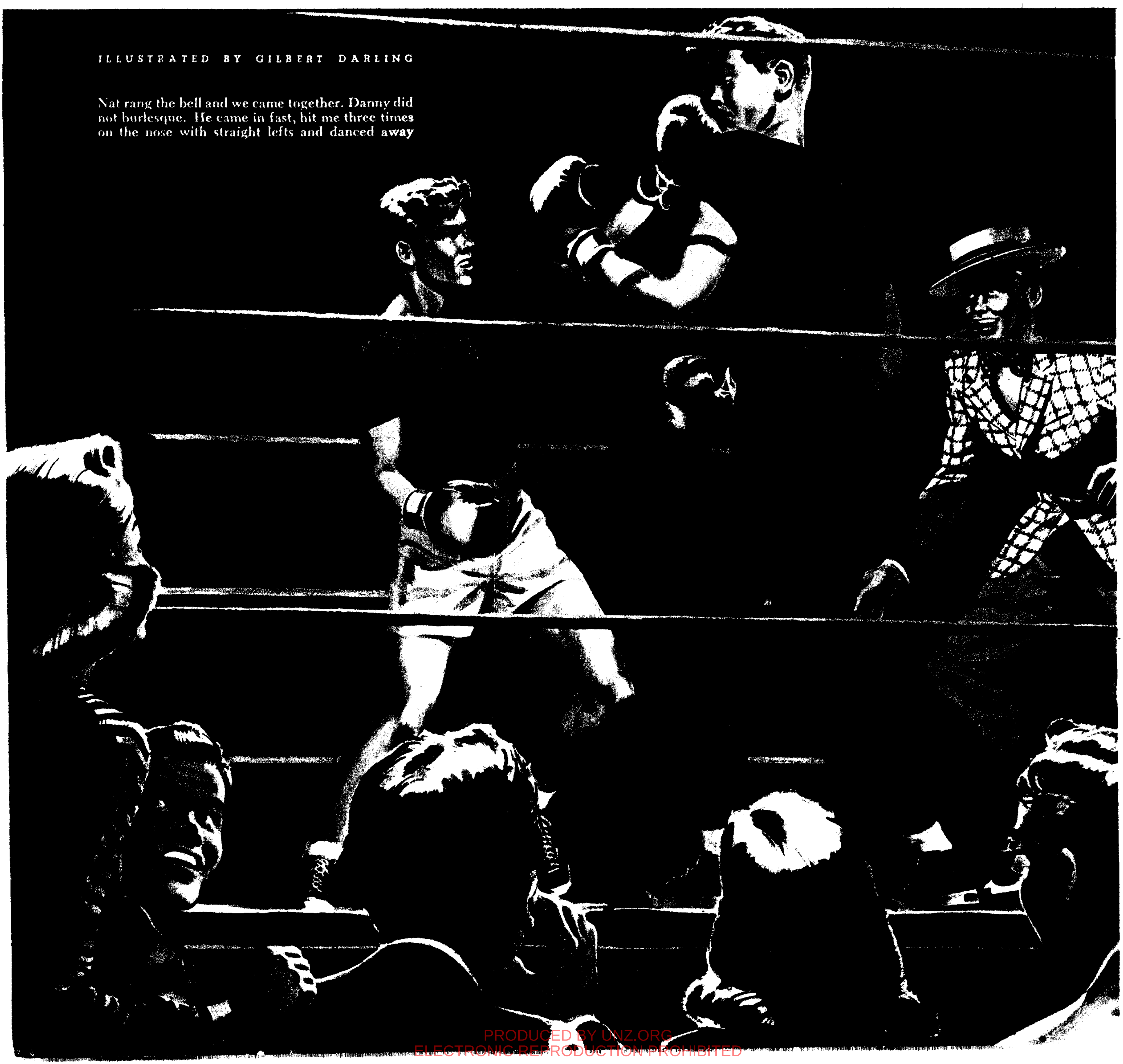
I didn't hear what she was saying. I was aware only of Alice whose blue eyes had opened very wide at my clumsiness and then crinkled to nothing as she went off into laughter much too large for so small a girl. After a while she stifled it and said, "I'm sorry, you looked so awfully funny."

For the rest of the day she kept glancing at me sideways and swallowing little bursts of merriment. I tried not to look at her. That was the way it started.

She wasn't the only one who thought my awkwardness funny. The boy, sitting behind her had leaned over his desk almost choking in an effort to keep down his delight. After a while he leaned forward and whispered something to the new girl and both of them glanced quickly at me and looked away and hunched their shoulders and puffed out their cheeks in repressed amusement.

The boy sitting behind her was named Danny Smith and he had put out his foot for me to trip over. . . .

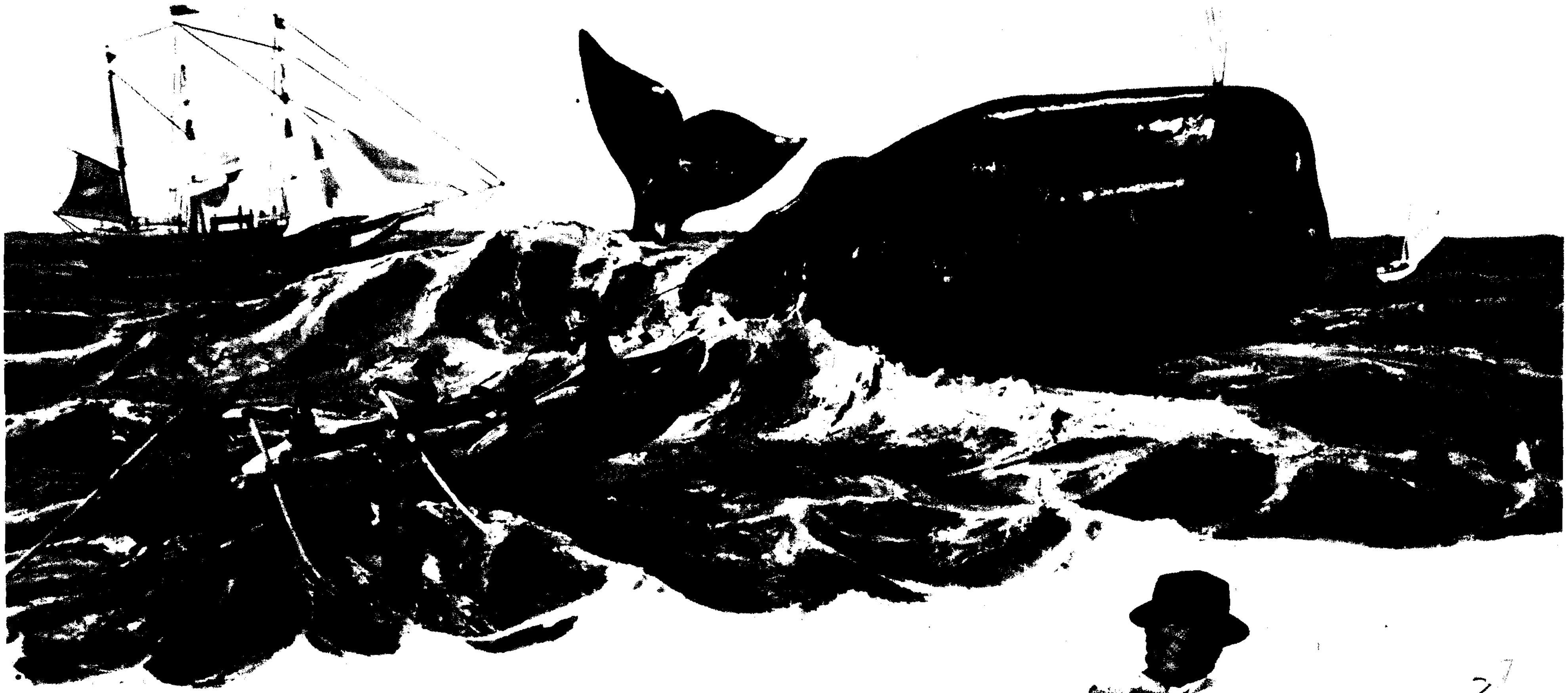
When we got to high school I would gather enough courage once in a while to ask Alice for a date. We'd go to a movie and sit in an ice-cream parlor afterward. But I never held her hand in the movie, and when we were through sucking at our ice-cream sodas I never



ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Nat rang the bell and we came together. Danny did not burlesque. He came in fast, hit me three times on the nose with straight lefts and danced away

They still tell the story, down New Bedford way,
Of the Whale who used her head one day.
How she shot three rings from her mighty spout...
How her homesick pursuers turned about...
And crowding on all possible sail,
Headed for home... and Ballantine Ale.



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When Peter Ballantine's ale had ripened, back in 1840, he took one drink to judge PURITY, a second for BODY, a third for FLAVOR... and adopted as his trade mark the three moisture rings left by his glass on the table.

Today, the 3 rings is the trade mark everybody knows—everybody looks for—to make *sure* it's Ballantine Ale—and no mistake.

Look for the 3 rings every time; then call for "Ballantine Ale," *America's finest since 1840.*

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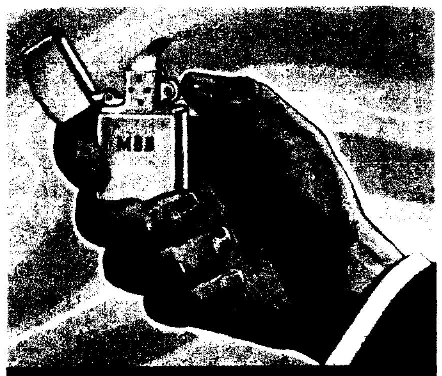
JOSEPH COTTEN
with
LIONEL BARRYMORE
HERBERT MARSHALL · LILLIAN GISH
WALTER HUSTON · CHARLES BICKFORD
Directed by King Vidor



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had very much to say. Alice always seemed to be waiting for me to do something to make her laugh. She'd glance at me, her lips poised on the edge of a smile, waiting for the laughter that was in her to bubble forth.

Anyway, it was pretty apparent that she was Danny's girl. Saturday nights were theirs, and school boat rides and the spring dances. Danny had a dark glow to his face that made older women look after him in the street. He had a compact grace of body that singled him out on a dance floor or on the basketball court.

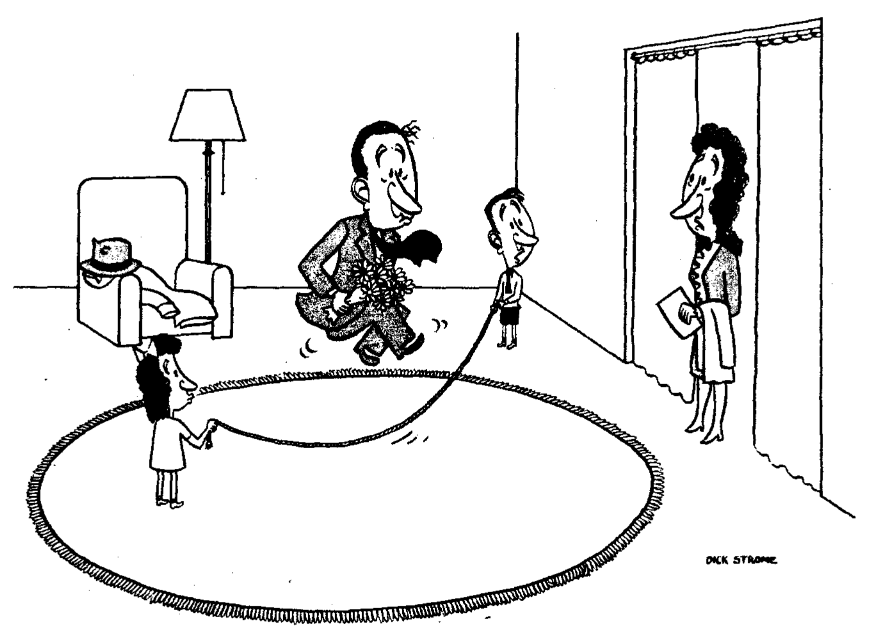
The fact that I didn't like him had nothing to do with Alice. There was a hardness about him, a calculation in everything that he did. His attitude toward me was one of cynical amusement with none of the honest quality of Alice's happy laughter.

A WEEK before graduation the senior class was busy with plans for the bazaar that was held every year for the school fund. Booths were set up on the green with stands for lemonade and hot dogs, and the art students exhibited paintings and plaster casts, and the girls showed lacework and rag dolls. The night before commencement there was to be a series of acts in the gymnasium. Mr. Oppelman, the gym teacher, had trained a few boys to whirl Indian clubs in the dark with small lights in them; four seniors were going to sing as a quartet in mock barbershop style; and I was listed to appear as the strongest man in the world.

I had long ago accepted my role in the school as a buffoon giant. I was going to walk around the ring in ridiculous tights, while my physical superiority was proclaimed, and then Peewee Thomas was going to challenge me, and after some burlesque he was supposed to knock me out.

I was walking home from a rehearsal one night and at the edge of the path leading to the chemistry building I saw a blur of white and when I got closer I recognized Alice.

She said, "Hello, Jimmy." And I said, "Waiting for Danny?" He nearly always met Alice and took her home.



COLLIER'S "Gee, we're glad you came down, sis. We were getting awfully tired of entertaining Mr. Trimble" DICK STROME

"I was," she said, "but he's so late now I don't think I will any longer."

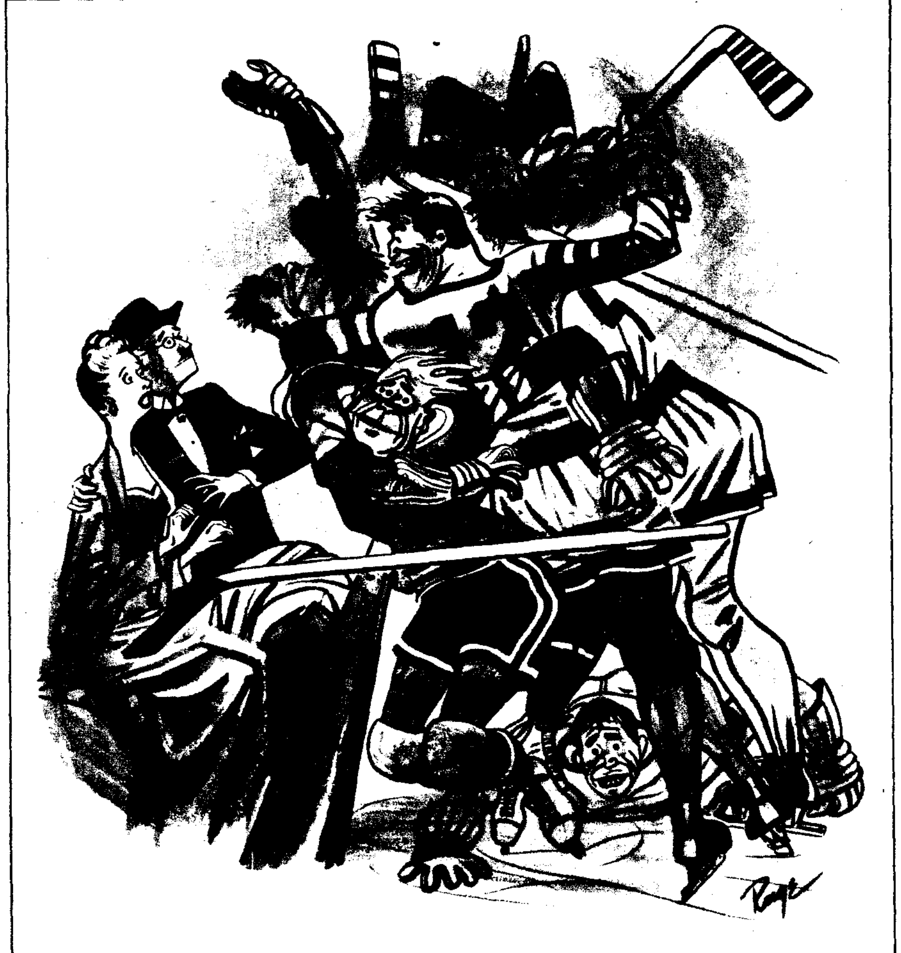
There was a honeysuckle vine behind her and a faint breeze carried the smell of it through her to me. I stood there feeling too big, with my hands hanging too low and huge and knotty before her tiny perfection.

She grinned up at me with her surprising joyousness and said, "Would you like to walk a girl a ways?"

As we walked along I felt a nostalgia from her presence and the evening and the fact that we were graduating in a few days. She said, "It's going to be funny, being through with school."

I said yes, it sure was, and we walked some more and then she said, "Let's stop for a while, Jimmy." There was a bench along the walk so we sat down.

I could feel her shoulder barely touching mine, yet there was just enough contact to make me feel slightly dizzy.



COLLIER'S "It's okay, lady—it's only a game!" JOHN RUGE

"We *have* known each other for a long time, haven't we?" she said.

"We sure have," I agreed.

"We're sort of grown up, now. Remember the first time I came into Miss Holloway's class?" She began to giggle and I felt myself getting red.

"Jimmy," she said, quickly becoming serious, "you never did mind my laughing that time, did you? I know it was terrible but you did look awfully funny."

"I'm sort of used to looking funny."

I sat waiting on the edge of something, balanced, feeling stiff and yet sensitive to a breath, relaxed and yet tense. The night suddenly took on life, with a character and a purpose, and the hint of breeze was its velvet finger. I looked at Alice who was sitting very still with her hands folded together in her lap. I reached over and touched the back of her hand. She turned her hands around and took mine between them.

We sat like that for a long time.

Alice said, with her voice low and uncolored, "You know, I'm always laughing. I guess it's just because I get a kick out of being alive. But I've always been fond of you because you could make me laugh. Did you know that?"

I SAID I didn't know. Then I asked her if she really meant it when she said she was fond of me, and she said she really did. I wanted to know what about the way she felt toward Danny.

She was quiet for a while before she said, "It's a funny thing, Jimmy. I don't know if I even like him at all."

"That's kind of silly, when—"

"Oh, I know I'm always going out with him. Well, he's so popular and all. But I never feel—right—when I'm with him. Like the way I feel with you, now."

"If I told you something," I said, "and it sounded funny to you, would you promise not to laugh?"

"I promise."

"It probably will sound funny. A guy like me, a big clumsy goon of a guy. I could never look at another girl. It's always been you, Alice."

I said it without looking at her and then I looked and her face was turned toward mine.

Alice put the palm of her hand against my cheek. "I don't think it's funny," she said. "I think it's wonderful."

I kissed her. I had never kissed a girl before. I sat with my arm around her, gently, the way you hold something that breaks easily.

Time passed, a lot or a little I didn't know. My cheek pressed against the top of her head and the corner of my mouth tasted her hair.

Then, standing in front of us as if he

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had materialized without approaching was Danny. He put his hands on his hips in swagger and he made clucking sounds with his tongue. He said, "Really, I hate to break this up, but we did have a date. Remember, Alice?"

Alice didn't start but she got slowly to her feet and I stood up. Danny moved to her side and said, "I think we'd better go."

Alice didn't say anything and it seemed as if she were waiting for me to do something. But I didn't know what to do so I kept still. Danny put his hand under her arm as if he were out of patience and walked away with her.

I waited until they were out of sight and then I walked slowly home.

I DIDN'T see either one of them the next day and then it was the night before graduation. I went to the gymnasium and changed into my long purple tights and green jersey, both of which were too small. I didn't see Peewee Thomas, but he was supposed to be in the audience.

I was to go on stage right after the Indian-club act. The quartet had finished singing and there was a round of applause before the stage was darkened, and Mr. Oppelman led his group out, guiding them with a pencil flashlight.

The performers stood on previously marked squares with the clubs concealed under their arms so that the lights in them wouldn't be revealed before time. The orchestra began to play a Strauss waltz and the clubs were revealed and rotated in unison. It looked very pretty with the tiny lights describing firefly circles all in time with one another.

The house lights went on and there was a lot of applause and the performers went down into the audience. I began to feel very nervous and ashamed of myself for having agreed to act the fool, but I got a kind of satisfaction from telling myself that it was a climax to my growing up and that this was the last time.

The band played Take Me Out to the Ball Game in an exaggerated tempo and the curtains were drawn while the ring was prepared. The boys who were acting as stagehands drew out a couple of gym mats and spread them over the floor. Then they left and the curtains were opened again and I walked onto the stage and got into the ring. I tripped getting through the ropes. I got up and scowled and walked around the ring with my chest out, making what were supposed to be fierce grimaces. Cheers and catcalls and laughter came from the audience.

Nat Evans, who had the biggest voice in the school, came on stage and climbed into the ring. He wore a straw hat and a loud checked coat.

He began to declaim in a spurious nasal voice, "Lay-dees and Gennelmen —We have with us tonight the biggest, strongest man in the world. To any gentleman in the audience daring enough to venture into the ring with our colossus we will pay the sum of one hundred dollars a minute—if he lasts a minute."

Nat stopped to estimate the reaction and then continued in a disgusted roar, "What's the matter with the menfolk of this community? Is there no one here with enough red blood to step up at close quarters with this dynamo of destruction for just sixty seconds? Isn't there a *man* in the house?"

Right there is where Peewee was supposed to stand up and squeak out a challenge. But he wasn't there. Nat hesitated and began to ad lib, daring anybody to come up. Then someone stood up and called out, "I'll take a chance."

It was Danny. The crowd began to cheer and there were loud comments about the probable outcome not being in my favor. Danny came up and didn't look at me but whispered to Nat, "Peewee got sick. I know what to do."

He went backstage to change while the band played march music, and I sat in the ring looking as fierce as I could.

Danny reappeared but he wasn't dressed in the burlesque costume Peewee had planned to wear. He had on sneakers and a pair of gym shorts and a black jersey and he looked very handsome and athletic.

We sat in opposite corners of the ring while Nat engaged in an elaborate ritual of mock refereeing. He called us together.

I said, "What's the idea, Danny?"

"You'll find out."

Nat rang the fire bell he had borrowed and we came together and I began shambling around the ring as I had rehearsed it with Peewee. Danny didn't burlesque. He came in fast and hit me three times on the nose with straight lefts and danced away.

The audience roared and called encouragement to both of us but the comments they yelled at me consisted mainly of advice to lie down and spare myself injury.

I was confused and my nose hurt. I threw my arms out wide and grabbed Danny. I said quickly, "Danny, what's the idea? You're fighting as if you mean it."

"Listen, you overgrown fool," he said, his breath coming fast, "you're damn' right I mean it. I'm going to teach you a lesson."

He broke away and jabbed again at my nose. I didn't know anything about boxing. Even if I went after Danny seriously it would still look like a joke. He hit me several times more on the nose and twice he found my right eye. The gloves were too big to permit any real damage but the constant jabbing hurt.

I grabbed him again.

"Danny, you're crazy, pulling a thing like this. If you've got something you want to settle with me, why here in front of everyone we know?"

"It's just for that reason," he panted. "I want everybody to see you for the big dope you are. I'm going to fix you so you won't even be able to show up for graduation tomorrow."

He didn't give me a chance to clinch with him again. He kept hitting me in the face, never anywhere else. My nose was raw and tender and every time he hit me the pain went deeper. I was taller and heavier than he but I couldn't get near him. I gave up any attempt at the original mock battle but it must have looked like one anyway, with me blundering helplessly around the ring before my shorter opponent.

Danny's face was terribly set and vicious and suddenly, somehow, futile. Because why was it so important to him to beat me, and to do it with humiliation? The thought came to me slowly, while his fists blurred, and his figure melted into a confused and unangled background.

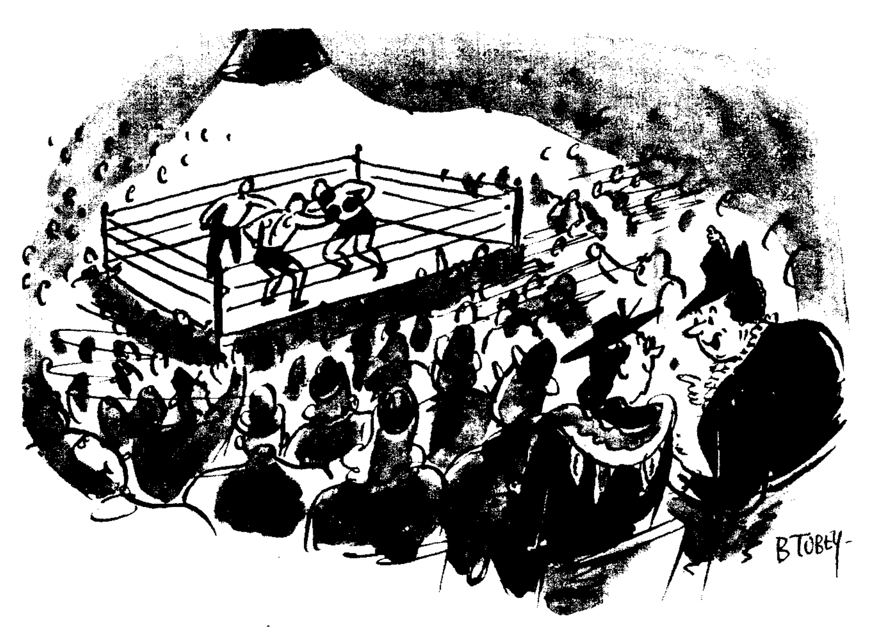
Then the conflict wasn't burlesque and it wasn't humiliation. Instead I felt a warm and grateful and familiar sureness, as if I were experiencing something I had always felt would be mine to know. I was real and important. I could not be laughed away.

Now I could afford anger and, when it came, my head cleared with the sharp bite of it. I swung out a huge gloved fist and Danny's face was blotted out. He went down. I took a long swooning fall too, the way I was supposed to and the band switched to Chopin's funeral march and the curtains drew closed.

Nat Evans rushed in, frightened, and both of us bent over Danny. Mr. Oppelman came then and gently shouldered us aside. He was a tall, thin, dark man with a perpetually grave face and a mysterious fund of wind for the whistles he was continually blowing. He knelt beside Danny and felt him. Then he stood up and said, "He'll be all right."

Mr. Oppelman looked at me strangely. "Out for your scalp, wasn't he?"

I nodded.



COLLIER'S "I always pretend they're fighting over me" BARNEY TOBEY

"Good thing you had those gloves on. That last wallop of yours would have broken his jaw."

Danny stirred and opened his eyes. Nat Evans and I helped him to his feet. He looked at us without expression and shook our hands off and climbed out of the ring. Nat followed him to remove his gloves.

FROM the other side of the curtains the band was playing an exit march. Mr. Oppelman reached for my gloves and began untieing the laces.

"Graduation tomorrow," he said. "That means you're all through being a kid."

"Mr. Oppelman," I said, "how do you know it? When you stop being a kid, I mean."

He gave me a funny look, then lowered his eyes again to the gloves. "You never do know it. Other people do."

"Well," I said. "Do you notice anything about—"

Alice parted the curtains at the end of the stage and came toward us. Her eyes were mad and concerned. She came to me and looked up into my face.

"Jimmy! I was watching. Danny tried to get me to leave with him, but I wouldn't. Are you all right?"

"Sure," I said. "I'm fine."

"Yes," said Mr. Oppelman. "Yes, I do."

THE END

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

Chuck, a guard—who is still growing—so the Connor family won't have to throw him back in!

MESS

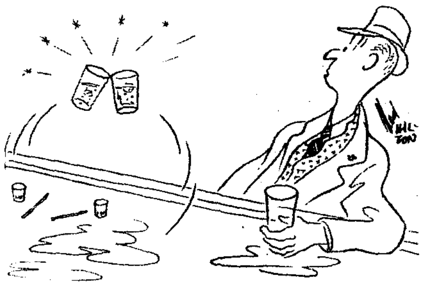
Dear Mr. Davenport: I wish to express extreme disapproval of the layout of the article Mess Is the Word for It by Gaynor Maddox (Dec. 14th). The artist's illustrations will leave readers with the conviction that the Army mess kitchens and eating halls are dirty places. As a matter of record, the combined efforts of the offices of the Quartermaster General and the Surgeon General prevented any major outbreak of food poisoning during the entire period of emergency and active warfare.

Gaynor Maddox has expressed clearly the difficulties encountered by the sincere and intelligent subsistence officers in the office of the Quartermaster General during the war. It is unfortunate that the Army policy does not allow food procurement and issue, transportation, training of cooks and bakers, and the supervision of messes to be under an over-all control. It is even more unfortunate that the improvements in messing throughout this period (and these were many) seem, at present, to have been forgotten and that the War Department is unwilling to take suggestions from the group of qualified committee members, all of whom are carrying on some type of food service for profit. The profit from a changed policy would be for the War Department a saving of money, better nourished soldiers and a more contented Army. Mary I. Barber,
Director of Home Economics Dept.,
Kellogg Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

FELLOW SPIRITS

Dear Editor: What's all this nonsense about nobody knowing who Kilroy is? (Who's Kilroy?, Dec. 28th.) As Mary Chase, my creator and author of my show, can tell you, he's one of my dearest friends. Just the other night we met at Charley's place and had a wonderful talk about dodoes, unicorns, 19-cents-per-pound steak, veteran houses, and Vermont Democrats.

After a while, I looked along the bar and saw a strange sight. "Kilroy," I said, "let's get out of here. I've had too much to drink—I think I see a man!" You can get in touch with Kilroy through me at the 48th Street Theater. Invisibly yours,
Harvey, the Rabbit, New York, N. Y.



Kilroy—"   ?"
Harvey—"   !"

MORE TROUBLE WITH BANAY

Dear Mr. Davenport: Would it be too nuch to ask that Dr. Banay (The Trouble With Women, Dec. 7th) learn simple English before he tries to use the longer vords? When he writes that women's endency to break laws is appreciatively greater than men's, I suppose he means hat it is appreciably greater.
Rose Wilder Lane, Danbury, C[illegible]

. . . By substituting hair oil and sh[illegible] otion for rouge and toenail polish, Dr. Banay could just have well titled his paper, The Trouble With Men.
Mrs. John Sturges, Pryor, Okla.

. . . Poor, dear Dr. Banay! I bet she was a pip! Miss Gertrude M. Adams,
Camden, N. J.

. . . DEAR DR. BANAY: HOW DARE YOU! George Gerling,
Rochester, N. Y.

. . . Don't go stirring up trouble between the sexes until you have a good substitute for sex, God forbid. We horrible, ordinary men and women like each other. So go 'way, Doc, back to your psychos.
One of Those Women, Philadelphia, Pa.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is that! Box score on the hundreds of letters that have come in is:
Women Upbraiding Dr. Banay: 99.9%
Women Agreeing with Dr. Banay: One tenth of 1%
Men Upbraiding Dr. Banay: One tenth of 1%
Men Agreeing with Dr. Banay: 99.9%

SCHOOL DAYS

Dear Editor: How that faraway look in the eyes of good student Edmond (Cover, Dec. 14th) did pull at my heart strings. Present-day geographies fall so short of the height and breadth of the good old Swinton folio of threescore years ago. Gone forever is that large geography in which unobserved by dear teacher at dear old Albion, I could read Diamond Dick's Death Dash. . . . Two hours later I am still feeling sorry for him and his like, with no news yet out of the interior of Java, where my son, 1st Lt. Wm. Ross Perine, 0421303, may still be in the hills or jungles on a secret mission. Fred A. Perine,
Albion College, '98, Detroit, Mich.

PRISON REFORM

Dear Editor: Congratulations for County Pork Barrel by Vera Connolly (Nov. 30th). It should have therapeutic effect. I am hoping there will be enough red faces in West Virginia when the legislature meets, to prove that an editorial policy which pulls no punches is a powerful medium for reform. Eunice Bumgardner,
Beckley, W. Va.

. . . This article should be printed in pamphlet form and mailed to all members of state legislatures.
Fred Jones, Mississippi State Senate,
Jackson, Miss.

DREAMERS vs. DOERS

Dear Mr. Morris: Every education guidance director knows that Hutchins' antiquated drivel (Let's Split the Education Atom, Dec. 7th) is adversely affecting the lives of millions of students. Hutchins' worry about universal leisure is in sharp contrast to the government's effort to get coal workers to work nine hours a day. No civilization has been able to use more than ten per cent professionals, or to get along without manual workers. The ordinary worker needs training. Roy Cochrane,
Vallejo Unified School District,
Vallejo, Cal.

BARE FACTS

Dear Sirs: In W. E. Farbstein's This Fascinating World (Nov. 30th), I noticed "a policeman disguised himself as a nudist and raided a nudist camp." What disguise could a nudist have? A toupee, a mustache, or—? Well, I was just wondering! Donald Lee Hamilton,
Bloomington, Ill.

To disguise themselves, nudists wear bearskins. That cop wore a skin suit to hide his badge, etc., Dr. Farbstein informs us.

"I love you!"
said Pete

"I like you, too!"
said Ann

"Tell me more," said Pete.

"You look *so* nice, especially around the neck." "Ah," said Pete. "That is my Arrow Collar."

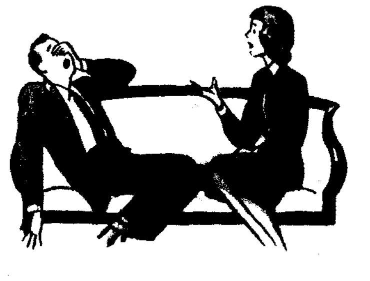
"And," said Ann, "you look very shipshape around the waist for being three years out of the Army. How come?"

"Oh—that?" said Pete. "That is the Arrow special 'Mitoga' design. It is cut to follow the body's lines. I love you, Ann!"

"That's nice," said Ann warmly. "But won't the shirt shrink up and choke you and give you the creepers?"

"By no means, pretty child," said Pete. "There's a label—the er-Sanforized label. It assures Arrow wearers of no fabric shrinkage over 1%. Now kiss me, and I shall tell you more fascinating secrets!"

"I am *very* sorry, dear," said Ann, revealing woman's ancient perfidy. "But I am marrying Bill, and I want him to look just as nice as you do. He shall wear *nothing* but Arrows!"



P. S. Tough, Pete. But remember—where there's an Arrow, can a girl be far behind? *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

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HUNTER

FINE BLENDED WHISKEY

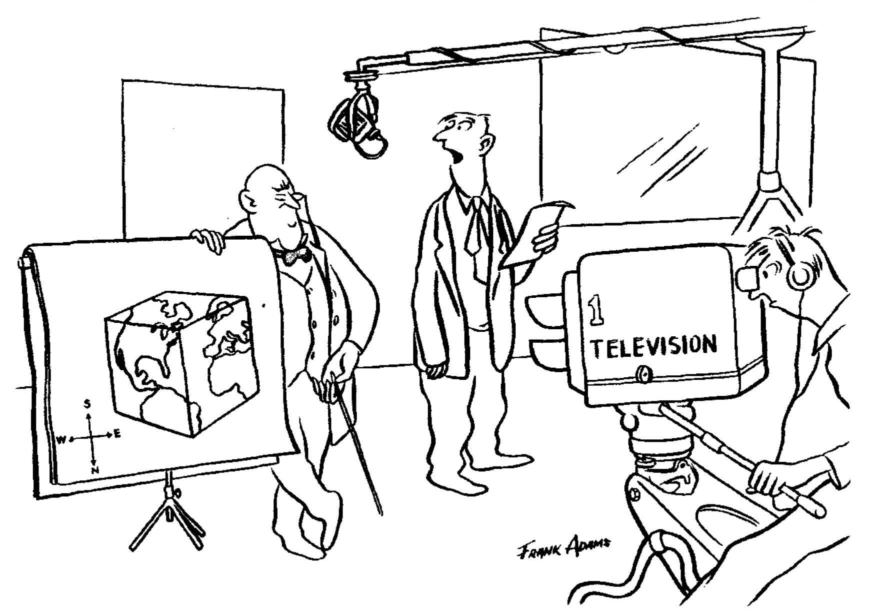
Hunter-Wilson Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky. Blended whiskey, 92 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 or more years old. ight whiskey. 60% grain neutral spiri

BROTHER ACT

Continued from page 21

population of an area. Bobby-soxers followed him about, and scribbled "I love J.D.L." all over Danbury, Norwalk and Bridgeport walls. There was, in fact, so much sex attraction thrown into the campaign, that his own party leaders labeled him "a male Clare Boothe Luce."

Up in Massachusetts, Cabot Lodge, too, tossed out some sex appeal in his campaign, notably in the direction of young housewife groups and the coeds of Mount Holyoke College. In addition, he joined the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the American Veterans Committee (a rather indigestible mixed grill), rescued a treed cat for an old lady in Gloucester, and told funny stories about Presidential Adviser George E. Allen. Aside from this, Cabot Lodge found it unnecessary to utter anything but the safest of pronouncements, such as "Fascism should not come to the United States," or "We must clear up the muddling of the Missouri Gang in Washington."



COLLIER'S "The opinion of Doctor Hopper is entirely his own and does not necessarily reflect that of this station" FRANK ADAMS

Cabot had already been elected to the Senate twice before, in 1936 and 1942, so he said practically nothing and relied on his filing cabinets and on cumulative effect. During his seven years in Washington, for instance, he never had failed to come home to march in a St. Patrick's Day parade in South Boston, a Bunker Hill Day parade in Charlestown, or a Patriots' Day parade in Lexington and Concord, commemorating Paul Revere's ride.

And he always *walked* in these parades. He never rode. And he always covered the full length of the line of march. For the impressionable Irishmen of South Boston, he donned a top hat, morning coat and striped pants, the same as the local Irish politicians; for the workers of Charlestown and the farmers of Concord, he had a plebeian-looking blue serge suit and an elderly gray felt hat.

Similarly, Cabot Lodge is credited with making one of the smartest political moves ever recorded in the Senate. He walked into that august chamber one day and proposed a bill making it unnecessary for new Irish immigrants to renounce allegiance to the King of England before swearing allegiance to the United States. This routine procedure under immigration laws dated back to before the days of Irish independence, when all Irishmen were British subjects.

A Hero to the Boston Irish

None of the senators even knew that this oath had been required. Moreover, they didn't think anyone cared. So they passed Lodge's bill without debate. That evening, the Boston papers headlined the Senate's action, and Lodge had become a hero to the Boston Irish only a few degrees lower than St. Patrick, Daniel O'Connell and Arthur Griffith. This is what is meant by "cumulative effect."

Lodge learned early in his career that no Republican candidate can win in Massachusetts without breaking into the great block of Boston's traditionally Democratic Irish Catholic votes. All the time he was in Washington, he never failed to attend an important Irish funeral in Boston, no matter how pressing was the business of the Senate. This became a standing joke among his colleagues and once Presidential Secretary David K. Niles chided him with the now famous line, "You oughtn't to go to so many Irish funerals, Cabot, because it looks as if you just like to see dead Irishmen." Notwithstanding, in the last election Cabot Lodge became the third Republican in history to win in Boston. He took the city by 16,000 votes.

It is difficult to connect this astute political hucksterism with the Lodges' background. Cabot was born at the family's large seaside mansion at Nahant, Massachusetts, on July 5, 1902, and John at the Lodges' elaborate Washington home on October 20, 1904. Both paraded into the world mouthing spoons which were diamond-studded platinum, compared with the ordinary silver variety. The family was loaded with wealth, and the boys' pedigree was loaded with Cabots, Davises, Lodges and Frelinghuysens—just about the top-seeded families in American society.

Dangling on the family tree were seven U.S. senators, one Secretary of State, two Secretaries of the Navy, two admirals, one Revolutionary War general, one minor poet and several Revolutionary War Tories who fought against George Washington and who are omitted in more recent versions of the pedigree. The most famous of this group of notables, of course, was Grandfather Henry Cabot Lodge, Sr., whose bearded, patrician features graced the Senate for 32 years, and who headed the "little group of willful men" whom Woodrow Wilson charged with sabotaging his League of Nations efforts behind his back, thus, by implication, sending him to an early grave.

The boys' father, George Cabot Lodge, died when they were very young, so they and their sister Helena were brought up in the patriarchal shadow of their grandfather. They were educated by tutors and governesses in Washington and by their mother, who read them sections of the Old Testament daily until they had negotiated that formidable volume no less than three times before Cabot was 9 and John was 7. In that year, the young Lodges began a grand tour of the world's finest private schools. They went to schools in Washington, Maryland and London. When John got the measles, he was hurriedly transferred to the Evans School in Mesa, Arizona. Except for this, they were always together. They prepared for Harvard at Middlesex.

COLLIER'S "I hope you'll consider this meal on the house, sir" JEFF KEATE

Cabot and John entered Harvard within a year of each other and became members of the classes of 1924 and 1925 respectively. They differed from their classmates in that they had the advantages of travel abroad during vacations. Cabot was the student, rushing through school in three years instead of four, and taking time off only for minor extracurricular activities such as his class crew and, significantly enough, the Republican Club and the Conservative Club.

Grandfather's Sound Advice

John, on the other hand, became president of the French Club, and the best-known actor on the campus. He played the lead in all the Hasty Pudding shows, and imported Molière's play, Tartufe, to this country for a French Club production. It was just about this time that a significant conversation took place between John and his grandfather, after the senator had seen him in a Hasty Pudding show which had migrated to Washington for a one-night stand.

"What would you think of my becoming an actor?" John asked his grandfather.

"I can see no objection to your becoming an actor," the senator replied, "provided you become a good one."

So John Davis Lodge became an actor. But not before he had taken another bicycle tour around Europe, visited Zurich and Munich, spent two more summers in Paris, turned down a diplomatic job in South America, graduated from Harvard Law School in 1929, plodded through two years of movie-company law contracts for a New York law firm and married beautiful blond Francesca Braggiotti—an aristocratic Italian-born Boston society belle, who amused herself by giving dance recitals.

In 1932, just for the hell of it, Francesca took a job in Hollywood as an Italian and French voice substitute for Greta Garbo in films with specially dubbed dialogue for Italian and French export. That summer, John went to the Coast to visit her. A Mrs. Ad Schulberg took one look at him and insisted that *he* take a film test. Within a few weeks, he had signed a Paramount contract, had given up law, and was in the toils of Hollywood.

John Lodge (he dropped the Davis for the screen) was something short of a howling success in the film capital, although he did all right with the "gay Malibu Beach society." In his first movie role, John was bitten by a snake in a picture called Murders in the Zoo. Then he played a cattle rustler in Under the Tonto Rim, emerged as Shirley Temple's father in The Little Colonel, and Frances Dee's boy friend in Little Women. He finally expired quietly with a shaggy-haired, wild-eyed performance as Marlene Dietrich's lover, Count Alexei in The Scarlet Empress.

After this, John sat around Hollywood for a while waiting for new parts to come along. They didn't. So one day, John announced to the newspapers, with a great tossing of the mane, that Hollywood didn't appreciate good acting, that he had been persecuted because he was a blue blood, and that he and Francesca

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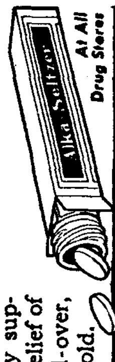

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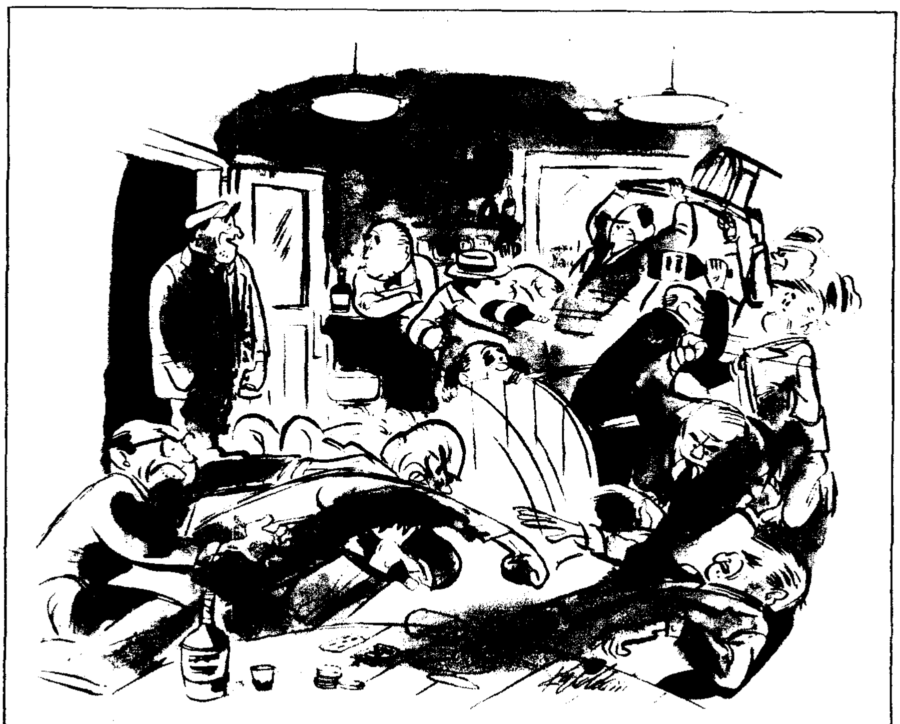

COLLIER'S "What's the subject under discussion?" HANK KETCHAM

were heading for Europe to make pictures there. They made twenty pictures in England, France and Italy, and John derived some satisfaction out of being billed on the Continent as "The American Ambassador to the European Screen," and "The Star Hollywood Neglected."

John was making a film in France called From Mayerling to Sarajevo, when World War II broke out and he had to make a run for it. He got a few odd acting jobs in Broadway shows and summer theaters, including a fairly substantial role in Lillian Hellman's Watch on the Rhine. Then, in 1942, he got himself a commission in the Navy, where for nearly a year his principal duty consisted of standing at attention while some admiral or other presented Navy "E" awards to war plants. Later he was sent overseas and served as a public-relations officer and as historian of the Salerno landing, and also served as a lieutenant commander, attached to the French fleet as a liaison officer.

Seeking Mrs. Luce's Old Job

When John Davis Lodge came home in November, 1945, he sat down and took stock of things. He studied his brother's by-that-time considerable success in politics and decided to give up acting for politics. He got himself a research job in the National Economic Foundation in New York, and for several months, he carefully studied the economic and political pressures affecting the nation. Then he went back to the home he had bought in Westport, Connecticut, and began talking to one of his neighbors about the possibility of his running for Clare Boothe Luce's vacated seat in Congress. This neighbor happened to be Judge J. Kenneth Bradley, the district's astute Republican National Committeeman, who had helped boost Wendell Willkie into the Presidential nomination in 1940.

Bradley informed Lodge that he was considered a carpetbagger in the district, that he had no practical political experience, and that his chances, accordingly, were nil. But Bradley's curiosity got the better of him, and he invited Lodge to speak at the state-wide meeting of the Young Republican Clubs in Hartford last August. That was just the opening John needed. He tore down the house. In a few weeks he had spoken at other Republican gatherings, and Bradley was in his corner. Working like a demon, Lodge personally canvassed all twenty-three towns in the county and gathered in other Republican leaders, including influential Oscar Peterson, Jr., of Stratford. Peterson became his campaign manager.

By September, Lodge had completely outdistanced his opponents just by sheer hard work. He still had two formidable rivals for the nomination—Clare Luce's secretary, Albert Morano, and the well-known sculptress, Helen Silvercruys Stevenson. But they, too, gave up the ghost and dropped out before the district nominating convention got under way. John Davis Lodge was launched in politics.

Cabot Lodge's entrance into politics was more direct. Cabot seemingly knew what he wanted all the time. In college he was a brilliant student concentrating all his efforts on political science; and when he went to work as a newspaperman after college he swung his weight around, according to his former colleagues, to get the most instructive political assignments. It all seemed part of a master plan. On the old Boston Transcript, working as he pleased (to the extreme resentment of the regular newspapermen) he covered City Hall, and then in perfect progression, the Statehouse and—after transferring to the New York Herald Tribune—Washington.

He made several trips to Europe, covered the Democratic and Republican conventions in 1928, went to Central America to watch the Marines "restore peace and order" to Nicaragua, wandered off to the Far East "to study colonial governments," attended the London Naval Conference and the Army's maneuvers on the Mexican border. Then he decided that he had learned enough about politics and was ready to become a participant. He easily was designated as a candidate for the Great and General Court (Massachusetts' quaint name for its House of Representatives), and he was just as easily elected.

Cabot Lodge served two terms in the state legislature, and then, in the black Republican year of 1936, he was thrown in as a sacrificial-lamb candidate for the U.S. Senate against Massachusetts' master politician, James M. Curley, then the governor. Curley went to work on Lodge as if he were indeed a burnt offering. He called him "Little Boy Blue," and a "boy on a man's errand."

One of Curley's more imaginative associates even tried to get Cabot thrown off the ballot on the grounds that his name really was Henry Cabot Lodge II, instead of Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., thereby implying that Cabot was attempting to cash in illegally on his

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"The Picture of a Thousand Memorable Moments"

"The Sinkiller's Sermon"

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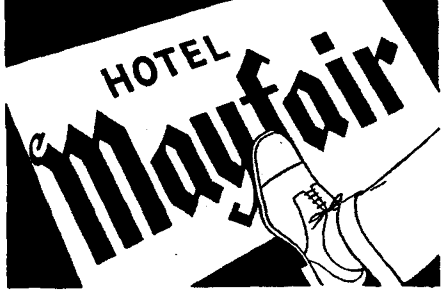

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admitted, "at first I minded like hell, because it was obvious they didn't trust us not to drop a string of bombs almost any place—Los Angeles, for instance. Because they were thinking of us as Japanese and not as Americans. But later—no; not after the 442d was activated."

"You were proud of the 442d?" Mari asked.

"It was a good outfit," he agreed briefly.

It was a masterpiece of understatement. The American-born Japanese outfits—the 442d and the 100th Battalion—the most decorated units of their size in the United States Army. Yet there were other outfits just as good, he thought. But the important thing was that they had been given a chance to fight, to show what they could do—and prove, too, that loyalty was sufficient cause for which to die. And many had died, he thought, remembering Jiro.

"Well, then," she was triumphant, "don't you see? You couldn't fly in this war although you might have preferred it. No, it had to be done, for you, the hard way—in the infantry. That's the way it is now, too. Maybe you *have* always wanted to be a lawyer, Wing, but it isn't to be, don't you see? You'll be doing it the hard way again. And perhaps in the end, it will be just as fine, just as good—only in a different way—as the 442d ever was."

Logic, he thought, amused, the logic of women; and he went up to her, taking her shoulders in his hands, turning her around to face him. "Do you think I don't know that?" he asked gently. "Do you think I would have bothered to come back at all if I hadn't known there was a way? And that that way happens for me to be in Colorado with my family. And do you think I mind because of that?"

Wing broke off, his face set, but in his heart he said the words to her: It's because of you, Mari, only because of you. Because I wanted once to give you so much; and now I find that I can give you nothing at all.

And suddenly, she was close to him, her voice despairing, shaken with misery: "Wing," she implored, "Wing, take me with you."

HE STOOD bewildered, unable to look away, seeing only a new, unrecognizable tightness in her face; yet with it, a kind of strength also. She was not pleading with him, he saw; she was merely asking. And he thought: This is the way she'll look—the idea flashed into his mind without reason as his hands fell away from her shoulders—this is the way she will look when she is old.

"No," his face expressionless, "I can't ask you to go."

"You're not asking, Wing. I'm the one."

"Look. This is the way it is. A one-room shack and no money—and not much money coming in from the crops. There's no future in it, Mari; and there may never be any future in it."

"But I wouldn't mind—"

"You say that now. You say that now because you don't know. You've lived in New York all your life—walking up Fifth Avenue at noon, strolling in the Park. That's all the country you've ever seen, Mari—Central Park. And that's about the only basis you have for saying you wouldn't mind. You'd get out there and you'd be hating my guts within a month. No, not even a month. I'd give you a week maybe, but that's all."

He saw that this, as nothing else had done, had made her angry. "What do you think I'm made of?" she demanded. "Glass?" And almost in the next breath she said, "You'd better go."

Her voice was flat and hard and cold; and he knew that this was the end. Mari, his eyes pleaded with her, I didn't want it to end this way. I didn't mean to hurt you. I only meant to say goodby and then to leave. She's so small, he thought, so incredibly small and fine-boned—and alone.

"Goodby," she said. She said the word all in one tone as if there were a great deal more that she could have said but would not say now. As if she were holding it away from him, waiting until he had gone to say it to the empty room, and perhaps to throw something, too, at the cream-colored walls.

He thought of this as the elevator took him down silently. She's not happy here, he thought. From this to Colorado, he reflected bitterly; and she wanted to come.

WING went out into the street. It was dusk, the darkness crowding down across the city; not night yet—but almost—with lights coming on, premature and futile in a dying afternoon. As he walked he was unable to forget the way she had looked in hopelessness, the way her face had changed and aged in that single instant, and the later defiance with which she had told him to leave. Even this—the last and final gesture—had been without meaning or reality, because he had left her then alone.

"But you'll be so alone, Wing," was what she had said. As if that in itself was the worst thing that could happen. As if the most terrifying thing in the world was not so much that you had to start from the bottom and begin again with nothing, but that you had to start again alone.

His steps slowed and stopped. Suddenly, in the middle of the block, he turned and ran back along the deserted street toward the apartment house.

He found her as he had left her, quiet and mute, only without defiance now. When he burst in upon her again, she seemed to have withdrawn into herself, turning away from him, her face inscrutable.

"Mari—" he began, but the words blurred on his lips, because the black eyes had lifted wide and forlorn, swimming with tears.

He had to come close to hear her. "You wouldn't really have left me, would you?" she whispered.

Lord, he thought, as she came into his arms, her head buried on his chest, his mouth against her hair—Lord, to have left her, to have left her here alone . . .

"Oh, Wing, you fool," she said. "Who do you think you are anyway—Superman? Invincible Wing Nakada, I suppose."

"Not without you, baby," he said against her hair and he was grinning now. "Only if I have you."

But she was laughing, too. He could feel her laughter against him even before she swept her head back, her hair falling low across her shoulders, touching his hands.

"And do you think I'll break?" she asked, teasing, her eyes shining, her lips turned up at the corners. "Like glass? If I'm with you?"

"I don't think so," he said. His voice was husky now, his eyes intent only upon her mouth.

"Not when you're with me," he said and his mouth came down on hers, slowly and deliberately, as her arms slid upward around his neck.

And now there was no pain, no emptiness; there was only the newness in him, the tenderness, and the warmth. And he thought: This then is what you return to; here is the reason for return.

The beginning again, the starting all over again against the hatred and the silence and mistrust—these are the things which can't defeat you now, because you have this. Because you have Mari and with her a new strength, a new unswerving hope. Whereas, without these things, there might never have been anything for you at all.

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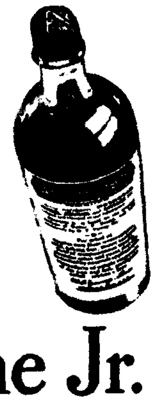

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ily. "And that's a solution, I suppose. In itself."

"None of us has anything to offer nowadays, if that's what you mean. You're no exception."

"But Mari is. And you can't ask her to play around with that sort of thing."

"What if it wouldn't be playing around for Mari?"

"You're damned right it wouldn't be," Wing retorted. "Look, Jiro, you know as well as I do that she wasn't brought up to live that way." And as he said the words, he remembered Mari. "I love you, Wing," she had said at the end. "Nothing else matters, nothing is important. Except that." Hell, he had thought in Naples, jerking a thumb at his lighter, holding the flame to his cigarette

"What have I got?" he had said to Jiro "A farm, sure. A one-room Colorado shack. But the one-room part of it doesn't matter so much if you're picking potatoes from dawn to dusk. Because that's all they want us to do, you know. They give us the badlands of California to reclaim; and when we start to make the truck farms pay off out of the sand and the swamp and the filth, they say, 'Those damn', dirty little Japs, trying to steal our markets—' "

"You blame them?"

"No, I don't blame them. It's human, I guess, to be that way. But it's such a big country, Jiro. There ought to be room for us somewhere. Yet there never seems to be."

That was the way he had felt in Italy. In southern France and Germany, also, he hadn't changed. And now that he was back, he knew that he had been right. But he wondered, too, how Jiro would have felt if he could have known that even his father was no longer an exception. Thinking of these things he had paid little attention to where they were going, letting Mari choose the direction—until to his surprise he saw that they were stopping in front of the apartment house in which the Kimuras lived.

"I might as well go in now, Wing," she was saying.

It had not occurred to him that she would leave him quite so soon. He thought: There has to be something more, something else to remember in a lifetime without her, above and beyond this drab day that we have spent together in New York. And he found that there were no words within him for this moment. He felt lost, looking down at her; it was as if she had already left him there alone.

"I mean," she said, "there's nothing else to do, is there? You don't want me to come to the station with you."

"No."

"That is—unless you want to come up," she said shyly. "We could listen to some of Jiro's symphonies. You used to like that."

Music, he thought; Jiro's symphonies. Jiro, who had played a piano, no matter how old and bad it was, as if it were gold-lined and black, standing on a concert stage.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I'd like to come up." But it wasn't true. He had no desire to be in the same room with her, enclosed in a smaller space, so that every time she moved, or laughed, or looked at him, he was aware of it.

IN THE apartment he sat uncomfortably, watching her as she leafed through the record albums, her face intent and serious. She looked, he thought, exactly what she was: product of New York, of an Eastern women's college. God, he wondered sickly, why did they send her to college; why did they have to bring her up that way? To come with me, he thought wearily, to have prepared her for what I have to offer, they would have had to send her out as a scullery maid. And abruptly he didn't want to watch her any longer.

"Mari, why don't you let it go?" She looked up, her hair swinging back across her shoulders as she straightened. "Forget about the music," he said.

There was something of defeat about the way her hands slid away from the record album lying open in front of her. She would have liked to listen to music, he thought; she would have liked to listen and project herself into it and forget the things that I have told her today. It would have been a kind of sublimation.

He said, "I'm sorry, Mari. Play something if you want."

"No." She turned away from the records, facing him. "I was wrong. I don't want to listen to music, after all. Mainly, I guess I—" she ran her fingers through her hair, "I suppose I want to know what's happened to us."

This was something he had not expected of her. There was a pride in Mari that evaded verbal issues, that turned away from the unpleasant rather than expose it. Always before she had been this way; even this morning, when he thought that she had not cared.

"You come back from Germany," she spoke slowly, searching for the right words, "and you tell me there is nothing between us and that means that something is wrong. No, not wrong exactly; but different."

"In my letters—" he began desperately. "I tried to tell you in my letters."

"Oh, I know. It's not your fault, Wing. I knew what you meant. It was just that I couldn't believe you'd go through with it."

Mari, he thought silently, Mari, forget it. Don't ride along on it, dragging it out between us. This is for you, for your sake alone. Yet she was coming back toward him now from across the room; and as she came, she seemed to Wing to bring the shadows of the room with her, close and stifling.

"You'll be so alone, Wing," she said, and the words lay there between them like a stone.

"No," he said huskily, "that's not true."

"Your family won't live forever." Her voice was steady and in that instant he felt that he almost hated her.

"After that I'll have the farm," he said.

"You really want the farm then?"

"No! My God!" As he said the words, something broke apart within him and he found that he was shouting. "But what do you want me to do? Leave them there? They don't know anything about farming. They only went into it because it got them out of relocation center."

"No," she agreed swiftly, "of course you have to go. Anyway, Wing," and her smile was blithe, sudden, "farming isn't such a bad way of life."

THE anger slipped out of him, leaving him exhausted, yet still tense. "It isn't that. It's just that there were other things—" Other things like finishing college, like getting the law degree he'd always meant to get. And they included you, too, Mari, he thought, without looking at her.

"Oh, other things," she dismissed them with a lift of her shoulders. "Life isn't quite as simple as that. For instance, think of the people we know, all of us scattered all over the country now. But maybe it's a good thing; maybe it wasn't right for us to live always within ourselves that way. Perhaps now, we'll be assimilated and—"

"Assimilated? That old cry, Mari? And why do you think we haven't been assimilated before this? Because they don't want us obviously. Hell, we're a blot on the landscape."

"No, listen to me, Wing. That isn't true. In some places, perhaps, but not all. I know a family—they're sending one of my friends to college. Through college, Wing, because they think she has talent and brains and—"

"Charity," he said flatly. "Is that what you want?"

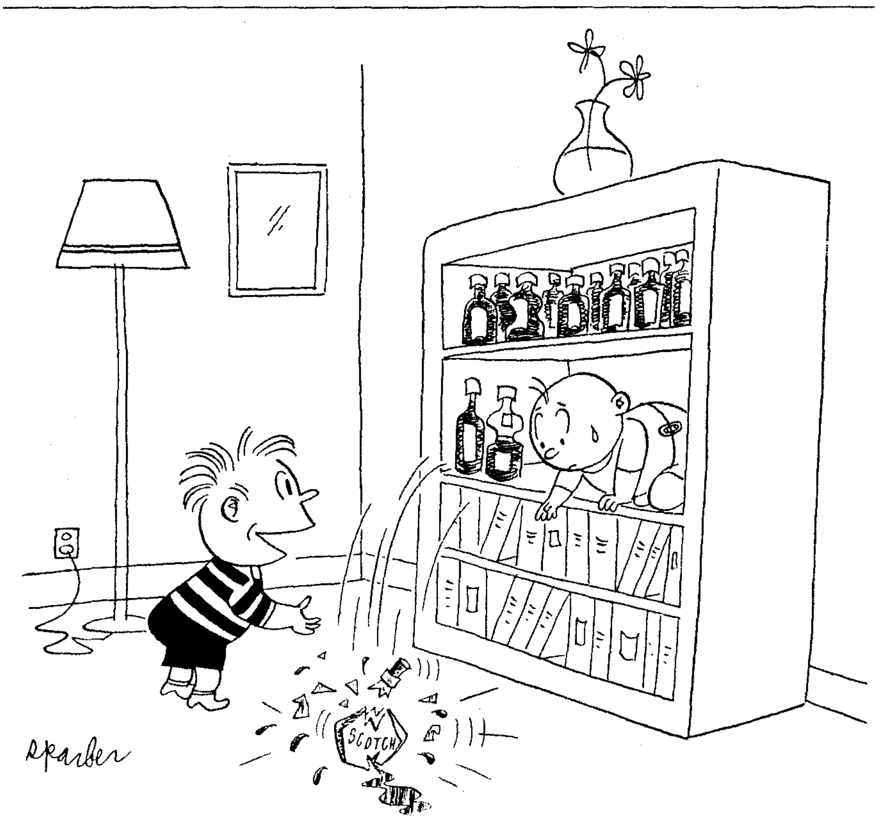
"Wing, Jiro told me, you know. About your name, I mean; and why they called you that, because you were mad about flying. You spent all your time flying, didn't you, when you were young; and every cent you could pick up doing odd jobs in the summers between college? Before the war."

"Yes," he said. It seemed long ago.

"And did you mind?" she persisted, probing at the old loss. "Did you mind when, after Pearl Harbor, they wouldn't let *Nisei* into the Air Corps?"

He looked across at her sharply, measuring her intention. "At first," he

TIMMY **by HOWARD SPARBER**



"Don't worry, Hanky—Daddy will fix it with glue"

COLLIER'S

NEVER LOOK BACK

Continued from page 19

come to Kimura's Oriental Art Shop on Fifth Avenue. He remembered having thought Mr. Kimura the wealthiest, the most forbidding man he had ever seen. He remembered also that his mother had stood on the sidewalk that day in front of the store, staring at Mr. Kimura's show window, at the white azaleas banked behind the jade Buddha.

I can remember this place, he thought, I can remember this place and my mother's face—even the expression on her face—seeing behind glass a Buddha done in jade. I can remember these things although they happened fourteen years ago. Yet in all the months of war and occupation, there was no single instant when I could recall the shape of Mari's mouth, or her walk or the way her face can be secret and withheld, her eyes veiled, her lashes slanted down. Just as now, he thought resentfully, I do not know what she is thinking or feeling or why it is that she has brought me here.

The shop with its thick rugs, obliterating sound, seemed to him to be unchanged. The atmosphere of luxury remained. Anything you might want from the Orient, Mr. Kimura had. And if you could afford carved ivory, cool to the touch, or jade that was perhaps the finest in the world, then you went to Kimura's also. For Mr. Kimura was not only a dealer in Oriental art objects; he was a collector and a connoisseur as well.

Mari brought him forward now from the back of the shop: a small man, yet impressive, carrying his age with great dignity. In his manner, in the formal courtesy, his Japanese origin was apparent.

Immediately, Wing was conscious of his own heavy combat boots, of his campaign ribbons and the Combat Infantryman's badge. He felt himself a roughshod, dangerous element, enclosed in silken screens and silver filigree. And toward Mari for having brought him here, for having left him in this predicament, his resentment grew.

Mari was perched on a heavy teakwood chest, and she grinned at him impudently. He thought again, as he had been thinking all afternoon, that what he had told her that day seemed hardly to have touched her.

"Ah, yes, Sergeant Nakada," Mr. Kimura bowed. "We have met before, I believe. A long time ago. And your family? They are well?"

Wing shook his head. "I haven't seen them yet."

"Of course," Kimura was apologetic, "I had forgotten. You are only just now returned from Germany, are you not? Mari tells me you were with the 442d. My son, also—" he hesitated. "I understand that you knew Jiro well," he said at last.

"That's right, sir." Wing did not want to talk about Jiro because there was nothing he could say and he discovered that he could not look upon the grief in Kimura's face.

HE FOUND his eyes lifting toward Mari. How much had she told the old man, he wondered. Had she mentioned marriage or had Jiro mentioned it for her? And would it be difficult for her now that he had told her that marriage was out of the question?

Or had she never considered it seriously herself? Had she realized from the beginning what he had not known until the end—that there was no way in which he could decently take her away from all that she knew: the luxury, the security, her father's wealth. But Mari sat apart from him, still and remote. Although the impudence had left her, her face told him nothing.

He was aware only of her hair shining in the light; of the wide, bright mouth, unsmiling now; and her eyes, flecked with gold, screened by her lashes. He dragged his attention back to Mr. Kimura.

"You are going now to see your family?"

"He's taking a train west this evening," Mari said.

"So?" Mr. Kimura's wrinkled face lit up with interest. "Your family has returned to California, then?"

Those are the words, Wing thought—returned to California. They had no meaning now. You fought your way through the war, and you returned. But not to California.

It was not actually that you were afraid. It was just that now you knew the odds, whereas before, you had merely guessed at them. You knew now that even without the overt acts there was nothing much that you could do. That always there would be the sidelong glances, the unspoken animosity. And within you there was no longer even the desire to return.

BUNDY
BANDEL LINN

"Personally, I think anybody who'd build at a time like this has rocks in his head"

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

"No," Wing Nakada said and his voice was cold, "my family is in Colorado now."

"And your father?" Mr. Kimura inquired now. "He is continuing his law practice?"

A Japanese practicing law in Colorado? Wing stared at him. He wanted to laugh, to laugh at Mr. Kimura of the successful New York art shop, Mr. Kimura who had never lived in California at all.

"No, sir," explaining it patiently as if to a child, "they've bought a farm. They're living on a farm just outside of Denver. They're growing potatoes." He left it at that, left Mr. Kimura to think what he liked. Yet for once, Mr. Kimura said nothing.

"And your business, sir?" Wing asked, feeling unexpectedly old, older even than Mr. Kimura, and very tired.

The old man looked up and around him at the brocades, the shining lacquer bowls, the curved candlesticks. "My business has not been good either, Sergeant Nakada," he explained at last, "not good at all."

Abruptly then, Wing cursed himself for a fool. Where once there had been crowds of people standing around the glass showcases; people moving busily along the aisles, leaving fingerprints on Chinese pewter, Korean brass; women in furs examining jade, now there was no one. The shop was deserted.

Kimura shrugged. "Before the war, the shop was always crowded. Now there is no one although the war has long since passed. Look around. You see?"

IT WAS Mari who answered him, Mari who had said almost nothing since their arrival. "But they'll be back," she said.

As she spoke, she slid down from the teakwood chest and came toward them from across the room. Her walk, arrogant and lithe, surprising in one so small, contained the old grace. And watching her, Wing knew again that she was beautiful. He knew also, however, what it was that she was trying to do, that she wanted him to go now before he and her father had said any more. Yet he did not wish to leave; his antagonism toward her father had vanished.

"We only came for a minute, Father," she said. "We haven't much time."

"Ah," the old man murmured. He looked at Wing regretfully. "I won't keep you then."

"I wish I did have more time," Wing began. "I'm sorry about the shop, sir."

"Nonsense," Mari retorted, "Dad exaggerates, you know. The shop's all right. At any rate, it will be in time. Just in the past few months they've begun to come back."

"A little," her father admitted, "but only a few at a time. And only since Jiro was killed. And why? Because they're sorry for me, Mari. Whereas, I"—and his voice was harsh—"I do not care for their pity."

"Life is too short," Mari returned quickly, "and a bit too bitter at times to reject pity entirely." She faced her father as if she had thought for a long time of what she would say at this moment. "Besides," she went on, "it isn't only pity. Some of them are ashamed at having doubted you. And some of them remember Jiro when he was small and you used to let him run around the shop. You mustn't blame them for that, you know. Just to remember sometimes is a good thing. And for some of them, too," she added carefully, "it's a way of showing their respect. The only way they know."

While she spoke, there had been a brilliance in her face, but now, when her father made no reply, she sighed, taking Wing's hand.

"Come on," she said softly. The pride and anger in her had disappeared. "It's time to go."

They walked up Fifth Avenue into the fading afternoon. "You see," Mari explained, "for as long as I can remember he has believed in the specific and separate: the single object of beauty, the solitary piece of jade. The individual. All his life he has never allowed himself the luxury of generalization. And now, when people he considered his friends have condemned him on the generality of race alone, he can't understand it. Facing reality he has lost all hope."

Yet Wing, recognizing the truth of this, found that he could say nothing in reply. He was filled rather, with disbelief. Disbelief—and this was a strange thing. I, of all people, should know, he thought, as they left Fifth Avenue now, walking east toward Lexington. I should at least believe in prejudice by now.

"How soon do you leave?" Mari had asked; and putting his hand under her arm as they came to a cross street, he had replied, "Not for a couple of hours yet." But suddenly at the curb she stood stock-still, her eyes intent and candid, fixed on his face.

"May I go to the station with you, Wing?"

"I'd rather you didn't," he said and knew that now, although his hand remained on her arm, she walked apart from him.

MARI, he thought silently, Mari darling, please try to understand. But even as he was thinking this, he knew why she had taken him to see her father. I am not like that, he would have told her. I am not without hope. What I am aware of is reality. Or am I, he wondered. Quite honestly, he didn't know. He felt uncertain and unsure, as he walked beside her in silence. And he was remembering the last leave he had taken with Jiro in Naples.

They had bought a bottle of wine, he remembered. But when they drank, they knew at once that it was not good wine. They did not mind too much. One grew philosophical about such things in Italy.

"Here's to our return," Jiro had grinned.

Yet as he drank, he was serious, the half-amused bitterness leaving him, asking over the rim of his glass, "What does it mean to you, anyway, Wing? The return?"

"Nothing," Wing had said simply. "Nothing at all." It was a statement of fact. "And you?"

"I don't know. For myself, I don't know."

"One thing," Wing had said then harshly, "I'm damn' well not fighting to return to California."

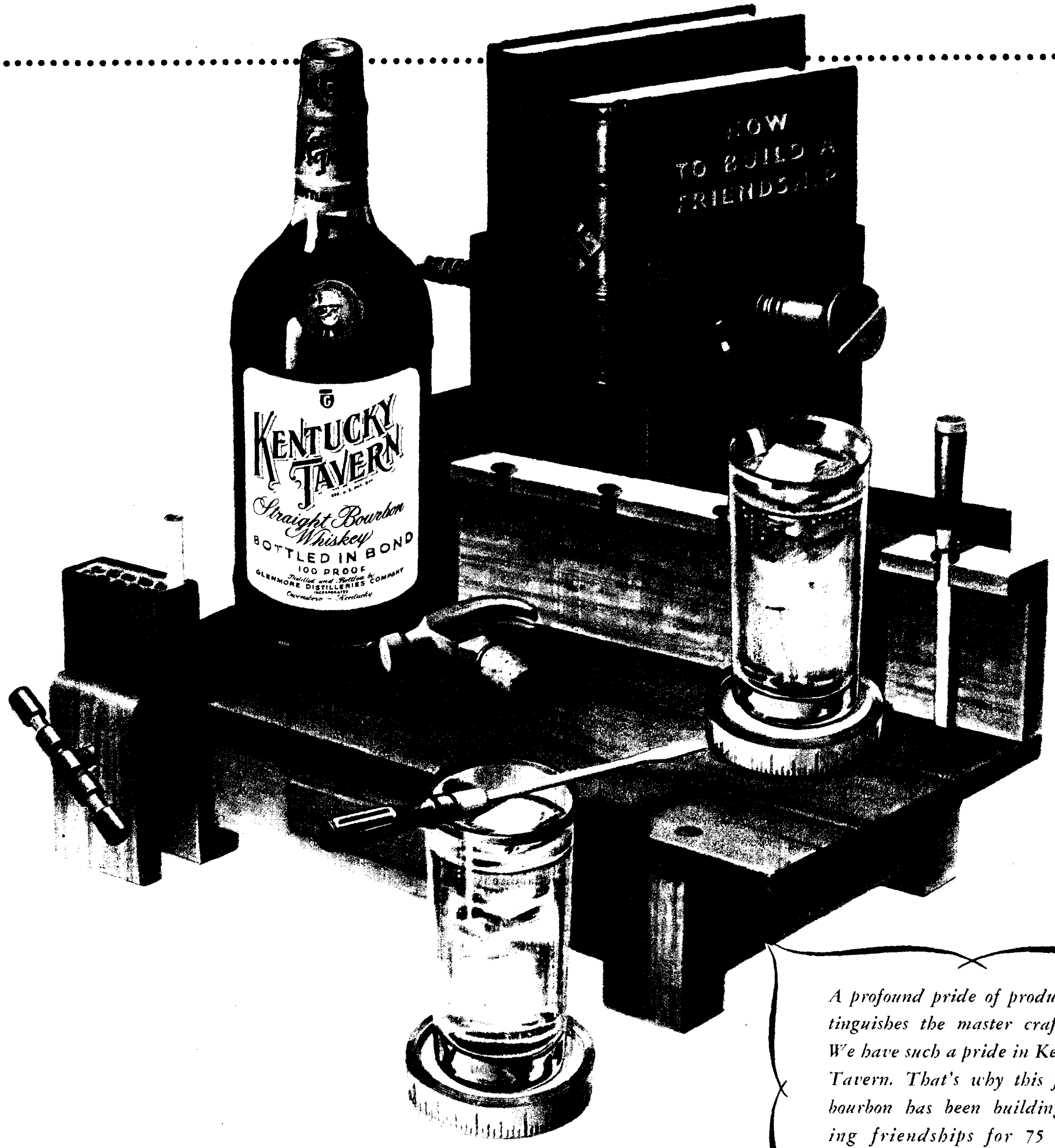
"Plenty to fight for, though—eh, Wing? And perhaps that's enough."

It was then that Wing had told Jiro for the first time that he wasn't going to marry Mari.

"But I always thought you were in love with her, boy," Jiro had protested. "Always thought you two—"

"Oh, sure," Wing had returned wear-

The Aristocrat of Bonds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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON BOTTLED-IN-BOND 100 PROOF

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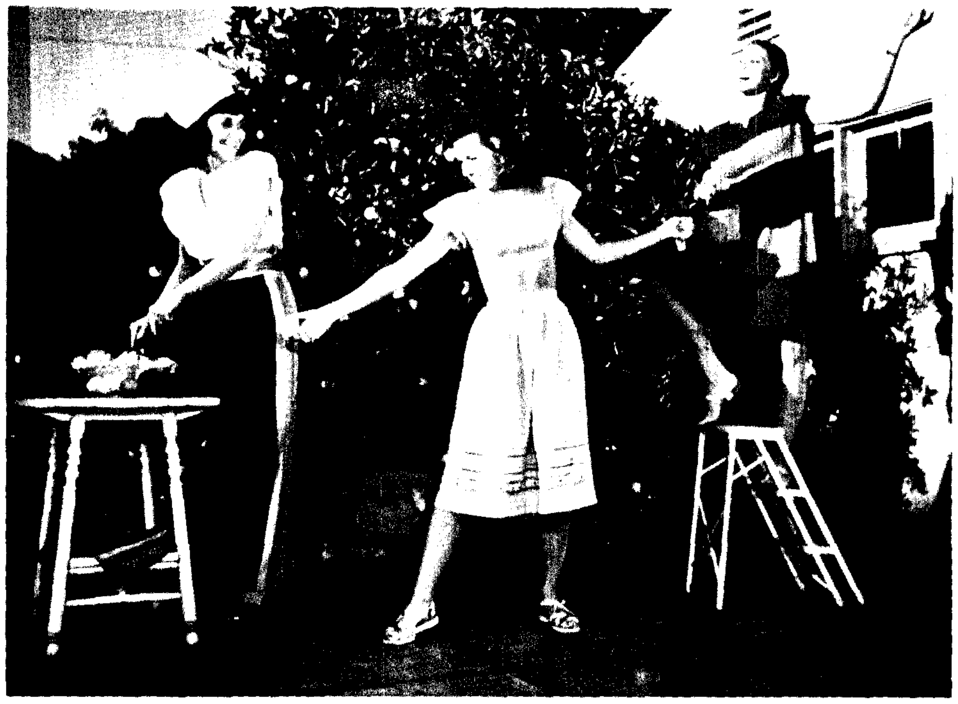
Indian maiden registers shock at the fashions she inspired: Dede Johnson's sidewise playsuit in buffalo hunt print, brave's costume for squaws by Carlson Hall. The girls: Arline Jordan and Mary James. The phony Indian: Zana Lewis

The cactus that blooms in the desert inspires West Coast fashionists—to paint a tiger lily. Here Martha Hyer, RKO player, wears Addie Masters' beach creation, two-piece sun suit and coat, while she dabbles at fabric designing

Sun worship, California style: l. to r., one-shoulder décolletage by Dorette (just add a skirt for dancing), tricolor swim suit by Rose Marie Reid, flamingo fancy by Zukin. All the shoes come from two makers: Cobblers and Joyce



Patio parties involve picking salad ingredients off trees in your own back yard (the California Way of Life, it's called) in, l. to r., patio slacks by Agnes Barrett, bare-midriff thing by Louella Ballerino, poncho dress by Pat Premo

a patio. Patios are practically nonexistent in the greater part of this country, but patio costumes sell furiously everywhere. Husbands in Ohio and New Jersey have had to build fireplaces in their own back yards to provide proper settings for their ladies' West Coast fashions.

This way-of-life business works to good purpose in many directions. It makes of every movie magazine a promotion vehicle for California fashions. ("Star Whoosits, glamorous in a full-skirted California desert print, prepares a barbecue supper with her own lovely hands!") It lures Eastern manufacturers to settle in southern California and enjoy the good life themselves (50 new firms have immigrated to the area within the past year). It ensnares buyers from out-of-state stores, who learn the reason for the clothes they came to buy. Some of its benefits spill over even to the factory workers, in the form of terraces for noontime sunbathing, company vegetable gardens, and bowling alleys.

In one factory, a voice comes over the loud-speaker system shortly before noon, saying, "This is George speaking—your chef, George. I hope you are all feeling hungry today, because I have something special for you. In just ten minutes you will be eating the most delicious shrimp and crab-meat casserole, made by the recipe I learned at the Plaza Hotel . . Let me know how you like it, won't you, girls?" . . . etc.

Buyers always get a good look at the way of life in practice. A manufacturer, bent on indoctrinating the newcomer, will act as though selling merchandise is the furthest thing from his mind. "You shouldn't attempt to work the first two or three days," he'll tell the lady. "Give yourself time to get used to the climate. You'll find you need more rest here. How about coming out to my house this afternoon, say about two o'clock? I'll pick you up. Bring a bathing suit—maybe you'd like a swim. *(Naturally the manufacturer has a swimming pool.)* A few hours in the sun will relax you, you have no idea. Like old-fashioneds? I make a good old-fashioned. We'll have dinner outdoors. My wife is a barbecue artist . . . Oh, just wear slacks or anything comfortable . . ." Or maybe he offers a horseback trip into the mountains, or a week end at the beach.

Anyway, the buyer generally melts under these blandishments—puts away her citified high heels, formal suit, tight girdle and big angry handbag, in favor of the comfort of California casuals, including flat-heeled play shoes, also made in California.

And what do you think this buyer is going to report about California fashions when she gets back to home base? If it is true, as they say, that half the fashion charm of Paris lies in the fact that buyers like to visit the place, then California is on the right track too.

The industry's business methods and history are as jaunty and special as the fashions it produces. Factories are small and numerous and prosperity is something new to most of them. Of about 1,000 firms in the Los Angeles area, only a few do better than a half-million-dollar business. Contrary

(Continued on page 73)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

SUN-SUIT STRIP

When a woman buys California sportswear, she is actually purchasing a small share in the California Way of Life. Manufacturers have based a thriving business on this fact

Fashions must be loud as drums to hold their own against exaggerated southern California backgrounds. Scene from Tabak's show at Arrowhead Inn, where bright prints and champagne spiked a luxury week end for Easterners

BY AMY PORTER

WHEN floodlights shatter the night sky in the vicinity of Los Angeles, seasoned citizens shrug and say, "Another movie opening, no doubt." But of late, a good many of the floodlighted, celebrity-garnished, white-tied and champagned whindigs have had a different meaning. A recent one celebrated the creation of seven new styles in bathing suits. Others, splendid with orchestras, aquacades, seven-course banquets and three or four movie stars apiece, heralded the advent of new shorts and slacks and jackets—things like that. Clearly, unveiling a little cotton something for beach or tennis court has got to be quite a thing in California.

All of a sudden California is treating its sportswear like some rare jewel. In 1946 the state's apparel industry grossed more than $400,000,000, an increase of more than 500 per cent over 1939. California has outdistanced Chicago to place second only to New York. The Los Angeles area accounts for 85 per cent of this business, and, although a variety of products are made, the greatest strength lies in women's sportswear.

The trade is full of get-rich-quick tales. A Wisconsin blouse maker who set up shop in Los Angeles five years ago with a capital of $1,500, last year set a sales record of a million dollars. Two little girls fresh out of high school haven't done badly either. Four years ago, after just a year of working in other people's plants, they went into business for themselves. Last year their total sales amounted to $50,000.

Stores and their customers in every state, in Alaska, Hawaii, in South America, South Africa, Australia and points north, south, east and west, are yammering for more made-in-California clothes than they have been able to get so far. A merchant in Johannesburg wrote, "My customers are more interested in California than any place in the United States. I hope you can fill my order."

The nice part about orders from far-off places is that it means a year-round market for fashions designed to be worn under a shining sun.

Part of the fascination of California clothes lies, apparently, in something called the California Way of Life. This way-of-life theme, persuasively publicized, leads a woman into a state of pretty confusion where she can't tell for sure whether she is buying a pants-and-bra set in blue- and green-striped cotton, or a small share in the California glitter world of patios, swimming pools, movie stars, and eternal sunshine.

In any case, she can be fairly sure that the pants and bras will be comfortable. Californians are expert clothes engineers. Their swim suits have a bias crotch for free leg movement, their slacks let you bend without splitting a seam, their tennis things are such as champions wear.

By California convention, other activities, such as cooking, eating and suntanning, take place in a partly enclosed, Spanish-flavored garden called grandfather's name. Cabot didn't bother to answer the accusations and quietly went about his personal-contact, filing-cabinet system of campaigning. The results of that election were among the most surprising of the year. In the mightiest Roosevelt sweep of them all, Lodge was the only new Republican senator to be elected in the entire country. The sacrificial lamb had kicked the master politician in the teeth by a plurality of some 125,000 votes.

Lodge's first term in the Senate was interrupted briefly in 1941 when, as a captain in the U.S. Army Reserve, he took a small American tank detachment over to observe Auchinleck's British Eighth Army in action in North Africa. Instead of observing, the detachment got mixed in Rommel's last big offensive, and Lodge got shot at near El Adem, and in the retreat from Tobruk to El Alamein. After that, he returned to the Senate, and ran for re-election against New Dealer Joe Casey. He had quite a tussle beating Casey—by only 80,000 votes.

Cabot Lodge served no more than a few months of his second term. On February 5, 1944, he suddenly and dramatically resigned from the Senate to enter the Army as a major. This was the first time a senator had taken such drastic military action since the Civil War. Like all of Lodge's actions, however, it helped him politically. When he came back in 1945, loaded down with five battle stars and four decorations earned while serving as a liaison officer with the French First Army, he was a shoo-in for the next Republican senatorial nomination to come along. It came last November, and he won by his biggest majority.

Cabot Lodge's record as a legislator is both good and bad—no matter what side of the political fence you sit on. In the Massachusetts legislature, he became head of the Labor Committee, and following the New Deal trend of 1932-1936, he pushed through a record number of social measures and new laws that were beneficial to labor. In the U.S. Senate, he was listed as an independent, which meant that his voting record sometimes shocked the regular, party-line Republicans.

He was the only Republican to vote for Roosevelt's Wage-Hour Bill, and when the wrath of the Republican party whips descended on his head, he answered with candor, "I was trying to keep industry from moving out of Massachusetts." He bucked his party by voting for NYA, for the termination of tax-exempt securities and against the antilabor spy bill.

From the very beginning, he leaned over backward to attempt to erase his grandfather's reputation for ultraisolationism from his own banner. The stain showed through, however, when he found himself among the seven die-hards who were the only ones to oppose Roosevelt on the Neutrality Act in 1939. He also voted in favor of limiting American armed forces to the Western Hemisphere during the war, and he cast his ballot against the 18-month extension of the draft on that fateful vote during the Battle of France, when our meager Army was kept growing by the margin of a *single* vote in the House.

He then voted for Lend-Lease, and some of his colleagues began to call him "Mr. Fluctuate." Like most Republicans, he was against soil conservation, against crop insurance, against the government's 1939 bill for relief of the poor, against the CCC, and for the Smith-Connally Act, which Roosevelt vetoed as being violently antilabor. Cabot Lodge's best friends in the Senate were the extreme conservatives, Styles Bridges of New Hampshire, Lister Hill of Alabama and C. Wayland Brooks of Illinois. Despite all this, Cabot Lodge is looked upon as a leader of the young liberal wing, rather than the old reactionary wing of the current Republicans in Congress.

This is one of the many things Brother Cabot and Brother John have in common. Both are regarded by young liberal Republicans as potential firebrands in the fight against the Brickers and the Hoffmans of the party. Everyone seems to look to them to follow the Willkie rather than the Hoover tradition.

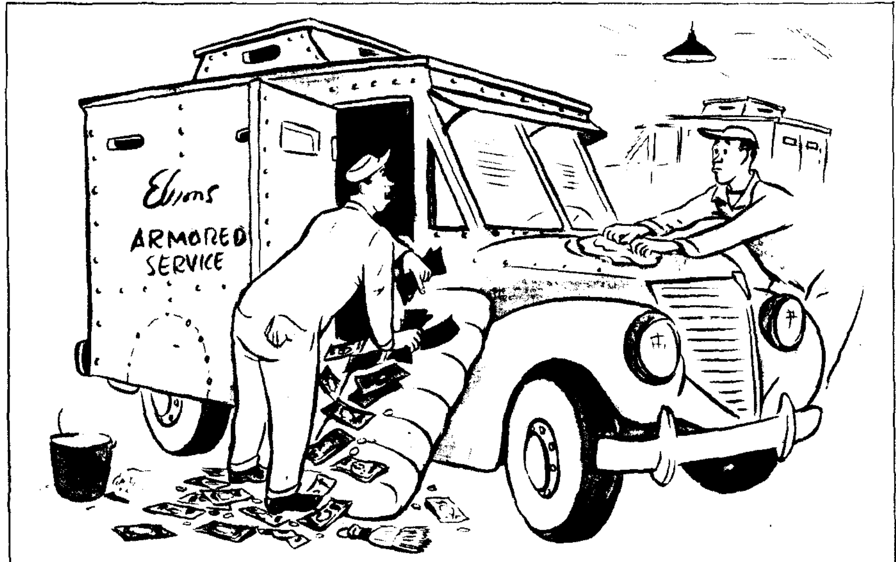
The other similarities between the two brothers are more superficial. Each has a beautiful home and a charming wife (Cabot married pretty, auburn-haired Boston Socialite Emily Sears in 1926), and each has two fine children, assorted pedigreed pets, books, boats, waterfalls, and the above-mentioned political acumen which should retain all these things for them.

Another common attribute which has been ascribed to the Lodge brothers is intense personal ambition. Right now, Cabot's eyes are said to be focused on the 1948 Vice-Presidential nomination. It is also suspected that he would not be averse to accepting the Presidency someday, should someone be kind enough to offer it.

Once he said, "I've seen too many people go into a strait jacket when that Presidency waves off in the future." Another good one cropped up in an interview with Boston Post Reporter Eleanor Roberts, on November 10, 1946. "It (the Presidency) shortens one's life by ten years," Cabot said. "Nobody who knows the government would like to be President. Look at the pictures of Roosevelt since he first took office. You can see the lines in his face deepen, the sag of his chin, the look of weariness in his face."

At that point, Mrs. Lodge shuddered. "You know I just hate to talk about it," she said. "It's my nightmare."

THE END



"Every now and then I find money that has slipped down behind the seat!"

COLLIER'S DICK SHAW

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SUN-SUIT STRIP

Continued from page 67

to the Eastern custom, many are designer-owned, and the boss, often a woman, knows most of the workers by name. A designer-owner can make exactly the kind of clothes she pleases, and never mind the cost accountant. This helps to keep a venturesome fashion spirit alive, if it doesn't kill the business.

The industry began in a tentative way about 20 years ago, with a few manufacturers who weren't in the least California-conscious. They simply tried to make accurate copies of clothes produced in New York and Paris, and their chief reason for being was the fact that it took so long for California retailers to get their orders filled. Then, gradually, a few ideas began to crop up here and there, born of necessity, and some designer personalities began to emerge—ex-dancers and singers and cattlemen who believed they'd go into fashion.

Gave Up Competing with Paris

One pioneer, Joe Zukin (ex-ranch hand), turned to making simple sports clothes for women after he had lost a fortune trying to compete with Paris in the making of beaded tunic dresses. Shortage of fabrics on the West Coast caused Marjorie Montgomery of Marjorie's Things, Inc., to develop her famous hop sacking—cheap unbleached sacking made from the floor sweepings of textile mills. She dyed it, without bleaching, to soft misty colors.

Agnes Barrett's broomstick skirt was ingeniously but not expensively contrived by wrapping a wet skirt around a stick to make it crinkle. Cole made the first backless swim suit, to please a friend of his wife's who wanted the line of her suntan to coincide with the line of her evening *décolletage*. Mabs Barnes, who was a dancer, developed bias-cut tights for her own dancing comfort, and from them she later evolved her action bathing suits, including the first ones made of Lastex.

Louella Ballerino, known for her original prints in brilliant colors, couldn't sell the first dresses she made to any manufacturer, but when she persuaded a store to display them, they sold so quickly that she found a backer to help her start her own factory. Louis Tabak had the courage to follow Marlene Dietrich's lead into slacks.

Financing was so sketchy during these early years, that those who stuck it out can brag about it now. The hero of the period was Ben R. Meyer, president of the Union Bank and Trust Co., a small institution. "Uncle Ben," as everybody calls him, believed so firmly in the future of California fashion that he would lend money on little more security than one sewing machine and some talent. He wet-nursed 60 per cent of the fashion makers now in business through their precarious early years and the depression, when the big banks wouldn't even let them make out applications for loans.

Uncle Ben is still the most indefatigable playboy at fashion parties, always ready to lend his voice to the Sweet Adeline choruses that develop after the orchestra has gone home.

As the California idea grew, industry leaders realized that unity of purpose could help them. The California Apparel Creators, organized in 1943, was the culmination of several earlier efforts at joint action. From its pink modernistic offices, Apparel Creators, headed by Edmund McKanna, now works to put the California idea across in markets everywhere.

It is one of the backers of the legal action now being taken by the Los Angeles and the state chambers of commerce to prevent outsiders from cashing in on a good thing with false made-in-California labels.

The Western designer-manufacturers are amazingly friendly with one another. A group of eight women designers, each the owner of her own business, have organized themselves into a social-business group called Fashion Affiliates. As a group, they always send gardenias to newly arrived fashion visitors. Any one of them is willing to open her home (they all have lovely homes) to pool-and-patio showings of the other's fashions.

A slightly jarring note is struck by a few ex-movie designers who scorn to operate anything so crass as factories. Instead, from their exclusive salons they produce costly custom-mades. Adrian, famed as the designer of wardrobes for Crawford and Shearer and Garbo, is acknowledged top man in this field. His $2,000,000 business is built on the adulation of the world's richest women and, in 1945, the New York Fashion Critics named him Number One U.S. designer. Although some of his lesser colleagues resent his aloof ways, they concede that the whole industry is indebted to him for the prestige he lends the market. Many representatives of topmost stores came to California for the first time to see the work of Adrian—and stayed on to look over the rest of the market.

MOMMA'S JANUARY NIGHTMARE

It annually gets my goat
That every Christmas thank-you
note
Eventually has to be
Composed exclusively by me.

While thanking relatives for
books
And toys and ties, for Pop and
Snooks,
I often think that if I can,
Next time I'm born, I'll be a man.

—Margaret Fishback

Unions so far are weak in California's apparel industries—and this, of course, is one of the reasons Eastern firms like to move West. Less than half of the 23,000 workers are organized, and because units are small and scattered, organization proceeds slowly. In some plants, paternalism is strong. A few factories have unusually pleasant working conditions, airy factories, sun terraces, outdoor lunchrooms, frequent rest periods —but a majority are jammed into downtown loft areas that are no better than New York's crowded Seventh Avenue.

Cole of California is known as a most benevolent boss. He gives his workers—and give is the word, because he pays for it entirely—complete health insurance, including maternity care (17 babies last year), and when eggs were short, he sold a dozen eggs a day to every worker who wanted them, at cost. A stick of chewing gum free during every ten-minute rest period, a bowling alley, and free legal aid if any relative gets entangled with the law. "A worker must have his mind free of personal troubles," says Cole. But Cole closed up a branch factory he had just opened, the very day the workers voted to join the A.F. of L. garment workers' union.

All the same, sun-bathed California workers slowly are registering their preference for bargaining rights over fatherly kindness. So far, California wage rates are slightly under Eastern wage rates, and their living and working conditions are slightly better.

All differences were put aside, however, for the big flamboyant showing of the current collections of resort wear. These fashions now are on display in stores. For one week, the entire industry co-operated in a Hollywoodesque jamboree of fashion. Cole brought a trainload of Eastern fashion writers to the West Coast for a series of fashion shows, his own and those of his colleagues, the like of which has probably never been equaled for luxury in Paris or New York.

Cole's final show was a big formal affair, with music composed for the occasion and based on pretty fables about the Turquoise Woman who fell in love with the Sun Bearer and moved West, naturally. The curtain of water screening the pool where the models appeared was shot with carbon dioxide so it would take the rainbow lights better, and householders for blocks around turned lights out, so as not to spoil the effect.

Tabak gave the guests a week end at Arrowhead Inn, with a fashion show against the backdrop of the mountains.

On these occasions all expenses were paid, the sky the limit, and the hosts were only pleased when they received a bill for the laundering of 19 complete sets of fragile lingerie for one guest.

An odd thing about California fashionists is the way they hardly ever mention the movies. You may have noticed in the ads—no talk about Hollywood. Yet, the movies really ought to get a royalty on every garment sold. They are the finest fashion showcase in the world.

It is hard to tell who is snooting whom here. The pioneer nonmovie designers of 10 or 15 years ago, struggling to build up a quality trade, eschewed the movies on the theory that high-income women regarded Hollywood styles as cheap in an overdressed, befeathered way.

Possibly the fashionists fear movie competition. But Milo Anderson, head designer at Warner Brothers, belittles this idea. "We are busy," he says. "We aren't designing for the masses. We only think about doing the best we can for the star, and we don't ask anybody to copy."

Ideas Strictly from Hollywood

People do copy, however, as witness big mouths, winged eyebrows, painted nails, shoulder-length hair, padded shoulders, etc., etc. Bust pads were an old movie device long before you could buy them at a notion counter.

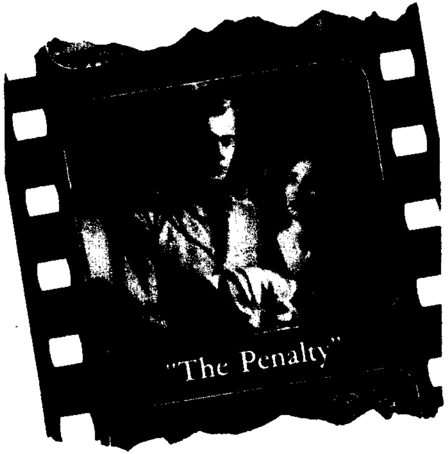
Platform soles got going because Mae West was so very short. The wardrobe folks built up ordinary shoes with strips of leather—the trick didn't show under her long 1890 dresses. But the shoes were so heavy that Miss West developed a sort of dragging walk—the Mae West swagger. Later, an Italian shoemaker built platforms of light balsa wood, and the style caught on. They still change the walk of everybody who wears them.

The people who work in the colorful booming California fashion caldron express their confidence in the future by sponsoring schools for training new talent. The Apparel Creators gave $10,000 to help start the School of Apparel Arts at the University of California at Los Angeles. The school has a waiting list. The Frank Wiggins trade school and the trade courses in high schools can always get industry help to purchase power machines, libraries, fabrics.

Now, the Apparel Creators is campaigning to popularize the jobs the industry has to offer to the young people of the state. It is determined to make jobs attractive enough to win high-class brains for the future of California fashions.

THE END

"The Picture of a Thousand Memorable Moments"



David O. Selznick's
Technicolor Production
DUEL in the SUN
starring
JENNIFER JONES
GREGORY PECK
JOSEPH COTTEN
with
LIONEL BARRYMORE
HERBERT MARSHALL · LILLIAN GISH
WALTER HUSTON · CHARLES BICKFORD
Directed by King Vidor

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SKATING...

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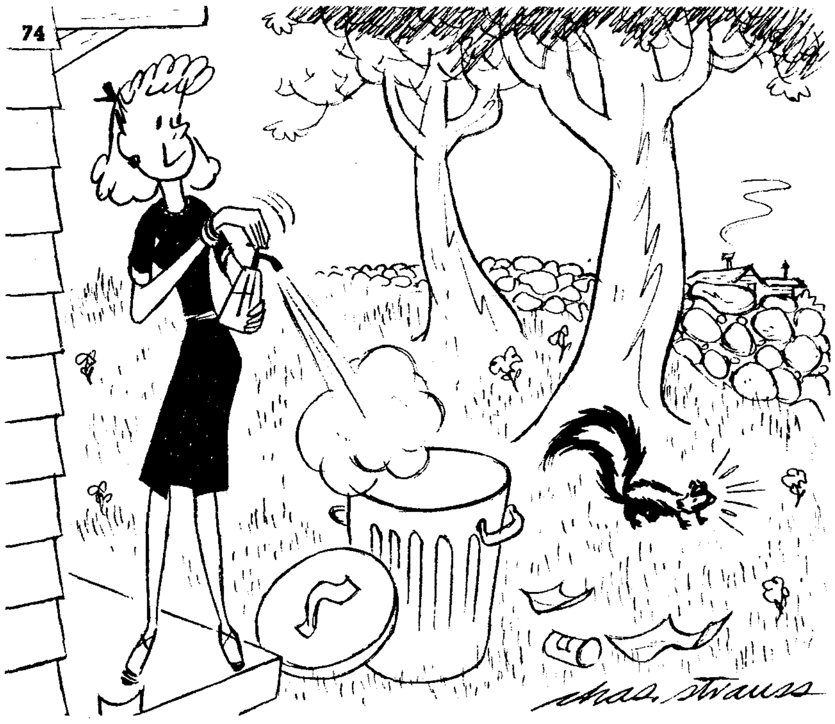

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Now You Smell It, Now You Don't

Nearest thing to household magic these days is a new deodorant that wipes out practically any smell caused by food, dirt, decay or chemicals. It works by chemical combination with the odor molecules. The principle has been used before but now it works with new efficiency because its ingredients attack odors both acid and alkali in origin. Kept in a bottle with a spray-nozzle top, the stuff can be squirted into garbage pails, plumbing; on work clothes, cleaning rags and into the air itself, and in a few seconds the smell is gone. It is nonpoisonous.

Uranium vs. Uranium

Uranium metal, source of atomic energy, will be used as an ingredient in a special glass to protect workers against certain deadly radiations in atomic power plants. Far lighter than lead or concrete, uranium glass wool will be useful in gas masks, uniforms and body protectors for laboratory workers and decontamination squads, and may offer possibilities for large-scale protection of military personnel.

Travel De Luxe With Baby

An inventor has marketed his solution to the sleeping dilemma—a baby's bed guard that turns any bed or couch into an emergency crib. The guard resembles two sides of an ordinary crib, hinged together. To set it up you push a spare bed into a corner so that the room walls enclose it on two sides, then complete the crib by fastening the guard to the bed frame. Legs on the outer side give it support from the floor. The device folds flat for storage.

At Last—Use for Iron Rust

Rust is being put to valuable use in a new line of flying instruments. Finely powdered iron and cobalt oxides, heated and pressed into molds, can be made into highly efficient "nonmetallic" magnets for electric meters. These meters are the lightest ever devised, as well as the most accurate.

Secret: Ordinary steel magnets conduct electricity and cause eddy-current losses which introduce errors in delicate instruments. The new material is an insulator and won't carry current, thus eliminates the errors.

Brushless Auto Enamel

Now, throw away your paint brush when you give your auto that long-overdue coat of finish. A new kind of synthetic varnish has been worked out that can be wiped on perfectly smoothly with a small pad of cheesecloth. Any amateur can give his car a brand-new paint job in a variety of colors for less than ten dollars and in about a day's time, once the old paint is well removed.

The synthetic dries hard in an hour; after a week it will take a high polish with wax, and after twelve months it will still be as fresh and glossy as the best professional job, no matter what abuse it has had.

Winter Windshields Will Stay Clear

Those old makeshift weapons against windshield icing—candles, razor blades, bottles of alcohol, staying home—can be abandoned this winter and replaced by an effective liquid that you wipe over your car's glasswork to dissolve frost and frozen rain.

A companion preparation will clear off inside fogging when the car is filled with people and it's zero outside. They take only a second to put on, won't harm car finish or upholstery.

Bedside Blood Count

The latest in doctor's aids is a small optical instrument easily dropped into a physician's bag, that will tell him in three minutes how red-blooded his patients are. The familiar color test for blood hemoglobins, common in every office checkup, requires chemicals and accurate measuring devices. This new instrument does its work without either one. No bigger than a flashlight, it takes a few drops of blood, compares their redness to a ruby light passing through a small glass wedge, and indicates the iron content directly on a scale.

In this way, the doctor can size up his patient's resistance to infection at the beside in the first few minutes of his call. ★★★

HOUSING: TOMORROW'S ANSWER

Continued from page 23

"I could see no reason why the essential parts of houses—walls, floors, ceilings, roofs, bathrooms and kitchens—couldn't be built in factories in the same way that we build automobiles, refrigerators and radios. The parts could then be assembled wherever the purchaser desired. Mass production would bring the ultimate cost of a house down. More people could afford them. A high volume of sales would mean a high volume of profits."

About three years and nearly $500,000 worth of experimentation later, Diggs had a material which comes close to meeting all of his requirements, although not necessarily those of homeowners with prejudices against innovations. Like Archimedes, inventor of the screw, Diggs got his big idea in a bathtub. His material, like the tub, is made of porcelain-enameled steel.

Structure of the Wonder Brick

Diggs' new building material was essentially a new "brick" eight feet long and four wide, made of two thin sheets of porcelain-enameled steel separated by two and a half inches—or more—of a foamy concrete possessing remarkable insulating and structural properties.

A house constructed of Diggs "bricks," or panels, is fireproof, verminproof and practically indestructible. It can be erected by seven men in seven days. A 3-bedroom cottage with a bathroom, living room, dinette or dining room, kitchen and garage would cost, including a $2,000 lot, approximately $10,000 at present prices. Such a house, Diggs insists, could be heated for two dollars a month.

And such a house—its walls, ceilings, floor, roof, windows, doors and fittings mass-produced in a factory and assembled by trained crews on the site—would help to revolutionize the antediluvian home-construction industry.

Just how acceptable a steel house will be to generations of Americans raised in houses built of wood, brick and stone remains to be seen. The irrepressible Diggs, however, isn't worried. He is confident that Americans are sufficiently modern in their tastes to do without wallpaper, oakbeams, and cypress-shingle roofs if by doing so they acquire a house that is impervious to ants, rats and other vermin and is easy to clean.

Although the material which Diggs has developed is new, the idea of building houses or parts of houses in factories, isn't. For at least a generation the more forward-looking members of the home-building industry have experimented with prefabrication. Following World War I about 250 firms became "prefabricators."

But most, bearing in mind Americans' attachment to traditional materials, clung to the dear old two-by-fours and hammer-and-nail methods. They merely cut the conventional materials of a conventional house to the required lengths and sizes, packaged them in crates and shipped them to buyers along with a set of directions. Local contractors and local labor—when building codes and union regulations permitted—did the rest of the work, as usual, on the site. The saving to the consumer was small, and in the end he had a prefabricated house which managed to look it. The revolution in the building industry never came.

World War II and the worst housing shortage in the nation's history brought out a new crop of potential Henry Fords of house building. These, judging from the plans submitted to the National Housing Agency, used radically new materials in designs which incorporated engineering principles and production methods learned in the exacting school of war. In addition to Diggs, at least one other prospective manufacturer, the Lustron Corporation of Chicago, planned to utilize porcelain-enameled steel for the inner and outer walls.

A company which made tough, lightweight ammunition and rocket-bomb cases for the Army and Navy from stainless steel bonded to plywood tried to interest the government in a house made of panels of the material. The Lincoln Homes Company and some big aircraft-manufacturing companies attempted to get government financing for houses built of aluminum. Others thought they could pour thousands of houses out of concrete, and one large manufacturer of road-building machinery developed a machine for laying houses as a hen lays eggs. Many of the designs used lumber, plywood and plasterboard.

The government, at the time, was exploring the possibilities of obtaining factory-built homes for its Veterans Emergency Housing Program intended to provide 2,700,000 houses for former servicemen by the end of 1947. The administration was considering making big loans to prospective manufacturers through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to finance what would have amounted to a revolution in the home-building industry. So samples and drawings for new materials and schemes for building houses and parts for houses in factories literally poured into the Bureau of Standards and the offices of the NHA.

Some of the ideas were on the zany side. One would-be manufacturer proposed to saw the stumps of trees on cut-over timberland into bricks. "These," he said, "could be cemented together with some kind of waterproof glue." One of the goofier proposals came from a Chicago company. It applied for a loan to finance and develop a glass house with a secret heating system, so secret that no one could learn how it functioned. The house, as described in a letter to NHA officials, would have been built of "unfinished plate glass a quarter of an inch thick which will defeat all conductivity."

A Statement by the Inventor

"Sleeping in this house," its inventor claimed, "will guarantee equipoise of water balance. Its heating furnace will heat, cool, circulate, humidify, dehumidify, electrostatically clean, ultraviolet, irradiate and odor adsorb, and what air in the universe is pure?"

The government's engineers gave up on that one without overexerting themselves. But other schemes and new materials required months of hard work. They examined and tested, rejected and approved innumerable new kinds of materials.

Among them were wallboards made of ground corncobs, palmetto tree fibers, waste straw and mechanically masticated sugar-cane leaves. One invention which particularly stirred engineers' imaginations was a concrete bathtub coated with a new plastic enamel. It can be produced for less than half the cost of the ordinary porcelain-enameled tub, one of the scarcest of building materials.

Scores of plans for mass-producing houses were tested against the standards of building codes for safety, strength and durability. About a dozen, including the steel houses and others made of aluminum, concrete and more conventional materials, more than met the maximum standards. But at the time of writing only two manufacturers, both users of plywood and other traditional materials, got loans (about $2,500,000 between them) from the RFC despite Wilson Wyatt's efforts to convince the RFC of the necessity of financing mass production of homes.

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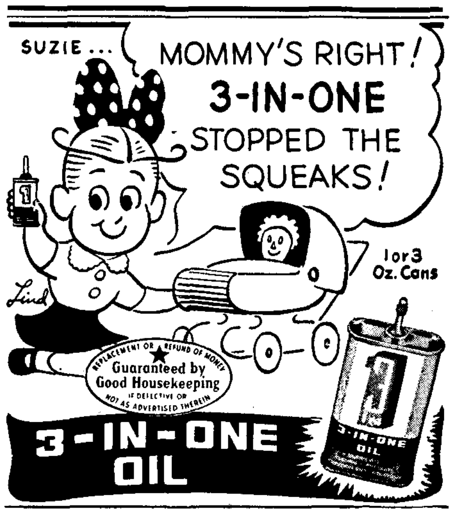
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GLYCO THYMOLINE

MANY DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT!

The dozen manufacturers who applied for loans proved to the satisfaction of NHA engineers that they could make from 500,000 to 600,000 houses costing from $7,500 to $10,000 as then required by the VEHP by the end of 1947. Obviously that many houses might have saved the administration's housing plans, which, as this was written, had resulted in less than 300,000 bona fide houses, exclusive of trailers, barracks and other temporary shelters.

Altogether the manufacturers asked from $52,000,000 to $75,000,000 in loans with which to expand their plants or build new ones. The RFC rejected six of the twelve applications outright, among them those of the Lustron Corporation and of the rambunctious Andrew Jackson Higgins, the New Orleans wartime boatbuilder. Some of these were being reconsidered as this was written. Higgins plans to make the Diggs house in the Michaud plant, which he bought for the purpose with, he says, "$9,000,000 of my own money." The RFC granted two loans and four others are pending. The Lustron Corporation had asked for about $32,000,000; Higgins for $11,000,000.

Scaling Down 1947 Forecasts

Partly as a result of the RFC's action the administration's program for housing families of 2,700,000 veterans by the end of 1947 or, at least, by the time the votes fly in November, 1948, appears headed for the rocks. The manufacturers of factory-built houses won't turn out 500,000 or 600,000 homes in 1947. Higgins, who had hoped to produce 20,000 for the government between April and December—or from 90 to 100 houses a day—without the loan would make, according to Diggs, only 20 or 30 a day, beginning sometime in the spring. Lacking capital for large-scale operations the others, too, will start on a smaller scale than they had intended. Government experts foresee a 1947 maximum output by the new home-building industry of considerably less than 100,000 homes.

The administration made housing hustler Wyatt's task almost hopeless, moreover, by abandoning what price controls remained, including those on building materials, following the Republican landslide in November. It was this, as a climax to a long series of similar frustrations, which led to Wyatt's resignation. And this was shortly followed by abandonment of almost all the rest of the VEHP.

But in spite of the debacle in the Veterans Housing Program, there's a revolution abubbling under the old house-building industry. The new mass producers won't make as many houses in 1947 as they might have made with government help. But they'll make some. It's conceivable that in 1948, American enterprise being what it is, they'll make more. It doesn't seem logical that the potential Henry Fords of home building, having invested hundreds of thousands of dollars in experiments with new materials and methods, won't try to capitalize on what they've risked and learned.

The market for houses is already vast and promises continued growth. The old home-construction industry hasn't made enough homes to meet the demand for twenty-five years, and there is no reason to believe, enamored as it is of old-fashioned materials and horse-and-buggy building methods, that it will ever meet it. By 1950, America will have a population of 146,000,000 or 14,000,000 more than in 1940. It will have, therefore, 5,000,000 more families who will be potential new customers for houses. The old industry never made more than 947,000 in any single year (1926). Its average output in the last twenty years has been about 400,000 houses a year. Higgins alone hopes to step up his output to 260 houses a day or nearly 100,000 a year.

Eventually—some government engineers say in five years and others in ten—the home-building industry will undergo as sweeping a revolution as that which overtook the automobile industry earlier in the century. The prices of homes, they predict, will be progressively lowered. What are now $25,000 houses will cost only $7,500 or $10,000, the prices of present-day cottages. Decent, modern homes will be within the reach of nearly all.

The modernization of the home-building industry, on the other hand, will have important and obvious effects on the whole national economy. Even at its old hammer-and-nail pace, home building was the country's most important source of employment and wealth after manufacturing and agriculture. In its promised streamlined and high-geared glory it could easily be the biggest.

One plant alone, the Lustron Corporation, expects eventually to employ 35,000 men. Higgins plans to use 11,000, thus practically absorbing the labor force laid off in the New Orleans area when the war ended. No government agency has yet been able to translate just what mechanization of the home-building industry will mean to the national economy.

The Labor Department's Bureau of Labor Statistics estimated however that if 600,000 factory-made houses materialize in 1947, 250,000 workers will be needed on the sites, in addition to tens of thousands of factory workers. At an average price of $3,000 for the factory-built components of each house, the output of the industry would have a dollar value of approximately $1,800,000,000. But all this is admittedly guesswork by slide-rule twiddlers and merely shows the vague outlines of what the future, rather than the immediate present, holds.

Old obstacles to full development of a house-building industry still remain to be cleared. Local building codes, many of them handed down from the days when men shot their meat with flintlock rifles, prohibit the erection of unconventionally constructed houses. Chicago's building code, for example, forbids steel houses within the city limits. Almost identical codes exist elsewhere.

Unions Gird for Battle

A major jurisdictional war is already brewing also, between the Congress of Industrial Organizations and the American Federation of Labor over who is going to organize the new industry and who will erect the finished houses. Philip Murray's C.I.O. Steelworkers Union and the C.I.O.'s United Auto and Aircraft Workers are among the logical unions to organize the big plants which will build houses from steel and aluminum. But the A.F. of L., which has sewed up all the craftsmen in the building trades, is girding for a battle. Already high officials of the A.F. of L. Building Trades Council in Chicago have publicly stated that they will put up metal houses only on condition that the factory work is done by A.F. of L. craftsmen.

There are three other old bogeys which will probably continue to hamper the factory-built idea. Some of them have been eliminated by some of the builders, but none have solved all. One is the business of delivery: Prefabricators early learned that they could sell their houses economically only within a radius of about 250 miles of their plants. Transporting large sections of house got too complicated after that. Diggs thinks he has this problem solved because a good part of his house is bought locally, and the enameled-steel sections can be nested together like trays for shipping.

Another obstacle is the job of getting your new-style house put up when it requires special and sometimes tricky knowledge and tools. The makers of aluminum and steel houses generally are attempting to solve this one by setting up dealer-service agencies around the country the way the auto makers have done;

"The Picture of a Thousand Memorable Moments"

"The Last Farewell"

David O. Selznick's
Technicolor Production

DUEL in the SUN

starring
JENNIFER JONES
GREGORY PECK
JOSEPH COTTEN
with
LIONEL BARRYMORE
HERBERT MARSHALL · LILLIAN GISH
WALTER HUSTON · CHARLES BICKFORD
Directed by King Vidor

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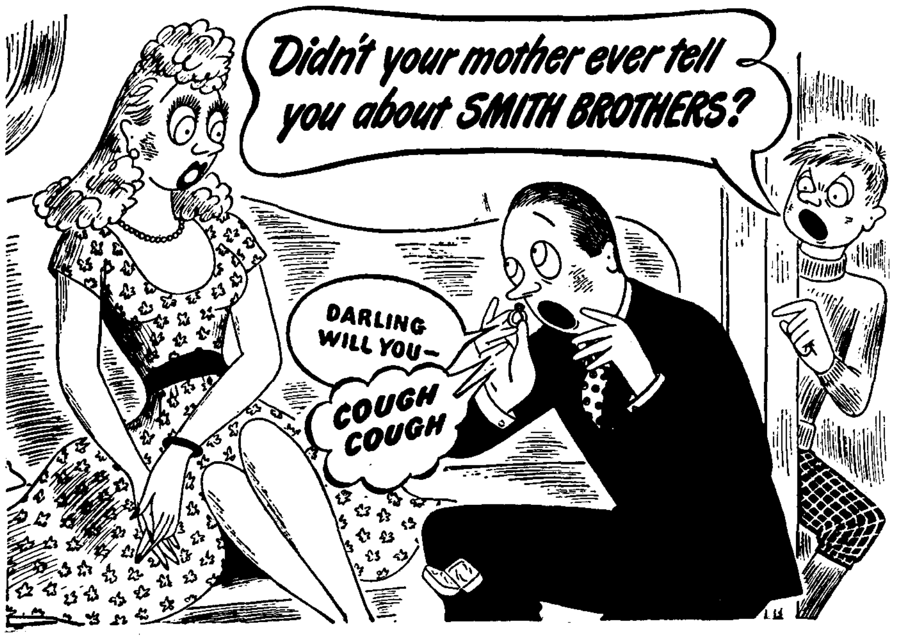
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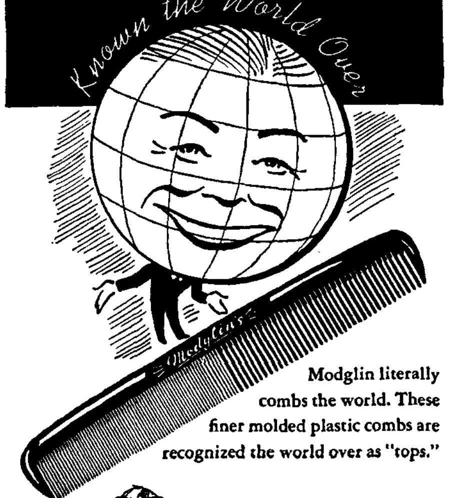

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specially trained crews from these agencies would both build and service your house. Other factory-builders figure they can rely on local labor.

The third, and so far, worst difficulty the housing revolutionists face is the unwillingness of most banks and lending institutions to grant mortgages on the new type of house. Few home buyers can pay all cash for their future castles, and so far it has been virtually impossible to find someone to put up mortgage money. This really has the factory-built boys stopped. Diggs reports that one large insurance company is enthusiastic about his house, but no one has yet applied for and received a mortgage to build one. And the best answer that he and other industrialized-housing manufacturers can think of is some form of government agency, like a poor man's RFC, which would lend federal money to individual home-buyers. They think that maybe if the government led the way, local lending institutions would soon lose their fears and follow suit.

To Suit Individual Tastes

No matter how radical may be the effect of the industrialization of the building industry on union organization, building codes and the national economy, the houses themselves will look like the traditional homes of our fathers or as different as individual tastes may demand. They will contain the usual one, two or three bedrooms with the living rooms, dinettes, kitchens and bathrooms of conventional houses.

The steel houses, like Diggs', have outer and inner steel walls, porcelain-enameled or stainless, with various types of insulation between. The walls, partitions and roofs are built in standard-sized and replaceable panels, held in place by steel frames with all joints bolted and sealed by weatherproof cements. Interior finishes vary. Higgins and Lustron are satisfied that porcelain itself is as good a finish as can be manufactured.

The aluminum houses follow, in general, the same principles as the steel houses. Their chief difference is in methods of insulation. One uses a honeycomb type of paper insulation between the inner and outer walls. There are still lots of engineering bugs to be eliminated from both aluminum and concrete houses. In the latter "sweating"—due to condensation formed inside when the interior temperature is higher than that outside—is the worst trouble encountered in tests.

The bulk of the factory-built houses will, however, be made of wood frames with plywood, wallboard, plasterboard and other conventional interiors and plywood and fireproof shingle exteriors. The wall sections, filled with asbestos wool or similar insulations, will be held together with new resin-glues and similar bonding materials discovered during wartime construction of wood-frame planes.

Most of the factory-built houses exceed normal standards for strength. Take the Diggs house, for example. The average building code requires the floor of a house to bear a load of from 30 to 50 pounds a square foot. Diggs' Thermo-Namel two-and-a-half-inch panels have been successfully tested at 550 pounds a square foot. The ordinary wall of a conventional house is built to sustain a load of 1,600 pounds for every linear foot and is about eight inches thick. Diggs' panels, only two and a half inches thick, sustained, in tests, as much as 25,000 pounds for each linear foot.

An admiral who inspected the Higgins house before ordering several million dollars' worth to use in bases overseas, pronounced it as nearly atom bombproof as a house can be. Diggs quoted the admiral: "If Hiroshima had been built of such houses the atom bomb would have been effective only within a few hundred feet of the epicenter of the explosion."

Little trouble with union regulations in erecting Higgins Houses is anticipated because, Diggs explained, some of the craftsmen involved will actually get more work per house than they did before, although others will have less. Carpentry subcontractors, for instance, receive about $800 for each five-room house. In the Higgins House the subcontractor will have only about $75 or $100 worth of work. But concrete crews, who normally lay the foundations for from $60 to $75 per house, will receive $125, and sheet-metal men who make $45 on the average job will receive $350 to cut, weld and install the T-iron beams and trusses of a roof for a Higgins House. Plasterers, however, are out of luck as are lathers and hod carriers.

Total prefabrication of a house, Diggs insisted, is impossible. A house can't be built and shipped like a car, radio, plane or refrigerator. A considerable amount of work must always be done on the site. But Higgins Houses will come in packages containing the materials for the foundation and for the walls, ceilings, floors, roofs, garden walls and garages. The plumbing fixtures, electrical wiring and appliances and heating and refrigeration equipment must be bought and installed locally. Otherwise the packages will contain everything except the lots, basements, shrubbery, kitchen utensils and the baby.

We practically lived in a one-bedroom, bath-and-kitchen model of the Higgins House in New Orleans for a couple of days. The gleaming porcelain walls were strange at first, but we grew to like them. These were a sea green. The house's comforts and obvious advantages outweighed its not-too-radical newness. Just to make old-timers feel at home Diggs had left off the enameled steel floor. It was of concrete, covered with a rug in the center with a hardwood border.

Insulation Keeps Out Noise

The house was built in an open area in the heart of one of Higgins' boat-building plants. Drop hammers and cranes and other noisemakers surrounded it. But inside, it was as quiet as a Sunday school on Monday afternoons. This was due to the insulating properties of the foamy concrete material with which Diggs fills his walls and to the double panes of window glass, with an air space between, in the steel-framed windows. These and the doors were kept closed. The house was air-conditioned—with the help of a refrigerating unit borrowed from an ordinary electric icebox.

The most startling thing about the house, however, was the bathroom. This had a round bathtub of porcelain-enameled steel that you stepped down into. It had a curved shower stall and built-in steel cabinets for toilet articles and bathroom linen. The house was probably the easiest yet invented to clean. You could, if you wanted to do a real job, move out all the furniture and spray the place with a hose. There was nothing to hurt. Those steel walls worried us, though.

"How," we asked Diggs, "does one hang a picture?"

"Easy, me lad," replied Diggs. "Instead of driving a nail or one of those picture hooks into the plaster and messing it up, you drill one tiny hole and insert a tempered-steel wire hook therein. Then you hang your picture. Take the picture away and you can't see the hole."

"And what," we wanted to know, "do you do if a friend throws a hammer at you, misses, and cracks up one of those porcelain-enamel panels?"

"That's easy too," said the irrepressible Diggs. "For about $64, or a small fraction of what it would cost you to restore an entire wall—as you must do in such calamities in the normal house—our serviceman will put in a new panel."

THE END

BY H. HANSEN

Pat Clancy flies a Cessna for Local No. 3, Operating Engineers, from its headquarters in San Francisco

HERE we are sitting in our office in San Francisco on Friday afternoon," said Big Pat Clancy, "when we get a telephone call from a Labor Department conciliator in Salt Lake City, a good 700 miles away. There's a beef up there and everyone is so mad at everyone else, nobody is talking to nobody. The conciliator wants us up there Saturday at one o'clock." Clancy must be identified from thousands of other Pat Clancys as president and business agent of Local No. 3, Operating Engineers (A.F. of L.), with 10,000 members running powered dirt-movers on heavy construction jobs in northern California, northern Nevada and Utah.

"Now, if we drive," he continues, "we can't get there on time; same thing if we take the train. Being three of us—Swanson (Victor, the manager) and Matthews (C.F., the secretary) and me—we haven't a chance of getting on the airline the way people are eating up the space.

"So, at six o'clock the next morning, I fire up the Cessna and we all take off from San Francisco Airport. I refuel at Elko, Nevada, and we walk into the meeting room in Salt Lake at 1 P.M., just when the labor conciliator said he wanted us. We get a memorandum agreement by six that night, and take off at six in the morning, arriving home in time for Sunday dinner with the family.

"Because we had the plane, we got the meeting going on schedule, got the beef settled in time for the men to go back to work Monday morning. Nobody lost a working day. Everybody was making money."

This is not the excitable talk of a novice who has just discovered the airplane and starts a rumor that it's here to stay. Pat Clancy has been a pilot for nearly 20 years and he well knows the airplane's advantages and limitations. But behind this big boost for the utility of the twin-engine Cessna he flew to Salt Lake is the story of a long and stubborn campaign he waged to provide his union local with an "executive" airplane and thereby not only became the first in the nation (he believes) to be equipped like big corporations, but to speed up his travel duties over the vast topography of his territory. He was losing too much time riding up and down and around mountains, when he could fly over them.

WING TALK

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

"Now if we only had a plane—" he'd begin on Swanson and Matthews at the end of a particularly trying business trip. To shut him up, Swanson and Matthews one day said that maybe he could get one when the war was over.

Clancy didn't forget and when the government began to unload its planes, Big Pat located a Cessna that had fought the war flying around the Pacific Northwest. He then moved in on the two-thirds majority of the local's executive group with this proposition: The purchase price plus the cost of converting it to a civilian aircraft would total just under $7,000. He'd donate himself as the pilot. It would cost $12 an hour to operate it at 120 miles an hour and with five union officials aboard, the travel cost would be two cents a mile per passenger.

"Where can you buy 120-mile-an-hour transportation that cheaply?" he demanded. Swanson and Matthews reasoned they could always sell the plane after Clancy's optimistic project proved a bust, so they yielded.

The hurry-up flight to Salt Lake to settle the "beef" was an unexpected and extremely valuable dividend for Clancy. It made a great impression on Swanson and Matthews and the members too. Now all the local officials fly to their meetings in the three states where their men are working and they always leave the word unmistakably clear with management that they arrived in the union's plane. Big Pat believes this helps prove Local No. 3 is modern and progressive.

Clancy, now forty-one, and a native of Minnesota, has owned several single-engine planes in his career as pilot of a power shovel in the Los Angeles, Fresno and San Francisco areas. He now owns, for personal use, a war-surplus Consolidated Vultee BT-13 basic trainer, with space for one passenger.

Pat often takes Mrs. Clancy out flying. "I just put her in the rear seat, shut the hatch and away we go. I can't hear a thing she says."

Happy as the big Irishman is with his twin-engine transport plane, there is still one obstacle to overcome before he will rest triumphant. He is forbidden by law to fly the Cessna except when the weather is sufficiently clear for him to see the ground at all times.

But he's studying hard for his instrument rating and he's determined to get it, because he already feels the need for a bigger airplane to cover his territory pretty much without regard to ceiling and visibility.

Swanson and Matthews are now bracing themselves for the day when the persistent Clancy announces he has won his blind-flying ticket and has just located the dandiest four-engine Douglas C-54 transport, which Local No. 3, Operating Engineers (A.F. of L.), can get from the War Assets Administration for only $75,000.

WILLIAM FLYNN

January 9 1947

Turning over a new leaf?

If one of your resolutions for the new year has to do with economy—cutting down on H. C. S.*—a pipe is the right answer.

Resolve, too, that you have the clean, cool, full-flavor smoking such as only Kirsten, the *original* "radiator" pipe can give.

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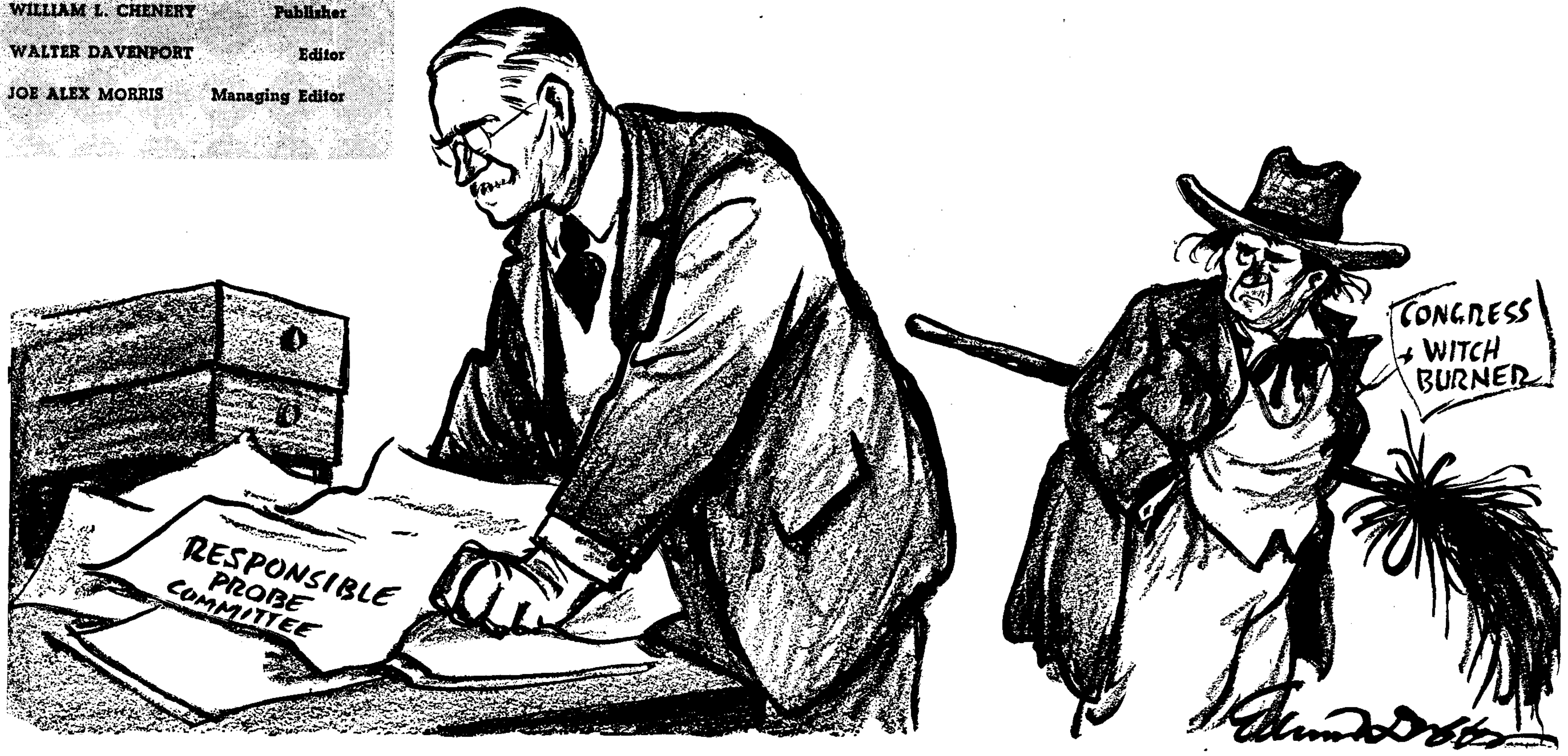


RED HUNT, 1947

A RED hunt is getting under way in this country, and of course is being denounced as a witch hunt by the domestic Communists and their fellow travelers. A fellow traveler is a person who sympathizes with the Communists but for reasons best known to himself or herself does not join the Communist party.

The initiative in the 1947 Red hunt has been seized by the House Committee on Un-American Activities. This is Representative John Rankin's old committee, with a new chairman—Representative J. Parnell Thomas (Rep., N. J.).

We think the general idea is fine, for reasons stated below. But we feel that most people would like to see this Red hunt conducted by responsible and levelheaded persons and agencies, such as J. Edgar Hoover and his F.B.I., the secret service, the Department of Justice, and a special Congressional committee, of which more later in this editorial. The Thomas-Rankin committee has been pretty extremist and excitable. If it directs the proceedings, they seem more than likely to take on a Ku Klux-Columbian-Bilbo-Talmadge-Gerald L. K. Smith complexion of racial and religious hatred—meaning that more harm than good will come out of it all.

It is high time, though, for Americans to wake up to the goings-on of the Russian fifth column in this country, to get acquainted with all the salient facts concerning this fifth column, and to take steps to trim it down to size.

This Quisling group is spearheaded by the Communist party in the United States, with an estimated strength of around 50,000 members. These people are fanatically loyal to the Kremlin, and are working in every way they can to undermine our social and economic system, just as the German Bund worked before Pearl Harbor.

Aiding the Communists are the above-mentioned fellow travelers. These divide up into two main groups. There is the genuinely vicious type, which hates our ways and institutions as violently as do the Reds, and is fully as determined to betray us into Communism. There is also the dreamy-dub type of fellow traveler, like the British Dean of Canterbury, Hewlett Johnson and the Reverend Harry F. Ward of Union Theological Seminary, New York. These latter are gullible idealists, and a menace mainly to their own suckerish selves, and little time or energy need be spent on them.

On the part of the Russian fifth column which means business, however, we should turn a powerful spotlight and keep it burning full blast for quite some while. How many Communists and fellow travelers have wormed their way into responsible positions in city, state and federal governments? Who are they?

Who and how numerous are the Reds and fellow travelers spinning Communist propaganda from inside the motion picture, radio and publishing businesses?

What labor unions are controlled by Communists, and what are these persons' names?

To what extent have Communists and fellow travelers infiltrated our school and college faculties?

Those are some of the questions to which we need detailed answers. We need the answers from sources which can be relied on for accuracy and courage. We cannot rely on biased or overemotional persons or groups to give us a complete picture of what Russia is doing to soften up this country for Communist conquest someday.

The ideal source of this much-needed information would be, it seems to us, a special Congressional committee, composed of sensible persons, armed with full powers and ample funds, and starting from scratch. Such a group could winnow the rumors and exaggerations from the facts, and then could let the American public have the facts right between the eyes.

The time to get started on a properly conducted Red hunt is now. Americans need and are entitled to have the truth about any and every traitorous conspiracy as soon as it gets well started on our soil. The Communist conspiracy is now far past the well-started stage.

SOME NEWS ABOUT NOISE

WE HEAR a good deal about the supposedly dreadful effects of machine-age noises on the human organism—nerves shredded by shrieking auto horns and clanging trolleys, tempers raddled by steam drills or traffic cops' whistles or fire sirens, and so on. There have been antinoise crusades in more than one large city, though we never heard that one of them ever cut down the noise output permanently.

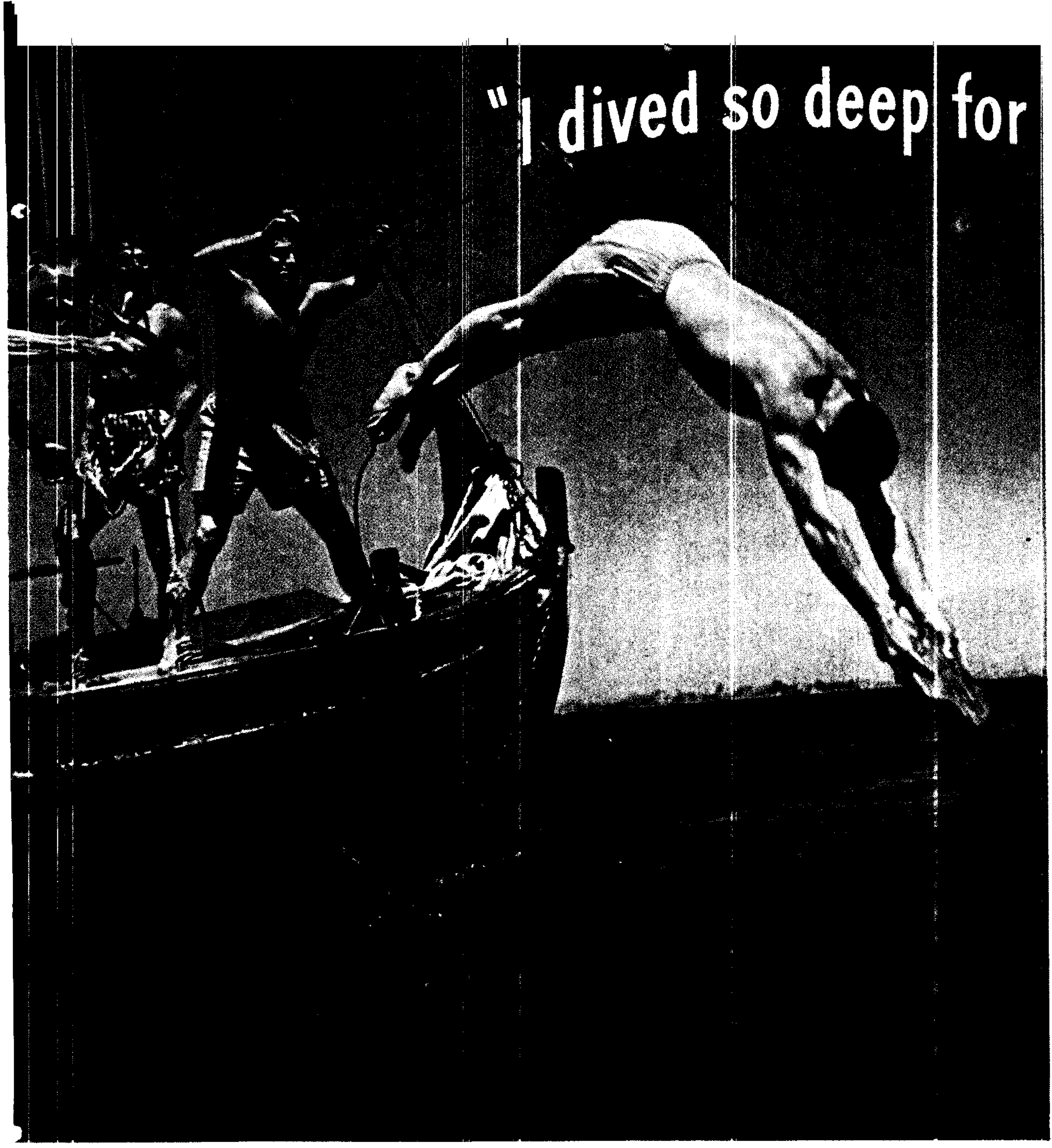
Dr. J. P. Egan, a research physicist at Harvard, recently conducted some extensive tests of five persons' reactions to the horrendous noises made by airplanes. At least one of the subjects listened in for seven hours at a stretch. None of them suffered any real damage.

Egan's conclusion was that noise has little or no effect on human efficiency. The normal person, judging from these five persons' experience at any rate, can go on producing effectively in the middle of a terrific and prolonged din, if he will only make up his mind to keep the noise from worrying him.

No doubt there are people to whom noise really is harmful. But we've long suspected that there are many others who only think noise injures them, and who use that belief as an excuse for making themselves hush-hush nuisances around their homes or offices. If you know any such person, it might be a real act of kindness to leave this Collier's editorial lying around where he or she will most likely bump into it.

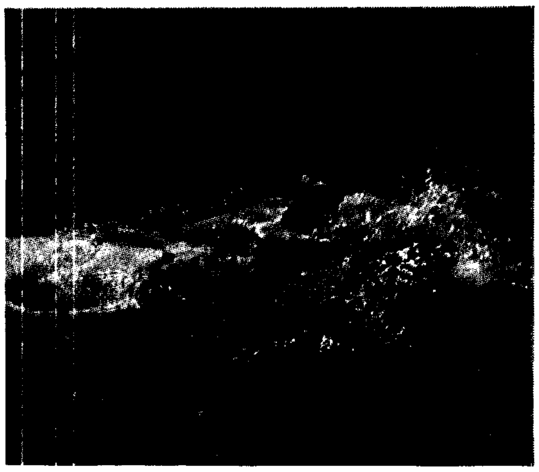
"I dived so deep for an Aegean sponge

THAT THE CHAMP HAD TO DIVE FOR *ME*"

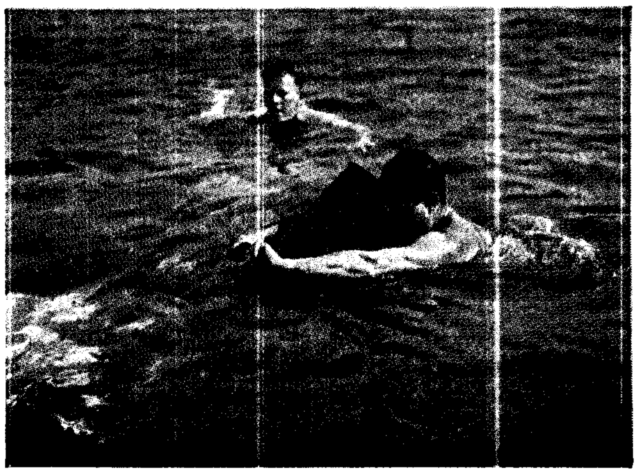


① **"It looked easy . . . till I tried it,"** writes a Chicago friend of Canadian Club Whisky. "The champion sponge-diver of the Dodecanese Islands, Nick Scumpurdis, showed me how. Holding a big rock firmly over my head as ballast. I dived and sank like an anchor. About 30 feet down, I dropped the rock, gulped (*that* was my big mistake) and . . . passed out!

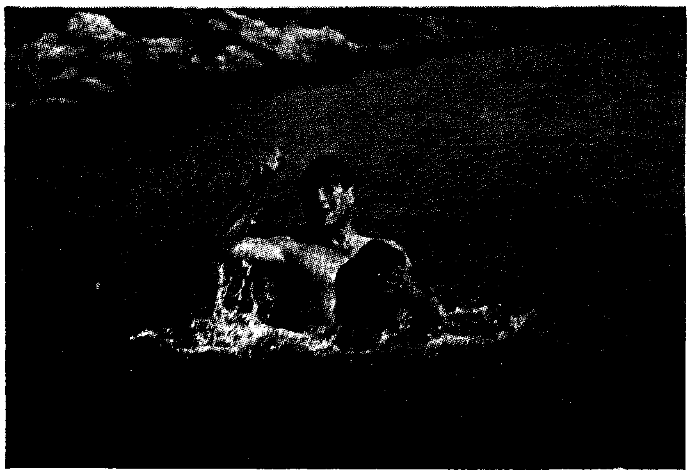
② **"Nick plunged to the rescue . . .** He's barrel-chested from years of deep-water work, nine hours a day. What a diver! To become 1946 champ, he'd dived down *84 feet* and *stayed* down *1 minute 31 seconds!* Even unconscious, I was no problem for Nick.



③ **"He hauled me to the surface** and into the boat. While I coughed up half an ocean he told me that arks, the undertow, and carnivorous eels are all in the y's work. That cured *me!* I stayed on the surface and atched *him* get a sponge.



④ **"Through a big 'magnifying glass',** open at both ends, he peered at the bottom to select a sponge. Then down he plunged. I didn't know the sponge is a live animal. It clings tightly to rocks. Divers must hack it loose with a long knife . . . often taking *three 40-foot dives* for *one* sponge.



⑤ **"Nick shot up out of the water** with a fine big sponge after a *single* expert dive. He peeled off the black skin, and trampled it till flexible. Nick loves his work. But my one dive convinced me that I'd *die* before I made a cent at his job!

⑥ **"Nick knows his way around** on land, too. He took us afterwards to an outdoor restaurant for Canadian Club highballs. I concentrated very happily on the Canadian Club while he showed us weird shellfish he finds in his dives. We drank to deeper and richer dives for him. But for me . . . no thanks! As I left to make my TWA plane connection, I told Nick I'd never dive for a sponge again in anything deeper than a bathtub!"

⑦ **As travel-starved Americans** again go wandering, they tell of being offered Canadian Club in *87 lands*. For they all seem to feel it's like meeting a favorite friend from home. Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. You can stay with it all evening, in cocktails before dinner, tall ones after. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

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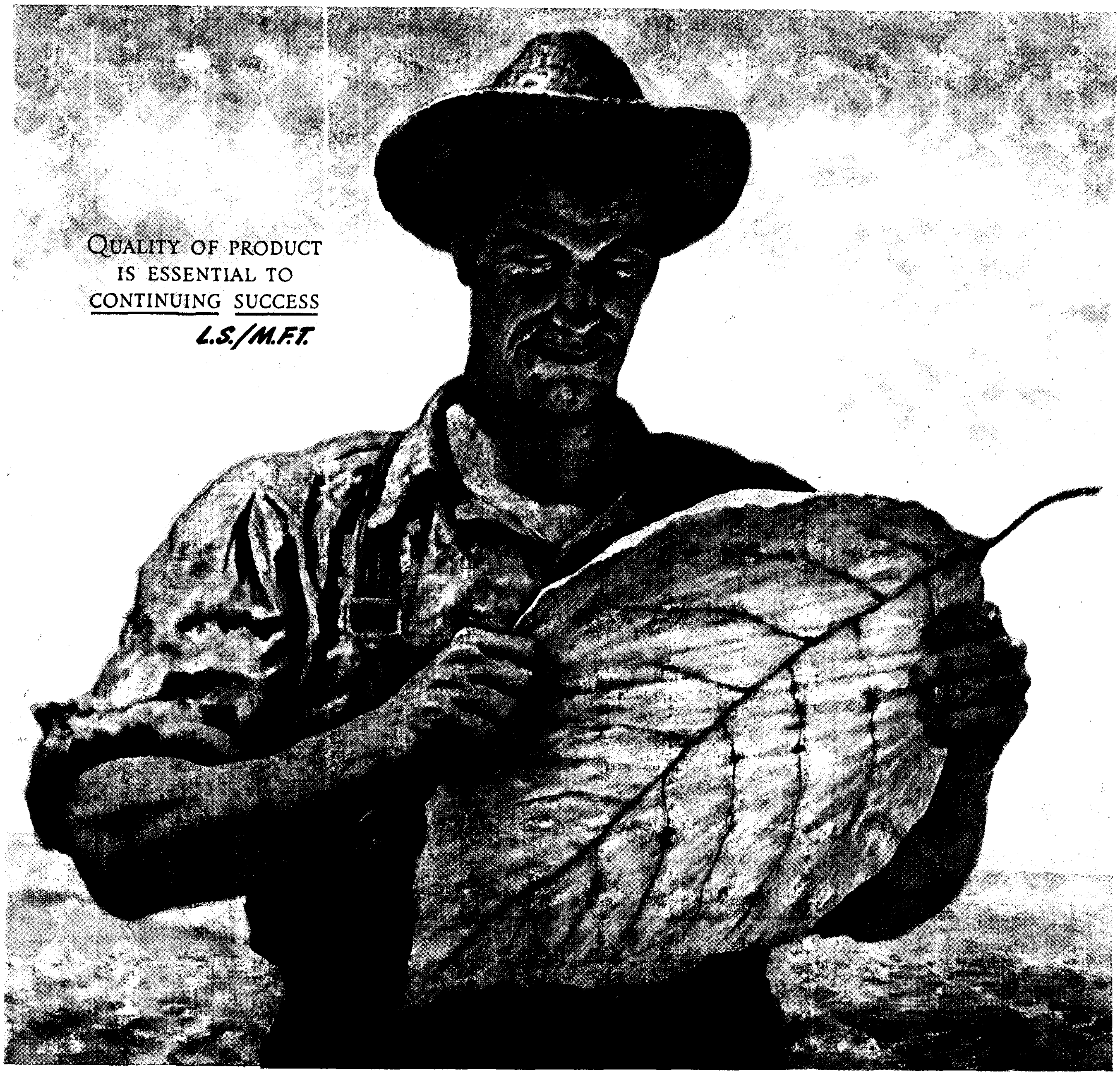
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